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In This Number: F. Scott Fitzgerald—Kenneth L. Roberts—St. John Ervine
Louise Dutton—Samuel Merwin—Earl Derr Biggers—Harry Leon Wilson

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for snow or sleet,
My tummy is full of
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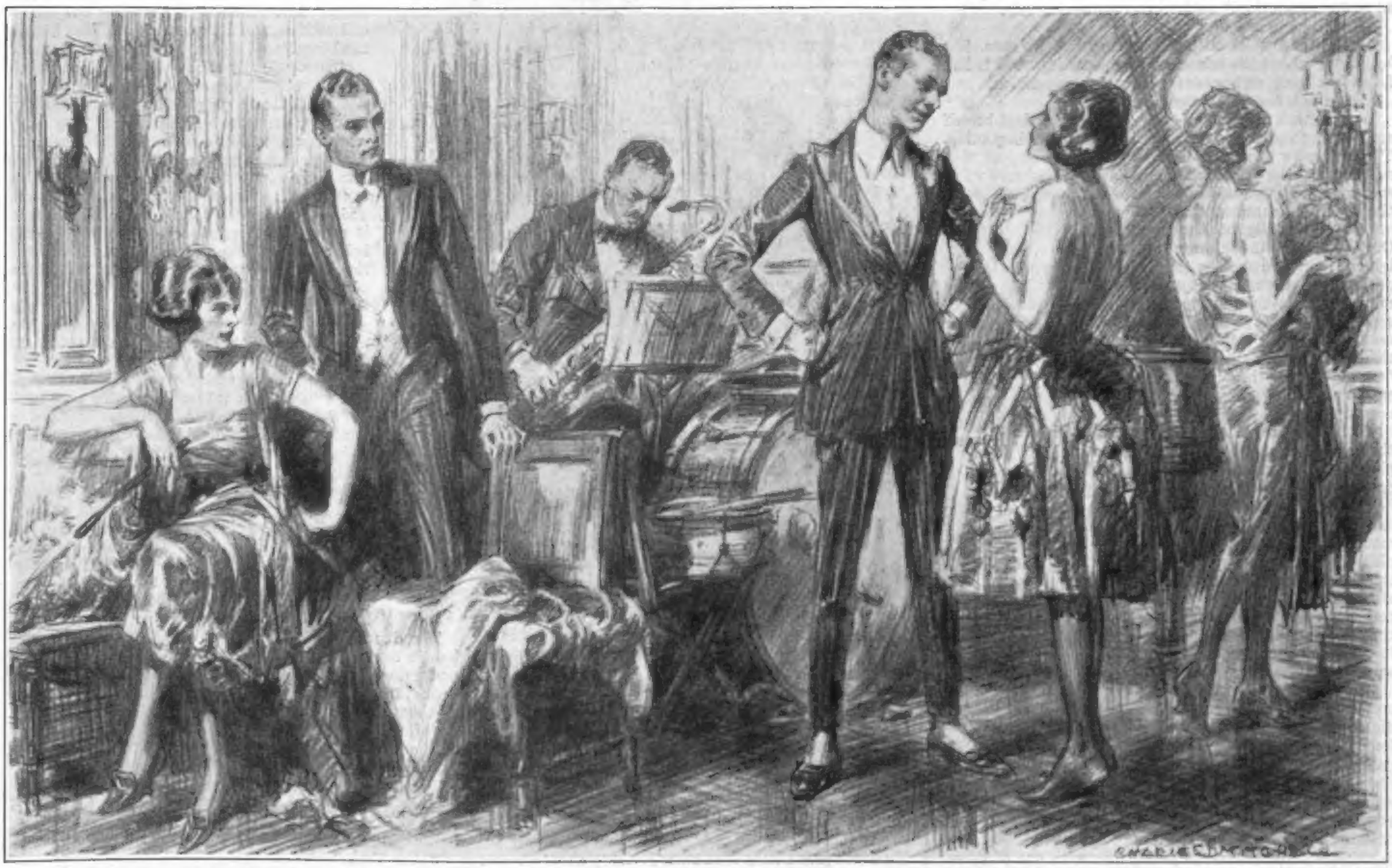
THE POPULAR GIRL



"Who Was the Gentleman With the Invisible Tie?" Scott Asked. "Is His Personality as Diverting as His Haberdashery?"

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

ALONG about half past ten every Saturday night Yanci Bowman eluded her partner by some graceful subterfuge and from the dancing floor went to point of vantage overlooking the country-club bar. When she saw her father she would either beckon to him, if he chanced to be looking in her direction, or else she would dispatch a waiter to call attention to her impendent presence. If it were no later than half past ten—that is, if he had had no more than an hour of synthetic gin rickeys—he would get up from his chair and suffer himself to be persuaded into the ballroom.

"Ballroom," for want of a better word. It was that room, filled by day with wicker furniture, which was always connotated in the phrase "Let's go in and dance." It was referred to as "inside" or "downstairs." It was that nameless chamber wherein occur the principal transactions of all the country clubs in America.

Yanci knew that if she could keep her father there for an hour, talking, watching her dance, or even on rare occasions dancing himself, she could safely release him at the end of that time. In the period that would elapse before midnight ended the dance he could scarcely become sufficiently stimulated to annoy anyone.

All this entailed considerable exertion on Yanci's part, and it was less for her father's sake than for her own that she went through with it. Several rather unpleasant experiences were scattered through this past summer. One night when she had been detained by the impassioned and impossible-to-interrupt speech of a young man from Chicago her father had appeared swaying gently in the ballroom doorway; in his ruddy handsome face two faded blue eyes were squinted half shut as he tried to focus them on the dancers, and he was obviously preparing to offer himself to the first dowager who caught his eye. He was ludicrously injured when Yanci insisted upon an immediate withdrawal.

After that night Yanci went through her Fabian maneuver to the minute.

Yanci and her father were the handsomest two people in the Middle Western city where they lived. Tom Bowman's complexion was hearty from twenty years spent in the service of good whisky and bad golf. He kept an office downtown, where he was thought to transact some vague real-estate business; but in point of fact his chief concern in life was the exhibition of a handsome profile and an easy well-bred manner at the country club, where he had spent the greater part of the ten years that had elapsed since his wife's death.

Yanci was twenty, with a vague die-away manner which was partly the setting for her languid disposition and partly the effect of a visit she had paid to some Eastern relatives at an impressionable age. She was intelligent, in a flitting way, romantic under the moon and unable to decide whether to marry for sentiment or for comfort, the latter of these two abstractions being well enough personified by one of the most ardent among her admirers. Meanwhile she kept house, not without efficiency, for her father, and tried in a placid unruffled tempo to regulate his constant tippling to the sober side of inebriety.

She admired her father. She admired him for his fine appearance and for his charming manner. He had never quite lost the air of having been a popular Bones man at Yale. This charm of his was a standard by which her susceptible temperament unconsciously judged the men she knew. Nevertheless, father and daughter were far from that sentimental family relationship which is a stock plant in fiction, but in life

usually exists in the mind of only the older party to it. Yanci Bowman had decided to leave her home by marriage within the year. She was heartily bored.

Scott Kimberly, who saw her for the first time this November evening at the country club, agreed with the lady whose house guest he was that Yanci was an exquisite little beauty. With a sort of conscious sensuality surprising in such a young man—Scott was only twenty-five—he avoided an introduction that he might watch her undisturbed for a fanciful hour, and sip the pleasure or the disillusion of her conversation at the drowsy end of the evening.

"She never got over the disappointment of not meeting the Prince of Wales when he was in this country," remarked Mrs. Orrin Rogers, following his gaze. "She said so, anyhow; whether she was serious or not I don't know. I hear that she has her walls simply plastered with pictures of him."

"Who?" asked Scott suddenly.

"Why, the Prince of Wales."

"Who has plaster pictures of him?"

"Why, Yanci Bowman, the girl you said you thought was so pretty."

"After a certain degree of prettiness, one pretty girl is as pretty as another," said Scott argumentatively.

"Yes, I suppose so."

Mrs. Rogers' voice drifted off on an indefinite note. She had never in her life compassed a generality until it had fallen familiarly on her ear from constant repetition.

"Let's talk her over," Scott suggested.

With a mock reproachful smile Mrs. Rogers lent herself agreeably to slander. An encore was just beginning. The orchestra trickled a light overflow of music into the pleasant green-latticed room and the two score couples who for the evening comprised the local younger set moved placidly into time with its beat. Only a few apathetic stags gathered one by one in the doorways, and to a close observer it was apparent that the scene did not attain the gayety which was its aspiration. These girls and men had known each other from childhood; and though there were marriages incipient upon the floor to-night, they were marriages of environment, of resignation, or even of boredom.

Their trappings lacked the sparkle of the seventeen-year-old affairs that took place through the short and radiant holidays. On such occasions as this, thought Scott as his eyes still sought casually for Yanci, occurred the matings of the left-overs, the plainer, the duller, the poorer of the social world; matings actuated by the same urge toward perhaps a more glamorous destiny, yet, for all that, less beautiful and less young. Scott himself was feeling very old.

But there was one face in the crowd to which his generalization did not apply. When his eyes found Yanci Bowman among the dancers he felt much younger. She was the incarnation of all in which the dance failed—graceful youth, arrogant, languid freshness and beauty that was sad and perishable as a memory in a dream. Her partner, a young man with one of those fresh red complexions ribbed with white streaks, as though he had been slapped on a cold day, did not appear to be holding her interest, and her glance fell here and there upon a group, a face, a garment, with a far-away and oblivious melancholy.

"Dark-blue eyes," said Scott to Mrs. Rogers. "I don't know that they mean anything except that they're beautiful, but that nose and upper lip and chin are certainly aristocratic—if there is any such thing," he added apologetically.

"Oh, she's very aristocratic," agreed Mrs. Rogers. "Her grandfather was a senator or governor or something in one of the Southern States. Her father's very aristocratic looking too. Oh, yes, they're very aristocratic; they're aristocratic people."

"She looks lazy."

Scott was watching the yellow gown drift and submerge among the dancers.

"She doesn't like to move. It's a wonder she dances so well. Is she engaged? Who is the man who keeps cutting in on her, the one who tucks his tie under his collar so rakishly and affects the remarkable slanting pockets?"

He was annoyed at the young man's persistence, and his sarcasm lacked the ring of detachment.

"Oh, that's"—Mrs. Rogers bent forward, the tip of her tongue just visible between her lips—"that's the O'Rourke boy. He's quite devoted, I believe."

"I believe," Scott said suddenly, "that I'll get you to introduce me if she's near when the music stops."

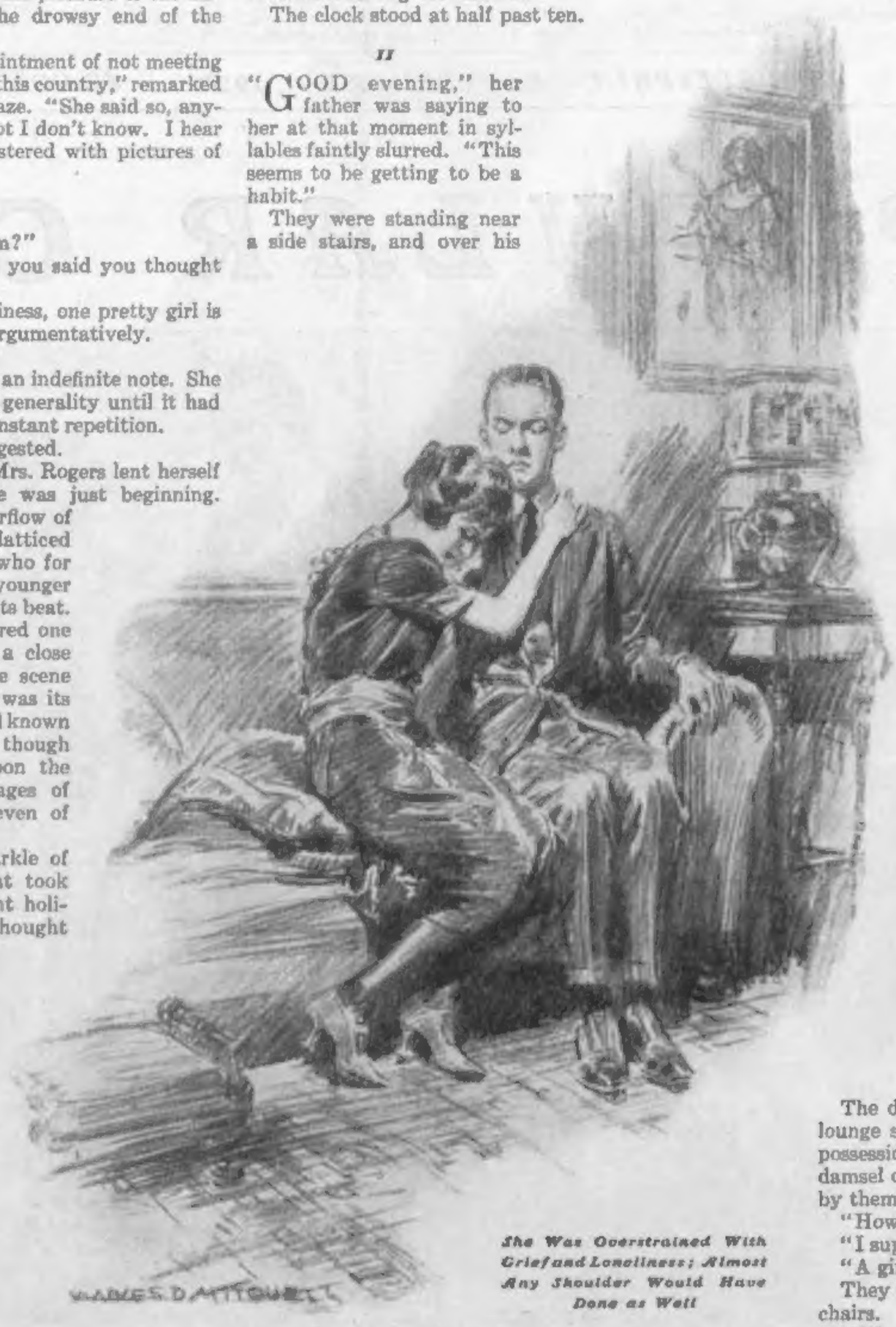
They arose and stood looking for Yanci—Mrs. Rogers, small, stoutening, nervous, and Scott Kimberly, her husband's cousin, dark and just below medium height. Scott was an orphan with half a million of his own, and he was in this city for no more reason than that he had missed a train. They looked for several minutes, and in vain. Yanci, in her yellow dress, no longer moved with slow loveliness among the dancers.

The clock stood at half past ten.

II

"GOOD evening," her father was saying to her at that moment in syllables faintly slurred. "This seems to be getting to be a habit."

They were standing near a side stairs, and over his shoulder through a glass door Yanci could see a party of half a dozen men sitting in familiar joviality about a round table.



She Was Overstrained With Grief and Loneliness; Almost Any Shoulder Would Have Done as Well

"Don't you want to come out and watch for a while?" she suggested, smiling and affecting a casualness she did not feel.

"Not to-night, thanks."

Her father's dignity was a bit too emphasized to be convincing.

"Just come out and take a look," she urged him. "Everybody's here, and I want to ask you what you think of somebody."

This was not so good, but it was the best that occurred to her.

"I doubt very strongly if I'd find anything to interest me out there," said Tom Bowman emphatically. "I observe that f'some insane reason I'm always taken out and aged on the wood for half an hour as though I was irresponsible."

"I only ask you to stay a little while."

"Very considerate, I'm sure. But to-night I happ'n be interested in a discussion that's taking place in here."

"Come on, father."

Yanci put her arm through his ingratiatingly; but he released it by the simple expedient of raising his own arm and letting hers drop.

"I'm afraid not."

"I'll tell you," she suggested lightly, concealing her annoyance at this unusually protracted argument, "you come in and look, just once, and then if it bores you you can go right back."

He shook his head.

"No, thanks."

Then without another word he turned suddenly and reëntered the bar. Yanci went back to the ballroom. She glanced easily at the stag line as she passed, and making a quick selection murmured to a man near her, "Dance with me, will you, Carty? I've lost my partner."

"Glad to," answered Carty truthfully.

"Awfully sweet of you."

"Sweet of me? Of you, you mean."

She looked up at him absently. She was furiously annoyed at her father. Next morning at breakfast she would radiate a consuming chill, but for to-night she could only wait, hoping that if the worst happened he would at least remain in the bar until the dance was over.

Mrs. Rogers, who lived next door to the Bowmans, appeared suddenly at her elbow with a strange young man.

"Yanci," Mrs. Rogers was saying with a social smile. "I want to introduce Mr. Kimberly. Mr. Kimberly's spending the week-end with us, and I particularly wanted him to meet you."

"How perfectly slick!" drawled Yanci with lazy formality.

Mr. Kimberly suggested to Miss Bowman that they dance, to which proposal Miss Bowman dispassionately acquiesced. They mingled their arms in the gesture prevalent and stepped into time with the beat of the drum. Simultaneously it seemed to Scott that the room and the couples who danced up and down upon it converted themselves into a background behind her. The commonplace lamps, the rhythm of the music playing some paraphrase of a paraphrase, the faces of many girls, pretty, undistinguished or absurd, assumed a certain solidity as though they had grouped themselves in a retinue for Yanci's languid eyes and dancing feet.

"I've been watching you," said Scott simply. "You look rather bored this evening."

"Do I?" Her dark-blue eyes exposed a borderland of fragile iris as they opened in a delicate burlesque of interest. "How perfectly kill-ing!" she added.

Scott laughed. She had used the exaggerated phrase without smiling, indeed without any attempt to give it verisimilitude. He had heard the adjectives of the year—"hectic," "marvelous" and "slick"—delivered casually, but never before without the faintest meaning. In this lackadaisical young beauty it was inexpressibly charming.

The dance ended. Yanci and Scott strolled toward a lounge set against the wall, but before they could take possession there was a shriek of laughter and a brawny damsel dragging an embarrassed boy in her wake skidded by them and plumped down upon it.

"How rude!" observed Yanci.

"I suppose it's her privilege."

"A girl with ankles like that has no privileges."

They seated themselves uncomfortably on two stiff chairs.

"Where do you come from?" she asked of Scott with polite disinterest.

"New York."

This having transpired, Yanci deigned to fix her eyes on him for the best part of ten seconds.

"Who was the gentleman with the invisible tie," Scott asked rudely, in order to make her look at him again, "who was giving you such a rush? I found it impossible to keep my eyes off him. Is his personality as diverting as his haberdashery?"

"I don't know," she drawled; "I've only been engaged to him for a week."

"My Lord!" exclaimed Scott, perspiring suddenly under his eyes.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't ——"

"I was only joking," she interrupted with a sighing laugh. "I thought I'd see what you'd say to that."

Then they both laughed, and Yanci continued, "I'm not engaged to anyone. I'm too horribly unpopular." Still the same key, her languorous voice humorously contradicting the content of her remark. "No one'll ever marry me."

"How pathetic!"

"Really," she murmured; "because I have to have compliments all the time, in order to live, and no one thinks I'm attractive any more, so no one ever gives them to me."

Seldom had Scott been so amused.

"Why, you beautiful child," he cried, "I'll bet you never hear anything else from morning till night!"

"Oh, yes I do," she responded, obviously pleased. "I never get compliments unless I fish for them."

"Everything's the same," she was thinking as she gazed around her in a peculiar mood of pessimism. Same boys sober and same boys tight; same old women sitting by the walls—and one or two girls sitting with them who were dancing this time last year.

Yanci had reached the stage where these country-club dances seemed little more than a display of sheer idiocy. From being an enchanted carnival where jeweled and immaculate maidens rouged to the pinkest propriety displayed themselves to strange and fascinating men, the picture had faded to a medium-sized hall where was an almost indecent display of unclothed motives and obvious failures. So much for several years! And the dance had changed scarcely by a ruffle in the fashions or a new flip in a figure of speech.

Yanci was ready to be married.

Meanwhile the dozen remarks rushing to Scott Kimberly's lips were interrupted by the apologetic appearance of Mrs. Rogers.

"Yanci," the older woman was saying, "the chauffeur's just telephoned to say that the car's broken down. I wonder if you and your father have room for us going home. If it's the slightest inconvenience don't hesitate to tell ——"

"I know he'll be terribly glad to. He's got loads of room, because I came out with someone else."

She was wondering if her father would be presentable at twelve.

He could always drive at any rate—and, besides, people who asked for a lift could take what they got.

"That'll be lovely. Thank you so much," said Mrs. Rogers.

Then, as she had just passed the kittenish late thirties when women still think they are *persona grata* with the young and entered upon the early forties when their children convey to them tactfully that they no longer are, Mrs. Rogers obliterated herself from the scene. At that moment the music started and the unfortunate young man with white streaks in his red complexion appeared in front of Yanci.

Just before the end of the end of the next dance Scott Kimberly cut in on her again.

"I've come back," he began, "to tell you how beautiful you are."

"I'm not, really," she answered. "And, besides, you tell everyone that."

The music gathered gusto for its finale, and they sat down upon the comfortable lounge.

"I've told no one that for three years," said Scott.

There was no reason why he should have made it three years, yet somehow it sounded convincing to both of them. Her curiosity was stirred. She began finding out about him. She put him to a lazy questionnaire which began with his relationship to the Rogerses and ended, he knew not by what steps, with a detailed description of his apartment in New York.

"I want to live in New York," she told him; "on Park Avenue, in one of those beautiful white buildings that have twelve big rooms in each apartment and cost a fortune to rent."

"That's what I'd want, too, if I were married. Park Avenue—it's one of the most beautiful streets in the world, I think, perhaps chiefly because it hasn't any leprous park trying to give it an artificial suburbanity."

"Whatever that is," agreed Yanci. "Anyway, father and I go to New York about three times a year. We always go to the Ritz."

This was not precisely true. Once a year she generally pried her father from his placid and not unbeneficent existence that she might spend a week lolling by the Fifth Avenue shop windows, lunching or having tea with some former school friend from Farmover, and occasionally going to dinner and the theater with boys who came up from Yale or Princeton for the occasion. These had been pleasant adventures—not one but was filled to the brim with colorful hours—dancing at Mont Martre, dining at the Ritz, with some movie star or supereminent society woman at the next table, or else dreaming of what she might buy at Hempel's or Waxe's or Thrumble's if her father's income had but one additional naught on the happy side of the decimal. She adored New York with a great impersonal affection—adored it as only a Middle Western or Southern girl can. In its gaudy bazaars she felt her soul transported with turbulent delight, for to her eyes it held nothing ugly, nothing sordid, nothing plain.

She had stayed once at the Ritz—once only. The Manhattan, where they usually registered, had been torn down. She knew that she could never induce her father to afford the Ritz again.

After a moment she borrowed a pencil and paper and scribbled a notification "To Mr. Bowman in the grill" that he was expected to drive Mrs. Rogers and her guest home, "by request"—this last underlined. She hoped that he would be able to do so with dignity. This note she sent by a waiter to her father. Before the next dance began it was returned to her with a scrawled O. K. and her father's initials.

The remainder of the evening passed quickly. Scott Kimberly cut in on her as often as time permitted, giving her those comforting assurances of her enduring beauty which not without a whimsical pathos she craved. He laughed at her also, and she was not so sure that she liked that. In common with all vague people, she was unaware that she was vague. She did not entirely comprehend when Scott Kimberly told her that her personality would endure long after she was too old to care whether it endured or not.

She liked best to talk about New York, and each of their interrupted conversations gave her a picture or a memory of the metropolis on which she speculated as she looked over the shoulder of Jerry O'Rourke or Carty Braden or some other beau, to whom, as to all of them, she was comfortably anæsthetic. At midnight she sent another note to her father, saying that Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Rogers' guest would meet him immediately on the porch by the main driveway. Then, hoping for the best, she walked out into the starry night and was assisted by Jerry O'Rourke into his roadster.

III

"GOOD night, Yanci." With her late escort she was standing on the curbstone in front of the rented stucco house where she lived. Mr. O'Rourke was attempting to put significance into his lingering rendition of her name. For weeks he had been straining to boost their relations almost forcibly onto a sentimental plane; but Yanci, with her vague impassivity, which was a defense against almost anything, had brought to naught his efforts. Jerry O'Rourke was an old story. His family had money; but he—he worked in a brokerage house along with most of the rest of his young generation. He sold bonds—bonds were now the thing; real estate was once the thing—in the days of the boom; then automobiles were the thing. Bonds were the thing now. Young men sold them who had nothing else to go into.

"Don't bother to come up, please." Then as he put his car into gear, "Call me up soon!"

A minute later he turned the corner of the moonlit street and disappeared, his cut-out resounding voluminously through the night as it declared that the rest of two dozen weary inhabitants was of no concern to his gay meanderings.

Yanci sat down thoughtfully upon the porch steps. She had no key and must wait for her father's arrival. Five minutes later a roadster turned into the street, and approaching with an exaggerated caution stopped in front of the Rogers' large house next door. Relieved, Yanci arose and strolled slowly down the walk. The door of the car had swung open and Mrs. Rogers, assisted by Scott Kimberly, had alighted safely upon the sidewalk; but to Yanci's surprise Scott Kimberly, after escorting Mrs. Rogers to her steps, returned to the car. Yanci was close enough to notice that he took the driver's seat. As he drew up at the Bowmans' curbstone Yanci saw that her father was occupying the far corner, fighting with ludicrous dignity against a sleep that had come upon him. She groaned. The fatal last hour had done its work—Tom Bowman was once more *hors de combat*.

"Hello," cried Yanci as she reached the curb.

"Yanci," muttered her parent, simulating, unsuccessfully, a brisk welcome. His lips were curved in an ingratiating grin.

"Your father wasn't feeling quite fit, so he let me drive home," explained Scott cheerfully as he got himself out and came up to her.

"Nice little car. Had it long?"

Yanci laughed, but without humor.

"Is he paralyzed?"

"Is who paralyze'?" demanded the figure in the car with an offended sigh.

Scott was standing by the car.

"Can I help you out, sir?"

"I c'n get out. I c'n get out," insisted Mr. Bowman. "Just step a li'l' out my way. Someone must have given me some stremely bad wisk'."

"You mean a lot of people must have given you some," retorted Yanci in cold unsympathy.

Mr. Bowman reached the curb with astonishing ease; but this was a deceitful success, for almost immediately he clutched at a handle of air perceptible only to himself, and was saved by Scott's quickly proffered arm. Followed by the two men, Yanci walked toward the house in a furor of

(Continued on Page 82)

The Maid Found Her Next Morning, Asleep, Sprawled Across the Toilet Things on the Dresser in a Room That Was Heavy and Sweet With the Scent of Spilled Perfume

Business Revival and Foreign Trade

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY HERBERT PULLINGER

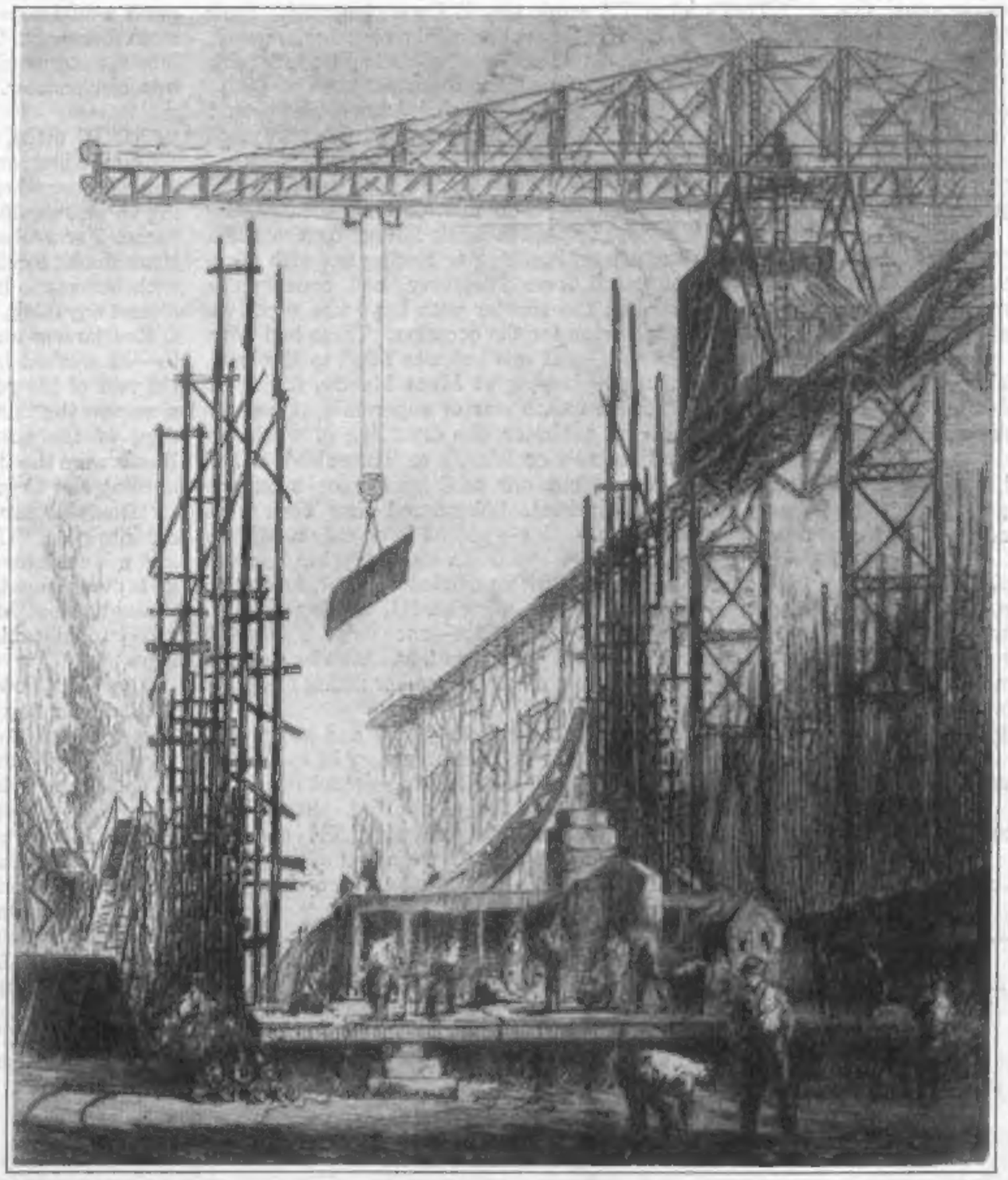
IT IS painfully difficult in this country to think of business depression as anything but a domestic problem, a strictly family affair. The same state of mind is even more true, if anything, of prosperity. Self-contained and self-satisfied with internal development, we have never taken more than a mild, passing interest in foreign affairs. Only the fear that another great war might mean the end of civilization has brought most Americans to the point where they are willing to act in close concert with other nations.

But now the whole question of business revival is tied up to such an extent with foreign trade that it hits even the farmer in the Middle West, as well as the laboring and business man. It has a hold on the price of wheat, on the unemployment of factory workers and the red-ink deficits of corporate bookkeeping. Foreign trade has to be thought of to-day not as an economic abstraction or as something having a musty and romantic South Sea fictional flavor, but as a vital factor in the consuming effort to do away with the lack of jobs and the all-too-long-continued stagnation of agriculture and industry.

A few years ago, when the country was booming and teeming with industrial activity, the chamber of commerce of one of the smaller inland cities sent the following reply to an invitation to attend a foreign-trade convention:

"None of our members are interested in foreign trade, and therefore it will be impossible to send a representative to the convention."

The members of this chamber of commerce included farmers, mill workers, manufacturers of all kinds, lumbermen, and so on, all of whom were working overtime to supply the local demand. None were doing a direct export business, and it was impossible for them to realize that it was on account of the demand and high prices received in foreign markets for American goods that they were relieved from home competition or competition from manufacturers in other parts of the United States.



It is hardly likely that such a reply to such an invitation would be received to-day. Experience, sometimes a hard master, has taught a great many people that export orders are not the exclusive concern of a few professional shipping experts and foreign-exchange bankers in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore.

Our Impoverished Customers

IT IS probable that we could shrivel up and live without exports and imports with less wholly disastrous results than most nations. But this country does not want to shrivel. We abhor the thought of a long period of progressive restriction and lowered living standards. There is no desire here to emulate the example of Japan before the arrival of Commodore Perry. It goes without saying that this country much prefers business revival to long-protracted stagnation.

No one can understand what has happened to our agriculture and industry in the last couple of years without some knowledge of the basic factors which have affected foreign trade. But what is more important, there is no looking forward with any degree of certainty without such understanding, for the simple fact is that a fundamental condition of prosperity is the ability of producers to sell not a part but practically all that they produce.

The question is whether we want to scrap a part of the machinery of business. That is the alternative to a healthy extension of foreign trade. The depression which fell upon this country in the summer and fall of 1914 was immediately caused by the stoppage of foreign trade, and will be long remembered, although the obstruction lasted only a few months. But it was a sufficient object lesson of what happens when only American requirements have to be met. As President Farrell of the United States Steel Corporation said:

"Nothing else had happened to us. There was no domestic trouble. Our oversea commerce was suspended and our whole machinery of industry and trade slackened accordingly, and there was no relief in sight until a new international trade had been built up."

Now probably the one outstanding industrial fact of the war was the enlargement of productive capacity, of plant, as respects agriculture as well as manufacturing and mining. Particularly did this country expand its plant capacity. For one thing, it was a long time before our men were drawn away from production; but above all we had resources strikingly in excess of other countries with which to expand. The belligerent nations could not get enough of what we were able to produce, and the prices they were willing to pay assured a stupendous output.

When the war was over everyone supposed that there would be a world-wide shortage of goods and that Europe would continue to draw upon the United States just as had been the case since 1915. There was a shortage all right; indeed, the need for goods was desperate. But as Governor Harding of the Federal Reserve Board has pointed out, "Proper consideration was not given to the flexibility of consumptive requirements. The mere need of goods, however urgent, does not create an economic demand. There must be an ability on the part of those needing goods to pay for them."

In other words, when Russians, Austrians, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians and the rest of them could no longer pay for shoes they went without shoes, disagreeable as that might be. A large part of the world came to the end, at least temporarily, of its financial rope. It had bought so much from us that its purchasing power was exhausted. It could no longer pay, and the result was that the full and costly production of an enormously increased plant capacity could no longer be sold at high prices, or indeed at much of any prices, and so backed up on the country.

All of which simply means that if exports are not running as large as farmers and manufacturers might wish the trouble is not inherently or fundamentally with our producers or the goods they turn out, but with our customers, who are suffering from a lack of buying power. Their malady is international. It is not to be wondered at after nearly ten years of violent illness. The world is darn poor; governments are on their uppers, and private consumers also. If we do not sell as large a volume of goods as we might like it is fundamentally because the peoples of other countries have to get along without.

But the expansion of our plant during the war was superimposed upon an output of manufactured goods which took half a century of intense activity to reach. For fifty years we had gradually but steadily become more of a manufacturing and less of an exclusively agricultural country. Just before the war the point had been reached where $1,000,000,000 of manufactured goods needed to be sold abroad to keep labor and capital fully employed. We went into the war producing more, in certain lines at least, than home markets were able to take, and came out of it with productive powers more expanded and exaggerated than perhaps a century of normal development would be expected to bring about.

Production and Cost

EVEN before the war we were due to become internationally minded, as the saying goes. Whether we liked it or not, the country had developed along a line and to a point where it had necessarily become a foreign-trading nation. Not but that we already had many successful exporters and foreign traders; but such trade was not of the warp of our life as it had long been of England's. But ten years ago we had reached the point where at the very least a tenth of the national product had to go abroad, and this margin was enough to make or break domestic markets.

In any line of goods it is the last element or margin of sale which is necessary if the whole operation is to be profitable. It is the full production that reduces the cost of the unit.

So it has come about that what were formerly normal exports look pretty small these days. It is impossible to say just how many automobiles will or can be used here, to illustrate with one commodity. But considering how many more we use than other countries, and the fact that our annual productive capacity has risen to something like 2,500,000 vehicles a year—from of course nothing even long after the Civil War—it is clear that in that industry alone foreign markets must be sought on a scale which would have taken the breath away from manufacturers of an earlier generation.

Now it is remarkable how persistent a thing trade is, and how much the world has continued to buy of us since it went broke, or nearly so. In even the most desperate of countries there are men who grow rich, and who trade in spite of every obstacle. Indeed, it is difficult to say at any given moment just what our foreign trade amounts to. We know that as compared with the highest peak of 1919 and 1920 the value of exports has gone on a toboggan slide, causing widespread losses and complicating if not actually aggravating and forcing the business depression. Even at that the total volume of exports last year was probably a considerable fraction greater than in 1913, the last normal year before the war, and not so far behind the boom years as many suppose.

Certain countries have continued to take certain of our products in well-sustained quantities as compared with either the war boom or prewar years. To other countries and in other lines the volume of goods shipped has fallen even below 1913. There are countries which are now buying from us little but the most necessary foodstuffs, cotton and other essentials of life. But others are increasing their

purchase of manufactured articles. Improvement has taken place in numerous lines in recent months. But there are a thousand conflicting currents, and it will take a long time to discover exactly what has happened and is happening.

A great business suddenly is seized with megalomania and expands until the bubble bursts. Yet the concern keeps on doing its normal business and perhaps a little more. Under such circumstances the facts are very troublesome to extract. No one knows exactly what or where normalcy is. But we do know that increased capacity demands a further great expansion in foreign trade, and that as a whole this is going to be difficult until the world is better able to pay its bills. Our financial position is so much stronger than that of most other countries, and our money is so much better and more expensive to the foreigner than his own, that he must struggle up a steep hill to get onto the high plateau where American goods are to be had.

All foreign countries are not alike either in the degree or kind of their poverty. Some are merely a little hungry or temporarily indisposed. Others are critically and dangerously ill. There are European countries which have practically used up all their accumulated savings and capital. Where can they get money which is good enough for us to recognize? Perhaps they can scrape together enough to buy the absolute essentials in the way of cotton and foodstuffs. But it is a pretty dangerous business to sell an elaborate and fancy bill of goods to a family which can afford only a loaf of bread.

Demoralized Exchange

BUT there are other countries whose buying has been checked not because their internal condition is intrinsically bad but for the simple reason that their own products have ceased to have a profitable market. Obviously the countries of Latin America are not impoverished by the war as Russia or Germany is, but the crash two years ago in such raw materials as sugar, rubber, coffee, nitrates and hides swept their buying power away and made them poor customers, relatively speaking, until such time as the great industrial nations which consume these raw materials shall themselves recover. Latin America cannot afford to give her products away, and she cannot buy unless she sells.

Consider Cuba: Ordinarily it is a country which sells heavily of its products to other nations, and in return buys the manufactured articles which its customers have for sale. But Cuba has a vast stock or surplus of unsold sugar, which is extraordinarily hard to get rid of and which was grown at high prices. Until the huge millstone of saccharine weight is got rid of Cuba cannot afford to buy American goods in quantity.

With most of the countries with which we deal the trade balances were thrown into weird distortions during the war. They bought so much more from us than they sold in return that anything like a balance was completely destroyed. For at least three years Canada was buying $300,000,000 a year more goods from the United States than she was selling here. At one time the American dollar was at fifteen cents premium as compared with the Canadian dollar, and even at this writing it is seven or eight cents above its neighbor. As Canadian and American bankers have explained over and over, this premium on New York funds will not disappear until Canada buys many millions less of goods abroad or increases its exports.

This premium is not fixed in the United States; it results from competition in Canada for the means of payment in the United States. It is not a reflection upon the credit of Canadian traders; the Canadian purchaser may have ample funds with his own banker to make the payment. It is not a reflection upon Canadian bankers or Canadian money; Canadian government credit is not involved at all. The situation arises from a one-sided trade balance.

No man likes to pay more than a dollar for a dollar's worth of goods, but that is what the inhabitants of nearly every other country are forced to do now when they buy American products. It does not matter what has caused the demoralized exchange. The foreigner has to pay the price in this country, and then in addition he is obliged to pay a premium to obtain the means of payment.

Norway, for instance, was not in the war at all, and probably bought goods from us more for reëxport than for her own use. But whatever the reason for these purchases or her relations to the war, the fact that Norway bought goods in this country in 1919 valued at sixteen times her purchases in 1913 so twisted and perverted the normal trade balances that her buying power naturally received a stunning blow.

Now it is true that before the war we sold more goods to the rest of the world than the rest of the world sold to us. But Europe was rich then, and besides was able to balance the account because she held some $5,000,000,000 of American securities, on which we had to pay great annual sums in interest and dividends. But this is all changed now. The positions are completely reversed. Most of these securities have been bought back, and there is no annual flow of coupons amounting to several hundred million dollars from New York to London. Indeed, it is the other way, for in addition to paying off most of this debt there has been loaned to the Allied countries more than $11,000,000,000 by our Government, and Europe probably is further in debt to this country on private open account something like $3,000,000,000.

Europe Out of Breath

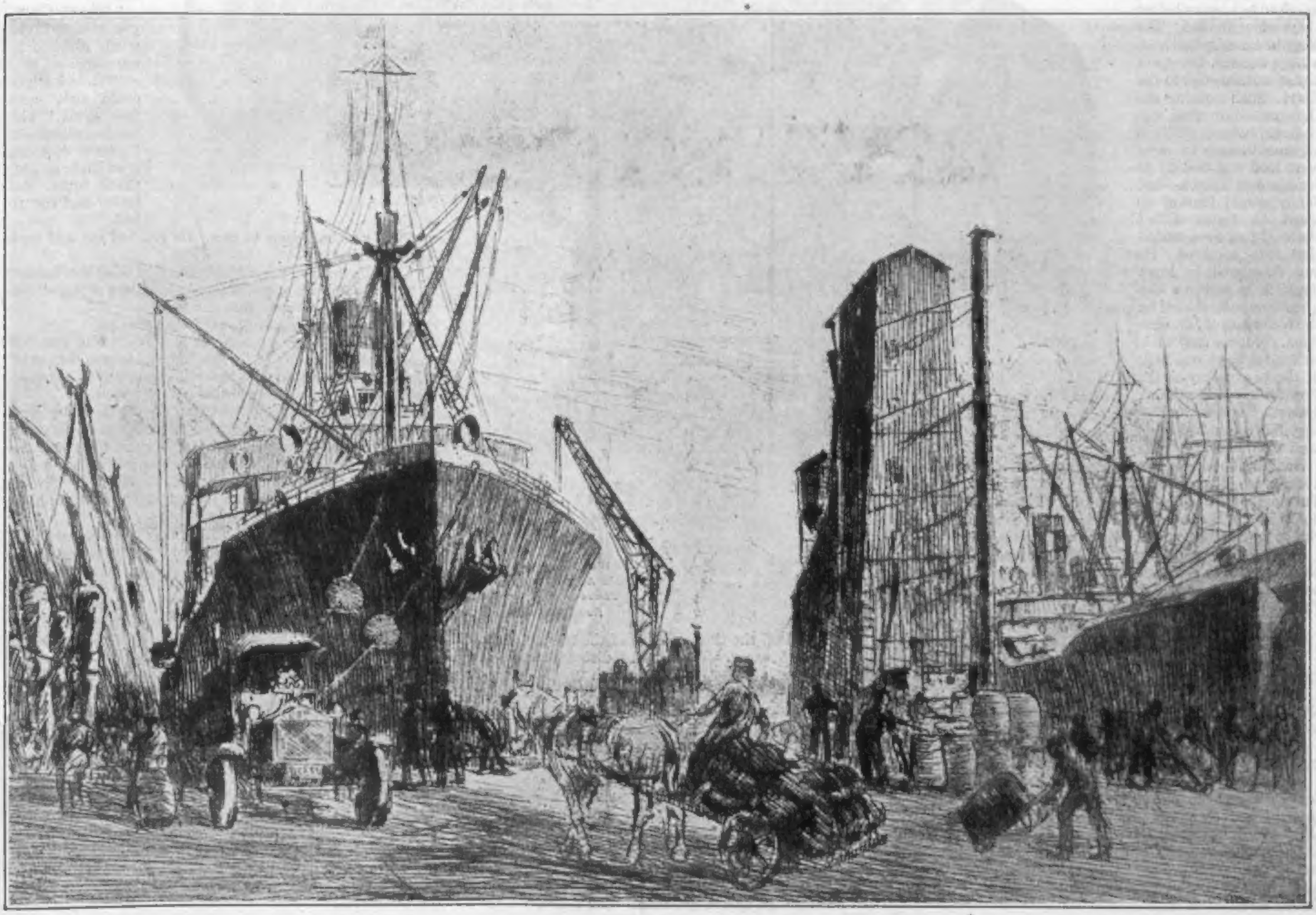
INSTEAD of Europe getting $500,000,000 a year from us to pay for her imports of wheat, cotton, copper, coal and the like she is due to pay us in interest nearly $1,000,000,000 a year, and in addition needs, and until recently for five years has been getting, a vastly increased bill of goods.

To put it plainly, Europe and much of the rest of the world have simply and literally run out of breath as regards this country. It is not an agreeable fact to face, but there it is.

There is one practically universal evidence of the world's panting exhaustion as regards the United States—the exchanges. The causes and the degree of demoralization may be as many poles apart as are those of Russia and of Canada, to take the two most extreme cases possible; but exchange is at once the index of a disordered or unbalanced world and itself the chief obstacle to the freest possible resumption of trade.

It is not probable, practicable or necessary for the exchanges of a number of countries to return to their prewar levels, at least for many years. Austria, to take an extreme example, could hardly hope to have her currency reach an early equality with that of this country. As well expect a patient in a rather advanced stage of consumption to play football against the captain of a Harvard team on the day of its battle with Yale. But if the exchanges

(Continued on Page 105)



A LETTER TO AUSTRALIA

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

TOM MEADE was walking home under the bare branches of the trees on Center Avenue. High in the heavens shone a chill October moon, tracing a weird network of shadows along his pathway. His step sounded briskly on the wooden sidewalk, his head was thrown back, the events of the evening had set him dreaming of great things.

Over Center Avenue, over all Maysboro, hovered a somnolent calm. The hour was late, well past nine, and Maysboro was always a nine-o'clock town. At that hour came regularly the sound of the imperfectly stifled yawn, the click of the back door following closely on the exit of the cat, the rasp of timepieces being wound, the voice of parental authority—"Come, young man, put up that book and get to bed!" Then silence. By ten o'clock revelers straying home from Mike Forrester's Happy Hour Pool and Billiard Parlor saw only at rare intervals a lighted window, and spoke loudly of emigrating to Indianapolis, where, it was understood, were laughter and music—night life to meet all tastes.

Nights were for sleeping in Maysboro then; and, indeed, in those early '90's the days were not much more exciting. Life was simple and wholesome and placid, and the good people of the town aimed to keep it so. Meeting casually under the maples that lined the streets they had time for prolonged social chats, for kindly inquiries as to one another's health and welfare. And if there was one with graying hair amid the group you were fairly sure to hear a complaint about the restless hurry of the new generation, a longing sigh for the amiable '80's, the gracious '70's.

Tom Meade quickened his step, for the clock in the tower of the new courthouse had struck the half hour, and he had much to tell Jenny before they went to bed. The Republican rally had been a huge success, the opera house was crowded to the doors. Such rousing enthusiasm—but this was Indiana, where political argument was, to most men, food and drink. As for his own speech—and Jenny would first of all want to know about that—it had been enthusiastically received. He had done well, he knew it; with persuasive eloquence he had pleaded for the reëlection of Mr. Harrison. Not an easy task, either, for there was little in the personality of the President to inspire an orator. However, the crowd had been with him, they had welcomed his sallies against Mr. Cleveland with loud approval.

Behind him, on the new brick pavement of the avenue, rang the rhythmic beat of a horse's hoofs. Turning, he saw old Bill Love's hack outlined in the moonlight. The 9:20 was in from Indianapolis; some plutocratic citizen of Center Avenue was riding home in state.

The hack passed him and came to a stop in front of an ornate house, the finest in town, and the fare alighted just as Tom Meade came abreast. He recognized Jackson Perkins, president of the First National, leading citizen.

"Hello, Tom!" said Perkins. "Have a good meeting?"

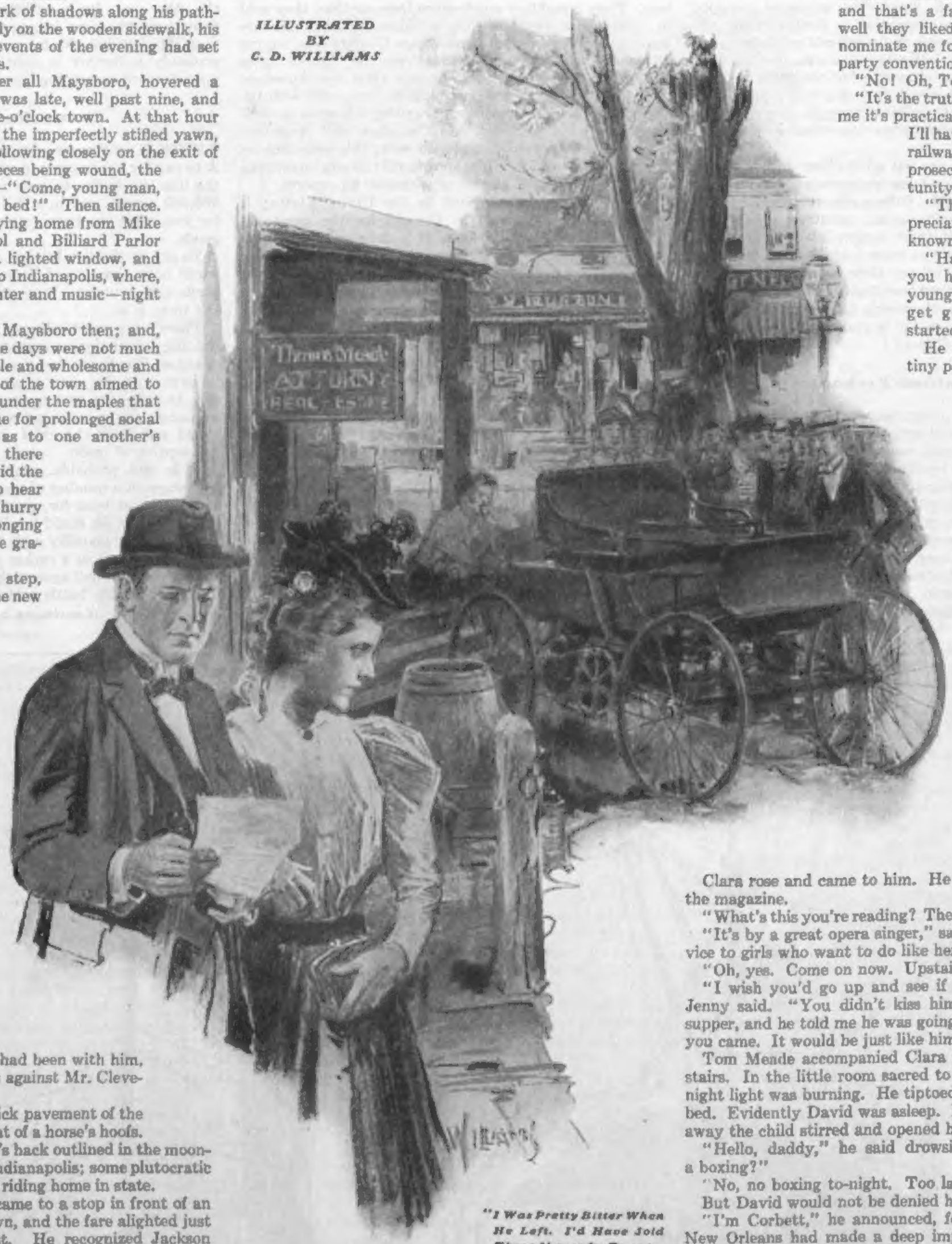
"Great!" Meade answered.

"There's talk down in Indianapolis that Cleveland may come back," the rich man said.

"Don't you believe it," Tom reassured him. "You should have been in that opera house to-night. Looks to me like a Republican landslide."

"I hope so, I'm sure," replied Perkins fervently. "Good night."

As Tom Meade passed on he saw the banker carelessly bestow a coin on old Bill. Evidently Jackson Perkins thought nothing of two bits for a hack when he was tired. Oh, well! Tom reflected, he was only thirty-three himself. Lots of things could and would happen. Some day he, too, would be a power in Maysboro, have a great house on the avenue, come rolling home through the moonlight in Bill Love's hack.



"I Was Pretty Bitter When He Left. I'd Have Sold Those Shares for Twenty-five Dollars Then"

He turned off the thoroughfare of the big bugs into his own street, Monroe. There, some distance down, stood the simple little frame house for which he was struggling to pay. Jenny must have heard him coming, for the door opened and she stood there, sharply outlined against the yellow glow of the lamp within. Her figure was alert and slim, and the light at her back emphasized the rather alarming smallness of her waist, laced almost to nothing in the fashion of the period.

"Tom, I've been worried. It's nearly ten o'clock," she said.

"Never worry about me," he laughed, and kissed her. "I can take care of myself, I guess."

She caught the note of elation in his voice. She looked up at him eagerly.

"How did the speech go, Tom?" she asked.

"Like a house afire," he told her, putting modesty aside in the sanctity of his home. He tossed his overcoat onto a chair. "The best I ever made, Jenny, and that's a fact. I'll tell you how well they liked it—they're going to nominate me for prosecutor when the party convention meets next June."

"No! Oh, Tom!"

"It's the truth. Judge Marvin told me it's practically settled. Of course, I'll have to give up the street-railway job. But—county prosecutor! It's a big opportunity, Jenny."

"They're beginning to appreciate you at last. I've known all the time."

"Have you? Yes, I guess you have. Well, it takes a young lawyer a long time to get going, but once I've started ——"

He followed her into the tiny parlor, a room of green-plush furniture, enlarged crayon portraits, hand-painted china, innumerable tidies. On the center table a large oil lamp was lighted, and close beside it sat his daughter, a fair, spindling girl of nine, spelling out an article in a woman's magazine.

"What? Clara, you still up?" he cried, surprise in his voice.

"I told her she could wait until you came," the mother explained. "I never dreamed it would be so late. Come, dear, kiss father and run to bed."

Clara rose and came to him. He reached out and took the magazine.

"What's this you're reading? The Girl With the Voice."

"It's by a great opera singer," said Clara shyly. "Advice to girls who want to do like her."

"Oh, yes. Come on now. Upstairs you go."

"I wish you'd go up and see if David's still awake," Jenny said. "You didn't kiss him when you left after supper, and he told me he was going to sit up in bed until you came. It would be just like him to do it too."

Tom Meade accompanied Clara up the short flight of stairs. In the little room sacred to his six-year-old son a night light was burning. He tiptoed in and bent over the bed. Evidently David was asleep. But as he was turning away the child stirred and opened his eyes.

"Hello, daddy," he said drowsily. "Want to have a boxing?"

"No, no boxing to-night. Too late," Meade told him. But David would not be denied his nightly drama.

"I'm Corbett," he announced, for the recent bout in New Orleans had made a deep impression on the small boys of the town. Meade assumed his usual rôle of John L. Sullivan, and after a brief exchange of easy blows permitted himself to be laid low by the diminutive Gentleman Jim. Too sleepy to enjoy his triumph, David fell back on the pillow, his little fists clenched above his head. For a moment his father stood looking down at him; he wondered if David was getting a wrong idea of how battles may be won. Then, smiling gently, he kissed the boy and went downstairs to Jenny.

Jenny had resumed her sewing. She was mending a rent in the lining of her sealskin coat, getting it ready for the winter. It was the pride of her life, that coat; so fashionable—the gift of Tom in one of his reckless moods. There were very few such coats in town. Mrs. Jackson Perkins had one—Mrs. Doctor Clark ——

"Well, Jenny," said Meade.

"Oh, Tom, I was just thinking. Prosecutor! That will be wonderful!"

"Yes, won't it?" He sat down and smiled at her pretty, flushed face. The future, with its infinite possibilities, opened again before him. "I tell you, my dear, it's something to look forward to!"

She sewed on.

"Who was at the meeting, Tom?"

"Everybody in town, I guess. I had quite a talk with Charley Nelson."

"How was he looking?"

"Not very well. Awfully thin, and sort of transparent, almost."

"Mary is so worried about him. She was telling me the other day. She says he isn't feeling right. She's afraid he won't be here long."

"Too bad," said Tom. "By the way, he told me about Dan. It seems there was a big strike in Australia two years ago, and everything looked black for a time. But now, Charley says, Dan's doing mighty well again. Expects to be taken into that firm he's with. I forget the name—Holding and Somebody, I believe."

Jenny was looking at him accusingly.

"Tom, you've never written to Dan," she said.

"No, I haven't," he admitted.

"Really, it's too bad. And Dan your very best friend."

"I know—I agree with you. I was thinking about it coming home. Let's go upstairs, and if you don't mind I'll stop in my den and have a try at it."

"Oh, Tom, I wish you would," said Jenny. "I always liked Dan so much."

Ten minutes later he was seated at a cheap oak desk in the room known as his den. On the walls hung pennants handed down from his college days, a group picture of his class at the law school, a crude copy of one of Mr. Gibson's drawings, done by Clara and presented with her love the preceding Christmas.

He lighted a pipe and took from the top drawer of his desk a small bundle of papers. On the top was an envelope somewhat yellowed by the passage of time. He removed it from the package and drew out the sheet of letter paper it contained.

Although he knew almost by heart what was written there, he read it again:

HOLBROOK & BUNTING, LTD.
DIRECT BUYERS SHEEPSKINS, RABBIT SKINS, WOOL, HIDES AND TALLOW
189 Little Bourke Street, Melbourne, Victoria

Dear Tom: Your letter with the news of your engagement to Jenny Fairbanks came in on the last boat, and I hasten to send my sincere congratulations. I always thought Jenny the prettiest, cleverest girl in Maysboro, and you're mighty lucky to get her. As for you—well, I guess she knows what I think of you. May you have the long happy life together I'm wishing for you to-day.

You asked for news of me. I'm still plodding along. Australia isn't so bad, even if we are a long ways from anything. I've never regretted coming out, though of course there are times when I get homesick as the devil for the old town, the old friends—you most of all. I guess I don't need to tell you what a letter from you means to me.

I'm rushing this to catch the boat. Sometime later I'll write at length about my life out here. This is meant to be nothing more than a friendly hail from this far outpost. Good luck, old man, and God bless you both.

Your old friend, DAN NELSON.

The date on the letter was August 26, 1880.

Tom Meade got up and paced the floor of that tiny room. 1880—why, that was twelve years ago! For twelve years he had put off writing to his friend. In heaven's name, why? He who in his daily life was so punctilious, so prompt; he who never vacillated.

"I guess I don't need to tell you what a letter from you means to me," Dan had said.

Good old Dan, the boy with whom he had roamed the woods and fields about Maysboro, the inseparable pal of his youth. He had loved Dan like a brother, and yet he had let twelve years drift by.

He dropped again into his squeaky little desk chair and began an examination of the papers that had been tied up with Dan's letter. He never threw anything away. Here were the false starts he had made at a letter to Australia during those twelve years; the first one, written a year after he received Dan's congratulations:

Dear Dan: I owe you a thousand apologies; but, as a matter of fact, I was so pressed for time, what with the excitement of the wedding and with house hunting

Why hadn't he sent that? As he recalled it now, Australia had seemed so far away. One really should have news—important news—to put into a letter that would be anywhere from forty to seventy days on its journey. And, wonderful as his marriage had seemed to him, there was no news in it for Dan; Dan had known he contemplated marriage. However, something else was impending, something of vital importance. He had been admitted to the bar, was shortly to go into Henry Brackett's law office. His name would be on the stationery. He would wait and write then.

His next attempt was, indeed, on the Brackett stationery.

Dear Dan: I'm sure you will understand, but what with all the anxiety I have gone through owing to Jenny's illness ——

What illness was that? He tried to remember. Nothing serious, evidently. Like the first, this letter had never been finished and sent. Before its completion there was something new to look forward to. A baby—a son, he hoped.

The baby came—Clara. He loved Clara with all his heart, thought her wonderful, proposed writing Dan about her. He was only waiting to include in the letter another bit of news. Old Judge Marvin had come to him and offered to take him into partnership as soon as he could break away from Brackett. Dan would remember Judge Marvin, would realize what a big step up this was, would rejoice with his old friend.

But Dan had never got the news. By the time Tom Meade had settled himself in the Marvin office and remembered his project of a letter to Dan another baby was imminent. A son this time, he hoped. To his great joy, David appeared, answering his dearest wish. He proposed to take Jenny, as soon as she was able, on a pleasure trip to Washington. A lively description of Washington, he reflected, would round off nicely his letter to Dan telling of David's birth.

The Washington trip followed, but for some reason now forgotten he held off writing to Dan.

Running through these incomplete records with their abject apologies, their ever-changing narrative, he perceived that there was always something in the air, something for which he was eagerly waiting—a nomination for mayor, which had finally eluded him; the winning of a big case; his appointment as attorney for the new street-railway company.

Well, he reflected, the waiting must stop. All nonsense anyhow. He would write to Dan without any more delay; to Dan, in Melbourne, Australia. And with the feeling of a man who sits down to write a history of the civilized world he drew toward him a blank sheet of paper.

67 MONROE STREET, MAYSBORO, INDIANA,
October 25, 1892.

Dear Dan: I don't know what you'll think of me, I'm sure. Believe it or not, I've sat down a score of times to answer that letter you wrote me so long ago—the one congratulating me on my engagement to Jenny. Yes, Dan, time after time, and always something held me up, sidetracked me. The truth of it is, of course, that I'm tremendously busy. My practice is growing all the while; and then, too, I'm attorney for the new street railway.

But look here, I'm not going to bore you with a lot of stupid apologies. All I can say is that if you'll forgive me—which same you can indicate by answering this without delay—I'll promise to do better in the future.

It was seeing your Cousin Charley at the opera house to-night that got me started on this. I had a little talk with him, and he told me how well you're doing. I want to assure you right here, Dan, before I go any further, that your kind wishes on our engagement were deeply appreciated at the time. Jenny and I have now been married eleven years, and all the happiness you bespoke for us has so far been ours. Jenny is still the prettiest girl in town—and the cleverest. What's more, she's not a day older than when you saw her last. Our daughter Clara is nine and David is six.

As for my work, I've kept plugging along. Nothing very exciting has happened as yet, but I have hopes. As a matter of fact, only to-night ——

He stopped suddenly and read over what he had written. Stale stuff, every line of it. It seemed to him that in all these twelve years he had never had so little to put into a letter to Australia.

Once more his acutely materialistic sense of space asserted itself. Australia the end of the world! Twelve thousand miles stretched between Maysboro and Melbourne, Monroe Street and Little Bourke. Thirty-two days of actual travel for this letter, provided it just caught one of the Oceanic Steamship Company's boats at

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Here Were the False Starts He Had Made at a Letter to Australia During Those Twelve Years

PROGRESS

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"I Don't Mind, Henry. What Is Your Invention?" "Ah, Charlotte! That's Something Interesting to Talk About"

A Play in One Act

CHARACTERS

PROF. HENRY CORRIE, D.Sc.
MRS. MELDON, *his sister.* HANNAH, *a servant.*

SCENE

THE scene is laid in the study of PROF. HENRY CORRIE, D.Sc., *in a village in England on a spring day in the year 1919. There is a fire burning in the grate, for the day is cold, and the room has a warm, comfortable appearance, although it is not so tidy as a neat-minded woman would like it to be. For example, there is a duster hanging over the back of the sofa, which stands into the room at right angles to the fireplace. It was thrown there by* DOCTOR CORRIE *when he had finished with it, and will probably remain there until he gives orders for it to be removed. No one tidies his room without his permission. There is a large table in the center of the room, on which a number of scientific instruments are spread. They are rather pushed on one side now, for* DOCTOR CORRIE *is engaged in recording formulæ on large sheets of paper. Diagrams showing sections of bombs are hung on the walls of the room. There is a model of a very big bomb near the table. There are also sectional diagrams of aëroplanes and airships on the walls, and fairly large models of an aëroplane and an airship are to be seen on one side of the room.*

PROF. HENRY CORRIE, D.Sc., *whose age is between fifty and sixty, is sitting at the large table, carefully noting the experiment he has just concluded, evidently with much satisfaction. He has cold, humorless, fanatical eyes, and his mouth, if it were not concealed by a thickish beard, would be seen to have cruel lines about it. He does not, however, impress the casual visitor as a cruel man; indeed, he seems to be a harmless, conceited man, completely absorbed in his work, neither interested in nor interesting to other people. It is when he is angry that his cruel character is revealed, for he is inclined to utter wolfish snarls if he is hindered or thwarted in any way. He is an egoist to whom nothing is of any consequence but his work; a human being matters less to him than a successful experiment.*

While he makes his notes he mutters to himself. Most of his mutterings are of satisfaction, one or two of anxiety, one of dismay and anger that turns suddenly to satisfaction. He is so absorbed in his notes that he does not hear a knock on the door, not even when it is repeated. He leans forward to look at a retort, then rereads his note and utters a shout of pleasure. The knock is heard for the third time.

CORRIE: Good! Good! I've done it at last. *(A very loud knock on the door.)* Eh? Oh, come in! Come in!

(The door opens, and HANNAH, *a middle-aged servant, enters.*

CORRIE: Yes, Hannah; what is it?

HANNAH: Mrs. Meldon, sir, wants to know whether you'll come downstairs to tea or have it up here.

CORRIE: Has she come back again?

HANNAH: Yes, sir. She expected you to meet her at the station, sir. She waited a long time in the cold, and then got Perry to drive her up.

CORRIE: I meant to go, but I was busy and I forgot.

HANNAH: Yes, sir. Will you come downstairs to tea or have it up here?

CORRIE: The drawing-room's rather cold, isn't it? I'll have it up here. Tell her I'll have it up here. There's a nice fire, and I've news for her. Tell her that, Hannah. Tell her I've finished my experiment and it's a success.

HANNAH: Is it, sir?

CORRIE: Yes—but it's no good telling you anything about it. You wouldn't understand. Now go along like a good woman and tell Mrs. Meldon.

HANNAH: Very good, sir. *(She turns to go.)*

CORRIE: Wait a bit. Perhaps you'd better not say anything about the experiment. I'll tell her myself. I'd like to tell her myself.

HANNAH: Just as you please, sir.

CORRIE: She'll be as pleased as I am when she hears of it.

HANNAH *(coming back to him):* She's not very happy to-day, sir.

CORRIE: Not happy? What do you mean? I'm happy, aren't I?

HANNAH: Yes, sir, but ——

CORRIE: Then why do you talk such nonsense? If I can be happy anybody can.

HANNAH: Well, you see, sir, it's three years ago to-day since her son was killed in the war!

CORRIE: Oh, yes! Yes! I'd forgotten that. Of course one can't keep on thinking about these things!

HANNAH: She does, sir!

CORRIE: Yes, I know. And it's very morbid of her. Of course she's the boy's mother, and women have more time for grief than men—men like me. But it isn't good for her, Hannah.

I'm sorry I didn't meet her at the station. I might have cheered her up. But I had to finish my experiment. I absolutely had to.

HANNAH: Yes, sir; I suppose so.

CORRIE: I wish she wouldn't dwell on Eddie's death so much. It's not right for the living to think so much of the dead. She ought to take more interest in life and less interest in death. But she's a woman and a mother—a bereaved mother—so we must make allowances for her. When I tell her about my success with my experiment—that'll cheer her up. Eh? Don't you think that'll cheer her up? After all, I'm her brother, and any success of mine must be gratifying to her, Hannah.

HANNAH: Well, I don't suppose you can make her feel any worse than she does now, sir.

CORRIE: Well, tell her to come up then and have tea here with me.

HANNAH: All right, sir.

CORRIE: Oh! And, Hannah, just tell her how sorry I am I forgot to meet her at the station. That'll help to break the ice a bit.

HANNAH: I'll tell her, sir. *(She goes toward the door. Then she stops and turns toward him.)* She really isn't happy, sir. Her nerves aren't at all right. You see, sir, she can't forget.

[*But the* PROFESSOR *is back at the table, intent on his work, and except for a grunt he does not reply.* HANNAH *waits for a moment, and then goes out. The* PROFESSOR *makes further calculations on paper, and having done so, sits back in his chair, regarding them with delight. His manifestations of joy are interrupted by the entrance of his sister,* MRS. MELDON, *aged about forty-three. She is dressed in black, partly because she is a widow, but chiefly because of her son's death. She is a sensitive-looking woman, now plainly suffering deeply from her memories, but she is not normally a fretful, complaining woman or one who behaves as if she were the only woman in the world who has suffered a bereavement, and when in the course of the play she speaks of her loss she does so with grave and beautiful dignity.*

MRS. MELDON: Henry!

CORRIE *(rising):* My dear Charlotte, I'm sorry I did not meet you at the station!

MRS. MELDON *(sitting down on the sofa by the fire):* It doesn't matter, Henry. Only I thought you were coming you said you would—and I waited a long time in the cold.

CORRIE: Yes, I'm sorry about that, Charlotte, but I really couldn't leave my work. Oh, I've got good news for you. I've successfully completed my experiment. I've got exactly what I want. Absolutely what I want!

MRS. MELDON: Have you, Henry?

CORRIE *(sitting beside her):* Yes, and it'll make my fortune for me. I shall be famous, Charlotte! Ha, I always knew I should be! And when I saw how well my experiment was going, I said to myself, "Charlotte won't expect me to meet her at the station just when everything's going so well!" So I didn't go. I stayed at home and finished my work. And it's a success, the greatest success I've ever had.

MRS. MELDON: Oh, yes.

CORRIE *(rather dashed* : Well, you don't seem very excited about it. I should have thought you'd be interested.

MRS. MELDON: Of course I'm glad it's a success, Henry, whatever it is, but you see you've never told me anything about it.

CORRIE: No, that's true. I've always believed in keeping my secrets to myself. My principle is, Tell no one anything until you can do it with safety. Nobody knows that I've been working on this thing—except myself—and nobody knows what it is—except me. The secret of successful invention, Charlotte, is secrecy. Before beginning to invent anything the inventor should shut his mouth, and he should keep it shut until he has taken out his patent. I can tell you what it is, but the constituent parts will still be my secret, and will remain so until I can get a binding offer from some government!

MRS. MELDON: Government! Is it a government matter, Henry?

CORRIE: It will be if the government has any sense. I shall offer it first to the British Government, of course, but if they won't pay a fair price for it I shall take it elsewhere. Too many inventors have been badly let down by the British Government, but I shall take very good care that it doesn't let me down. I think I'm a match for a politician. But when they hear what my invention is they'll jump at it.

MRS. MELDON: Will they?

CORRIE: Of course they will, though you're quite justified in feeling skeptical about them. Remember how hard it was to get them to use tanks during the war? All those cavalry generals had to be forced to use them. Those chaps really ought to be horse knackers instead of soldiers. And tin hats too! What a business there was before the War Office could be persuaded to use 'em! Oh, I'm sorry, Charlotte! I ought not to talk to you about the war especially to-day

MRS. MELDON: I don't mind, Henry. What is your invention?

CORRIE *(rising):* Ah! Ah, Charlotte! That's something interesting to talk about.

[HANNAH *enters, carrying a tea tray*

HANNAH: I've brought the tea, sir!

CORRIE: Damn! Oh, all right! Put it down there!

[*He indicates a small table in front of* MRS. MELDON, *and* HANNAH *places the tray on it. He goes to his table and busies himself again among his retorts and formulæ.*

MRS. MELDON: Has everything been all right, Hannah?

HANNAH: Yes, ma'am. Gage, the gardener, brought up the wreath you ordered for the War Memorial, ma'am. I've got it in the kitchen now. Shall I bring it up to you?

MRS. MELDON: Yes; do, Hannah.

HANNAH, *having finished with the tea table, goes out.*

MRS. MELDON: Come and have your tea, Henry.

CORRIE: All right! *(But he does not stir.)*

[MRS. MELDON *pours out the tea and drinks some.*

MRS. MELDON: Come along, Henry.

CORRIE Eh? Oh, all right! In a minute!

MRS. MELDON: I've poured it out, and it'll get cold.

CORRIE *(coming to the tea table):* How you women do fuss! You know, Charlotte, your sex is most extraordinary. *(Sits down and helps himself to toasted crumpet.)* Always willing to break off things for other things. No application. No capacity for complete impersonal devotion. That's why no woman has ever been a great artist or a great scientist. Because none of you will forsake everything and follow—whatever it is you ought to follow.

MRS. MELDON: Have I given you enough sugar, Henry?

CORRIE: Yes, too much. But it doesn't matter. Women can't think except in terms of individuals. They can't think in terms of nations or abstract ideas. That's why they never invent anything or do anything extensive.

[*The door opens, and* HANNAH, *carrying a bunch of flowers, returns.*

CORRIE *(irritably):* What is it now?

HANNAH *(taking the flowers to* MRS. MELDON*):* Here it is, ma'am.

CORRIE: What's that?

MRS. MELDON: Some flowers for the War Memorial. I ordered them from Gage. They're for Eddie!

CORRIE *(hastily):* Oh, yes! Yes. *(He seizes another piece of toasted crumpet.)*

MRS. MELDON: I shall take it down there after tea. Will you come with me?

CORRIE: I'd like to, of course, but I really must just tidy up this work.

MRS. MELDON: Very well, Henry! *(To* HANNAH*):* Thank you, Hannah. Just put them on the table, will you?

HANNAH *does so and goes out.*

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"It's All in Your Head?" "Of Course it is! Anybody But a Fool of a Woman Would Have Realized That. Making a Confounded Mess Like This!"

Another County Heard From

By MARY BRECHT PULVER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

One old Oxford ox opening oysters.
Two teetotums totally tired of trying to
trot to Tadbury. — *Mother Goose.*

IT SEEMS to me that a certain wedded pair must be as weary as the proverbial teetotums of the old ballad going on their classic journey to Tadbury. I refer, of course, to that erstwhile happy-go-lucky, nosey, scandal-mongering couple who from time immemorial have pushed their way into our affairs, gossiped about us, maligned us, peered over our shoulder at wedding or funeral, sat in at our court rooms and inquests, and have demanded the right to adjudicate and arbitrate for us—The World and His Wife—and who to-day sit like Niobe in tears, themselves opprobriated and judged, in a chaos of foreign and domestic affairs, in economic and political muddles, realizing that the shoe is on the other foot and that theirs is everybody's business. There are so many people rising in the market place now to tell the world how it should be done that it will do no harm for an added puny voice to join, like an impertinent katydid, the great stridulous chorus of asseveration and dissent.

I am moved to do this because of two experiences lately mine. I attended a fire in a little city and a meeting of a self-governing body of twelve hundred young students.

I am not in the habit of attending fires. This one was, so to speak, an honor thrust upon me, the fire in a measure converging and eddying almost directly about my person.

I was emerging from a drug store in the Sabbath quiet of a peaceful autumn afternoon, broken only by the hum of decorous passing motors and the footfalls of a few pedestrians, when the whole pageant bore down upon me. To my left a man bending over a small flivver straightened up suddenly with a look of horror. From the hood of his car could be seen two barely perceptible threads of bluish smoke, and a cry smote the air—"Fire!"

It reached the ears respectively of a policeman standing in a lily-of-the-field reverie on my corner and a large man in shirt sleeves in an opposite doorway. Both looked at the delicate smoke spirals and reacted. The large man emerged from his shop carrying what appeared to be a red-labeled tomato can; the policeman, with the languor of an odalisque, moved to the alarm box. The man with the tomato can—assisted by three small boys—reached the smoke spirals. The policeman turned for a backward look.

"Is he on fire?" he called dreamily.

Much Ado

THE large man and the three boys looked down into the source of the lavender wisps and nodded. The large man began to pour something out of the tomato can; the policeman opened the box, did something to its viscera and murmured into a mouthpiece.

The large man continued to pour from the tomato can and—but this was the part that seemed so incredible, so like those swift magical genie emanations of an Aladdin's lamp. All in a minute there appeared on the bridge before me a glittering red-and-gold monster urged on by attendants in agonized and straining poses donning oilskin slickers. And before it had turned at my corner it was joined by yet another, appearing from the west, and by another from the north—and others still from all points of the compass. In fact, the compass offered more points than I had ever dreamed it possessed. In no time at all the flivver, the large man, the tomato can and myself were encompassed in a sea of hook-and-ladder trucks, engines, hose carriages, chief's motor car, a large patrol filled with a cordon of police—in case it were needed—an atmosphere of brass mountings, red paint, rubber coats and interested spectators.

The police leaped from the patrol to form their cordon; the slickered attendants rushed to the seat of trouble. The tomato can was emptied by now, and there was no longer any lavender smoke. A fire chief pushed his way through, tipped his cap, scratched his head, and a wave of laughter broke.

The fire-fighting apparatus of a city had come out for a fire that could have been extinguished by the concerted saliva of three spectators.

True, there is and should be no discrimination in fire departments. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to make reply. When called they had replied, and as one onlooker said, "We've got a hell of a fine fire department," and he spoke the truth.

Incidentally, one might pause here and inquire into the phenomenon that in matters civic, in scandals that occur continually in the administration of city governments, in misappropriation of funds, cultivation of plum orchards in political *mélanges* and partisan warfare, the fire departments emerge so often unscathed. Is it because their fruits are visible and tangible and comprehensible to the average mind and therefore incapable of camouflage or distortion? Is it because of the possibility of check upon them? Or is it that men are knit together by the apprehension of a common age-old evil, an atavistic horror of a prehistoric enemy against which each must coördinate with his fellow? He cannot fight the Red Flower alone, but making a common cause must give selflessly, efficiently. And if you doubt that he can do this, watch his metamorphosis in a volunteer department. Watch a village undertaker, a butcher, an editor make common cause when the fire bell rings—forget his personal perquisites and rise to the realization of a certain ideal of heroic service, even though his medium be only the old oaken bucket passed from hand to hand. There is something in this—in this apprehension of a common ineffaceable peril—that unifies men, that puts them on their eighteen-carat metal, that searches gallant depths of pure idealism. It is, of course, assisted by the red paint and the brass, by the element of the play boy, the spectacular; but its origin is more fundamental.

I thought of this, still standing with Elizabeth, our modest little motor heroine, and her attendant squire, while the gayly painted panorama dissolved and retreated into the middle distance. And I thought of those fatigued teetotums, spinning miserably in their unhappy progress, in the midst of endless riot and strike and race war and Bolshevism and alien perils and dirty domestic scandals, and wondered why they didn't make some effort to organize a similar curative and preventive department.

Which brought me back to that other recollection, of facing that group of twelve hundred-odd young people—average age sixteen years. For unquestionably here is the material to work with—raw stuff, the actually willing stuff.

Not Less Thrilling Were the Brave Achievements of Our Pioneers, When Man Cleared His Land and Hewed His Logs and Thatched His House and Killed His Indian

The Spirit of Youth

THEY had assembled to elect new officers for their self-governing body. They came from all the byways and purlieus of classroom and study hall in a big, well-equipped high school. Their ensemble was astartling—even distinctly moving. An effect of freshness, of illusion, of unspoiled youth, of vital eagerness, naïve expectation and anticipation of life that was actually pathetic. They presented an effect of massed orderliness and disciplined control worthy of a similarly sized group of serious adults. But in two respects they were vastly different: In the passionate and physical verve of their applause, as though the little girl and boy still indwelling broke bounds, escaping for an interval the young lady and gentleman governing, and took a moment's legitimate license to make a big noise; in the clearly written idealism and illusion on each inexperienced face. Each one was in that phase of development when he is reasonably sure life is going to give him something special and wonderful. It may be tough on the other fellow, but it'll be a little different with me!

(Continued on Page 34)

SLACK WIRE

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE afternoon performance was over in the New Parthenon Theater in Sunbury; the audience had gone; the cleaners were at work in the auditorium. Marigold C. Green, proprietor, cleared the last few papers from her desk and put them away in the small safe that stood beside it, then surrendered her spirit to the relaxing mood of late afternoon. The window shade was drawn halfway up from the bottom to screen the interior from curious folk on the sidewalk; the window itself was lowered from the top, and through the screen came floating into the office the soft summer air and the pleasantly familiar sounds of Simpson Street.

There was enough, heaven knew, to worry about. The visible prosperity of the theater had already prompted the employes—those cleaners, as well as ushers, musicians, stage hands, operators of the projecting machines and box-office staff—to ask wage increases that would swiftly absorb the weekly profits. Even in Goldie's private enterprise, the automobile-insurance agency at the Beach Hotel, there was friction all the time lately with Elsie Whitaker. Elsie had taken that desk as assistant, and glad of the opportunity, only a few months back, to edge her way into a partnership: it was Green & Whitaker now. Elsie was finding it more and more difficult to understand why she should give all her time and receive only part of the profits. And Goldie, since her new contract with the Motor Universal Insurance Company had a year and a half to run, was inclined to let Elsie puzzle her head off.

There was a light knock at the door: a tapping, hesitant, uncertain. Goldie caught herself on the edge of frowning with annoyance; waited to compose her spirit and her features; then called "Come in!" She had been a little irritable lately. It wouldn't do. The caller would be her brother, the "P. Heigham Green, Manager," of the programs. He always knocked that way, when the natural thing would seem to be to walk right in. It was the curious streak of self-consciousness in him.

He entered, a slender little man, with small features and a manner of earnest self-importance. He wore a new suit of the pin-check pattern that men were affecting that summer. His green tie matched exactly the green silk socks, and was adorned with a single pearl on a stickpin. His small head was crowned with a panama straw hat. Goldie considered the smart color scheme. Once before Perce had swerved from his usual timidly fearful devotion to church work and to the affairs of the Y. M. C. A. into the gayer regions of dapper raiment and somewhat breezy conduct. A question arose now in her mind. There were so many ambitious and rather wild little girls with fantastic ideas of the influence a theater manager might wield among the great producing companies. And Perce had worn an unhappy look of late.

He said: "Oh, by the way, Goldie, were you —— Oh, it's not important at all. I was just thinking, in case you ——"

"Well," she broke in crisply, "what?"

"Oh, I was just wondering if you'd be using the car for a while."

"No," said she, studying him.

"Well, I didn't know but what I'd —— The building committee want me to look over the new gym at Rockwell Park."

"Go ahead," said she.

He was fibbing, of course. That would explain the unhappy look and all these unnecessary words. For Perce didn't fib well; there was no real dishonesty in him. There'd be no good in taxing him with it. She could only hope, rather wearily, that he wasn't getting himself into any trouble that she might have to get him out of.

"I feel a little guilty about taking it, when perhaps you ——"

And then, still hesitating, he went. Went out of the theater and drove off in the little sedan that stood at the curb. She heard the small roar of the motor, and then the quieter sound as it sped away, and found herself resisting a perverse impulse to call out through the window that she needed the car herself.

The forward mud guards on that car were suspiciously newer than the body; Mamma Green had christened it, a few months back, by careering in between two trees on Walter H. Pratt's lawn. Papa had broken his ankle leaping out in the dark. He still limped; and he placed his feet cautiously on the stairway like one who has, as we say, broken somewhat. And mamma had suffered a distinct, though doubtless temporary, loss of nerve.

Goldie considered the incident as she rose and put on her hat. There had been compensating advantages. For one thing, the car was now available to other members of the family. Mamma had taken to it in a fever at first. Though, of course, if Perce, now ——

Mr. Green Sighed. "It's Difficult Sometimes to Know Just How to Handle Your Mother"

We should note at this point that P. Heigham drove not toward Rockwell Park but straight to the local Y. M. C. A., where with an enormous sense of guilt he got from his locker under the gym the parcel of sandwiches and the vacuum bottle of hot coffee—this latter rolled within a newspaper—that he had hidden there during the noon hour. Then he dodged northward by way of side streets to the Parker Street Station, just beyond North Sunbury, where he picked up a pretty girl with a dash of rouge on her cheeks and a touch of carmine on her lips; a dark girl in a green silk sweater and a red hat, who stepped into the little car in a discreetly casual way; a girl toward whom P. Heigham's manner was doggedly matter-of-fact.

II

THERE was a quick step in the foyer outside Goldie's office, and the door opened, this time without a preliminary knock. A blondly boyish head appeared; then a prettily made scene model in an almost girlishly small hand; and then the slender person of Somers van Horne, who had charge of the scenic and lighting effects at the New Parthenon.

"Have you a minute? Just thought I'd show you." The childlike eagerness of the artist born was his. "It's an effect I thought of last night. I'll stand the soloist in this grotto place. Drape her in neutral stuff. In the dark, at first, you won't see her at all. Then I'll pull the dimmers up slowly, and as we begin to see her I'll throw in side lights one at a time, and back lighting on her hair and shoulders. Gradually model her out that way. Make her stand right out from the setting. Then fade again at the end of the song until she disappears with the last note of the orchestra. Be rather nice, don't you think?"

Goldie nodded listlessly. She never found it easy to visualize from a bare model the pictures that lived in his brain. But she had learned that those pictures were vividly real to him. More real, even, than the results. Those always disappointed him. She had learned, too, to try to give him enthusiasm for enthusiasm. For his spirit, that could flower into amazing beauty when warmed by encouragement, could be chilled into ineffectiveness by a heedless word or an unappreciative glance. It was difficult at times to know just how to handle him. Her own head was hard and clear, always had been; while his, though often lighted by the flare of a really creative talent, was as often colored and confused by unaccountable emotions. He was five years older than she, but there were moments when she felt like his mother; at the least, like his aunt.

"Splendid!" she said—made herself say it. "You're doing lovely things. People are talking about them. See"—she took a page of printer's proof from a drawer—"we're saying things about you in the next program."

He flushed with pleasure as he read the printed tribute. And this pleasure she could whole-heartedly share with him. For you could praise this man without automatically setting the scene for an increase of pay. He wasn't like the box-office staff or the ushers and musicians and operators. Honesty glowed out of him; he'd never want money he hadn't more than earned.

But she had, it was to appear, laid another small trap for herself. He was gazing at her with a frank admiration that might prove more disconcerting than certain of his other, less personal, enthusiasms.

"I was thinking," he said now, "if you haven't anything special on your mind we might pick up a bite of dinner together."

He Stopped Uncertainly. There Was a Traveling Bag, Two Parcels, a Vanity Case, and One or Two Other Feminine Articles in the Seat Beside Her. Aware of a Hovering Shadow She Lifted Her Eyes

His voice had softened, and his blue eyes were hanging on hers wistfully. He wasn't the sort that can conceal emotion. And he couldn't chilled him. But she couldn't help that. She had herself to think of. She wanted to mother him; pet him; let herself go.

trifle.

She hesitated; and in that moment

So she said brusquely: "I'm going over home. But we'll just do that one of these days. Must run along now. It's nearly six."

She tried to tell herself as she walked with a nervously brisk swing over Simpson Street and turned north on Hazel Avenue, that all these little problems went to make up what was, with all said and done, only a day. Three hundred and odd to the year. It was fun to be young and—well, attractive—and slimly alive with health and high vigor; but it was a nuisance to keep steering around these softly disguised little rocks of the emotions. What it came down to was that every man was a potential enemy. They wore down a girl's independence of spirit by endlessly spinning around her these webs of sentiment. To give up to it—permit her life to be narrowed down to a single interest, and that wholly emotional—would mean destroying the bright fabric of active, impersonal living that she saw spread before her.

She liked the risk and drive of business, the adventure of it, the strategy and tactics, even the thinking. There was a struggle on now between two large groups of exhibitors in Chicago. At the moment she and Mr. Graston—he was president of the New Parthenon Company—were standing clear. But a great producing company was swiftly buying into control of one of these groups and soon would be in a position to withhold certain desirable pictures from her programs. There would be a moment of decision. It was not unlike war, with never a moment of security, with always a scheming and skirmishing and battling as you balanced along.

But even those Chicago exhibitors were always after her for rides and dinners and dances. Lately a number of them had taken to calling up. They found their way, with their crude sentimentality, in among her thoughts. She had even had her subtly difficult moments with Mr. Graston. And now Somers van Horne, right there in the building! It was unsettling. Come to think of it, all this foolishness had bothered her more since the Parthenon had turned its corner. She was letting down. The trouble appeared to be that the fight wasn't hard enough now.

Not that she mightn't some day meet a man she couldn't help marrying; a man she'd be proud to give her life to; throw it all gloriously away. That was another story. That sort of thing settled itself. But there wasn't any such man. And against this subtle undertow—that caught and swept away the ripening emotional natures of most young folk—she must set her face. But it wasn't a fight you could win with will power. You could only win it with work. She knew that too.

III

THE old soft maples arched completely over Hazel Avenue and the rays of the late sun sifted down in a gently moving pattern of light and shade on sidewalk and turf and pavement. The summer was still young. Out of the lush grass and lawn shrubbery and maple leaves breathed a warmly rich sense of growing things. The avenue, here near Simpson Street, still boasted several of the finest residences in Sunbury—the old Weston place, with its spacious shaded lawns, and the De Casselles and Spalding and Vanderdam homes, and a number of expensive new houses. And with established wealth had come the landscape architect. The hoydenish Goldie of a year or so back had walked daily along the charming old avenue with only a vague sense of pleasure in the annual procession of bloom. But now, her observing faculty sharpened by success and swift growth, she took everything in and responded warmly to the beauty and fragrance of lilac and calycanthus and shrub honeysuckle; already had learned to watch for the forsythia and spiræa and mock orange and althæas and Japanese quince, though she wouldn't have recognized all the names.

Her boyish stride slackened now. She wished to linger here where broad lawns and canopied hammocks and roomy porches told of comfort, of settled prosperity. There were young people, too, girls in pretty summer frocks—in the precisely right sort of frocks—and awfully good-looking boys in the right sort of flannels. They were playing tennis on the Spalding court. There were family cars and gayly painted roadsters along the curb.

Goldie herself had no place in this life. Moodily she considered the fact. Indeed, she was becoming aware that this was an extraordinarily moody day. Confused—all ups and downs—nerves! Her thoughts raced on ahead of her feet to that nondescript colony of renters that occupied the rows of undistinguished and nearly indistinguishable wooden houses a few blocks farther north, where the avenue twisted eastward along the lower ground and headed for the North Sunbury Station.

Oh, she could run a business and make it pay! And get written up in the Chicago papers! But that would never put her in their class. Nor, for that matter, would the fact that nearly all of them came to the theater. She knew them; knew how they danced and dined and drove and—well, drank—and generally idled. Some of them nodded to her now and then. One of the boys in the group beside that tennis court, Willie Whatman, she had known in an adventurously furtive way three years ago. It was when she first sold tickets at the old Parthenon. He scraped her acquaintance. She was seventeen, and bold for her years. Merely to think of it now made her feel like a sobered woman. They used to drive up the Lake Shore in his car and dance at road houses. Nobody knew about that. He saw her now as she passed; couldn't get out of bowing. She thought he colored. He sometimes did when they met. Probably he felt that he hadn't treated her quite right.

But in regard to all these matters of human relationships Goldie was wise and tolerant far beyond her years. She even smiled a little over the Willie Whatman incident as she walked along. She knew at first hand the pagan emphasis of these postwar years, accepted it as life and let it go at that. Life, of course, was a vivid, savage sort of game. Queer things happened. Queer people loved and hated and deceived and swindled and stole and murdered. All the time; right around the corner. You looked out for yourself. That was all right.

No, this depression that was taking possession of her spirit came not from the condescension of middle Hazel Avenue, nor from any sense of injury on the part of Willie Whatman. It was—a lot of things! Just now it was the fact that she must descend into that upper avenue, where there weren't any big maples, where the houses were crowded together and needed paint, and children played noisily in the street, and the narrow front yards were littered and unkempt. It was so luxuriously pleasant here. The rhododendrons on the old Dexter Smith property were abloom; great masses of the purple and rose madder and mauve blossoms banked against the tall arbor-vitæ hedge and shaded by the maples and oaks on the lawn. And the evening breeze refreshingly fanned her cheeks.

What made her thoughts scatter so? Usually she was headed all one way, driving at something. There had been the insurance business to build up; then this hard fight to win out at the Parthenon. But that was over; certainly in its first phase. And now what next? She asked herself if Somers van Horne would be eating indigestible stuff in the bakery, or would go down to the Beach Hotel and dine with his mother in style. His mother didn't like his working in the theater. Probably she didn't like his working for Goldie Green, if you came right down to it. It was queer; as queer as the rest of life. He'd studied in Paris. Architecture. Several years of it. And he loved to talk about the thirteenth century—cathedrals and guilds and marvelous glass and tapestries. It was realer to him than La Salle Street. He made your head spin with a torrent of eager words out of which seemed to rise, like an iridescent vapor, a feeling of remote but exquisite beauty. He could really make you feel that.

She was descending into the renting quarter now, and caught herself hanging back. She didn't want to go home.

At the gate she nearly came to a full stop. Papa was kneeling by the narrow bed of nasturtiums beneath the front porch. It wasn't attractive, the dingy little yard—a picket or two missing from the old-fashioned fence—the narrow house from which the weathered paint was flaking off. Papa loved gardening. As he moved she caught a glimpse of one burnside whisker under the old straw hat. It was nearly white. He was thin, and stooped more than a little; a gentle, helpless man who had been rolled under by the ruthless machine of business. He wasn't doing a thing lately. Oh, he had desk room with a real-estate firm on Simpson Street, and puttered about down there.

The place looked unfamiliar; the place that she'd taken for granted these five years and more. She seemed not to belong here. She didn't want to go in. Even papa looked unfamiliar. She resented him. She didn't want to have to talk to him.

IV

JUST within the gate she stopped short, then moved rather uncertainly on toward the porch. This uncertainty was the strange thing. Her brisk young self was precisely what she had been sure of all her life. It had been pure instinct; and now that she was stopping to think about it she was frightened.

P. Heigham had run off with the car she had but recently finished paying for. Mamma would be somewhere within the house; probably up in her room, reading a romantic book from the public library and surreptitiously eating gumdrops as a preparation for supper and being sentimentally sorry for herself. The twins would be at large somewhere down the street. Something really ought to be done about the twins. Andy, aged eighteen, would be out too; on the loose somewhere; he had reached the period of persistent if somewhat impersonal interest in girls. And papa, here, was a burden.

She spoke to papa naturally enough, and seated herself on the steps. He looked up with a hesitant smile, that was even a trifle apologetic. She wished he wouldn't act like that.

"Thought I'd better get ahead of these weeds," he said, hesitated, then went on with his work.

"Too bad you haven't a real garden," said she. She was even pleasant about it, without a notion of why she said just that.

Her conscious thoughts were running as follows: "What if I should just let go—marry some fellow—give up? What would become of 'em all? The whole damn outfit's right on my shoulders. Of course that's just what it would be—giving up; quitting cold."

Papa glanced up just then. Did he suspect her thoughts? He knew the problem, of course. He'd carried the thing for more than twenty-five years; had just naturally sunk under the load, little by little. Lost his pep. His very gentleness was a symbol of defeat. And that vagueness about the eyes. He hadn't been vague or gentle in his working days. In a way it would help if they could talk it over, he and she. But that would be hardest of all. There was his pride, that crept by indirection and apology into every sentence. And their absurd bluff that P. Heigham was now in a sense head of the family. He wasn't, of course; never would be.

Indeed, it was only now that the power of this mood came over her as a bitter fact. It was all of a piece, this confused hour, beginning with that feeling of relaxation in

the office, the sudden responsiveness toward Somers van Horne that she'd had to run away from, that sensitiveness to impressions as she walked down the avenue, her present dislike of the place and of the family that must be kept going in it somehow. They were, the whole Green outfit, cruising adventurously along the edge of disaster. The more you spent on them the more they needed. Expense bred expense. Problem bred problem. Andy wouldn't work. Papa and the twins couldn't. Mamma simply absorbed money. Every dress bought for the twins, every hat and coat and pair of shoes and stockings and the other things, cost more every month. And you could never make mamma understand. Never! Goldie's own success was only good so long as she could keep up the nervous drive that had put over the New Parthenon and stirred the town with a little new sensation and brought the quizzically amused reporters out from Chicago. Back of all that stood only her youth and enthusiasm. What if these were passing—what then? The thought was terrifying.

Papa glanced up again. Could he see all this in her face? Why not? It must be there. If Perce hadn't taken the car she felt now she'd like to drive alone up the shore; fight it out. But he had taken it. She couldn't get alone; not now. She might shut herself up in her own room. But they'd wonder. Mamma'd never let her pass the head of the stairs without calling her in to complain of something. Perhaps it was this sort of thing, biting deeper and deeper into the mind, that drove people to killing.

And then, without an instant of conscious planning, she acted; got up briskly, like herself, and stepped down beside papa.

"Tell you what's on my mind," she said, as if he had just asked. "Our lease runs out the first of October."

She was trying desperately to follow her own thoughts; but her voice, after only a momentary pause, went convincingly on: "And it's time we moved. Now wait, papa! Don't you say a word! There are places out on the prairie where there's first-rate soil. Some sort of a decent little house, of course. But the main thing's a garden." Her hand was on his shoulder. She knew her color was rising. "You've had darn little fun all your life. Well, you're going to have some now. It'll be the making of you. This place is on all our nerves." She was nervously aglow. That would be the mood at its opposite extreme. "We'll go down to your office the first thing in the morning for a list of places, and then drive out there for a look around."

"But"—he was on his feet, but couldn't look at her—"real property is still very high, and ——"

"We can't spend our whole lives waiting. May as well take the plunge. Have a place ready to move into in October. Quit this renting game—fussing with landlords. Perce'll have to help, of course. He'll be glad to. We're making a little money now. We'll have to carry a mortgage at first—but that's all right."

She patted his shoulder, went into the house and ran up the stairs.

To mamma, in response to a call, she said, "Papa and I are going out to find a new place in the morning."

"A new place?"

"Sure! Time we had a home of our own."

That by way of nailing up her flag. Once safely in her own room with the door closed and softly locked she stood, amazed at herself, before the long mirror by the window. Her color was still high, her pulse jumping.

"Well, old kid," she murmured, "you've certainly jumped into it now." And she added the expressive single word "Gosh!"

Under her window papa was kneeling again by the nasturtium bed. His bewildered eyes had followed this daughter of his as she ran lightly up the front steps. She was discovering daily new energy and new talent. She was riding a wave of success. Was it more than some unaccountable flair of youth, that would pass as her life inevitably broadened into womanhood? It seemed incredible that she should be able to resist marriage; cruel that she should have to. She had always had an uncanny detachment of mind. At times she had seemed hard. Though this new impulse, if it was an impulse, moved him so deeply that he had to press his thin lips tightly together.

She hadn't come out with such a plan before. Perhaps she had been thinking it, perhaps not. She was chain lightning in her business judgments. On that strange vitality of hers the family hung now. And she was so disconcertingly pretty. Men after her all the time.

It was the sort of thing you simply couldn't think out; you could only drift with it, wondering.

He tried to tell himself, as he fumbled about among the nasturtium plants, that he must go out more energetically after business. And then he sighed. Men, it appeared, ran down like clocks. Though clocks could be rewound.

V

AGAIN that hesitant small knocking at the door. Goldie sighed, and called "Come in!" And again her brother entered on his rubber heels and softly closed the door. This was on the following afternoon.

"You wanted to see me?"

"Pull up a chair, Perce. I've got a shock for you."

But he stood motionless and turned white. She hurried on to cover his confusion; drew out the extension arm of her desk and laid a formidable document on it.

"Cast your eye on that!"

With a furtive glance at her he took the chair and bent over the document; then, at once reassured and newly alarmed, looked up.

"Good Lord, Goldie, you've bought a house!"

"Not yet, Perce. You'll see it isn't signed."

"But—but—three thousand down ——"

She nodded.

"Where'll you get that much?"

"I can scrape up a little over two thousand. The question is, are you good for eight hundred?"

P. Heigham was frightened. He fumbled the paper nervously; looked down; looked up; looked down.

"Well, Goldie, it's pretty sudden."

"Oh, it's that. But this is a brick house, with real fireplaces—one in the living room and one in the dining room. And nearly an acre of ground. Plenty of room for pop to putter around. There's no garage, but we can take the portable out there. What gets me is the two bathrooms. Made up my mind that this damn family's going to have two bathrooms if I work like a dog the rest of my life."

He was trying to understand how she could be so cool about it. But to her ability he was to-day even more than normally responsive. It steadied him. Even as he sat fidgeting here he could feel that it was soothing his perturbed spirit. Just that sense of decision, of firm organization, of carrying breezily on. At this moment, when his own life was disorganized. He had a mind to speak up; to talk it out would be a relief, and Goldie had so astonishing a gift of understanding. Confession was, in truth, good for the soul. Still, this! He wished he could see the end of it. Going at it in such a big way, all in a minute, without warning.

But she was speaking again.

"We've got to make the decision, Perce. I didn't feel justified in putting up cash for an option. Of course I can't swing it alone. You've got to help carry it."

"But—but how? What's the plan, Goldie?"

He felt her eyes on his check suit and neat tie and pearl pin.

"Here's how I figure it: I'm willing to tackle one mortgage but not two. They say they'll take my note for ninety days for two thousand. You and I between us can handle that if we turn over every cent of our profits here. And perhaps borrowing a little at the bank. Live on our salaries."

"But"—P. Heigham's mind was nervously considering the recent expansion of his habits and his apparent needs—"I'm only drawing thirty a week, you know."

"I'm only drawing forty. We've both got clothes enough to last us for a while. And under this arrangement we needn't figure on paying rent to papa. Shucks, Perce, we can do it! Think of all it'll mean!"

She could see that he was wavering. He sprang up and walked the floor, frowning intensely, with the familiar look of small features gathered into the middle of a small face. He would come around.

He dropped again into the chair, and for a brief time sat limply there, a dejected figure. Then, finally, he spoke out:

"Goldie, you're right! I believe it'll pull me together. Oh, I may as well tell you. I don't believe I stand prosperity very well. There's been a girl ——"

The corners of his sister's mouth twitched a very little; but when he looked up again she was wholly her cool self.

"It's been just one of those things, Goldie—kind of hard to understand. I don't know why we have to go and —— But here's the point: I've been drifting into this entanglement. There haven't been many girls in my life. It's really only lately, since I've felt more prosperous. You know, dressed a little better—and this girl, well, she seemed to—you see, I thought I was falling in love. Then I got mixed up about it. I'd want to see her and I wouldn't want to see her. I don't know as you can understand that. You're pretty young, Goldie."

"I can understand a good deal," said she.

"Well, here's the point: She's gone away. To-day. They've moved to Cedar Rapids. Oh, she wants me to write every day and all. It's so confusing. She is attractive. And she's—well, last evening we—I believe she's really in love with me, Goldie. It's when I think of that —— But here's the point: You've caught me just at the right moment. I need some sort of a wallop to straighten me up. Something. I believe this is it."

"Then it's a go?" she asked.

"Yes; yes, it's a go. I've got something in my checking account at the bank, and something in the savings. We'll do it. It'll be a real obligation. Keep a fellow from thinking about himself all the time." He was nervously laughing now. He got up and thrust out his hand.

Goldie, too, arose, and gripped it.

"It means sticking, Perce," said she.

"I know," he cried. "That's what I like about it. Don't you see, Goldie, I want to be held to it—to something? I'm older than you. I don't want you to think it's weak of me. It's just that I've had to learn through some pretty hard experience how difficult life can be."

He moved toward the door, opened it a little way, then closed it and stood for an irresolute moment.

"You see, Goldie, while I may seem to speak rather lightly of this experience, I've really been—well, shaken a little. It's hit me pretty hard. I've worried some during the night for fear I might—well, do something wild. Chuck all this and follow her to Cedar Rapids. Yes, I've had to face that possibility. She's really a wonderful girl. Not like these others you see around here. You see, emotion—well, I'm a man that's loved and—and lost, that's all."

He swallowed. How white he was!

He finished in an unsteady voice. "I've needed just such a big responsibility to straighten me up. That's the point."

"Every little wallop has a meaning all its own," murmured Goldie, staring into her desk.

"What's that? Wha'd you say, Goldie?"

(Continued on Page 72)

Within the House Mamma Was Standing by Somers Van Horne as He Hung Chintz Curtains of Bright Pattern in the Living Room

BALKAN JOTTINGS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN

"M'sieu the Colonel Is Outraged and Demands That M'sieu Fight a Duel With Him"

Albanian Transportation

ALBANIA is rather like a jail, in that it's easy to get into and difficult to get out of. There are no railroads, and the Adriatic steamers hunt assiduously for excuses which will enable them to skip Durazzo, the chief port of call. Usually they are very successful at finding them. The only automobiles in the country are those which belong to the American Red Cross and the Albanian Government. At last accounts the entire Albanian Government owned one automobile. Walking is unhealthy because of the malaria mosquitos and the mountaineers' quaint custom of shooting at any pedestrian who isn't on their calling list. A tugboat leaves Scutari, in Northern Albania, every few days, travels jerkily to the opposite end of Lake Scutari and deposits its passengers in Montenegro. One is little better off in Montenegro, however, for the country presents the same obstacles to travelers as does Albania; and since about 95 per cent of the country consists of jagged mountains, the walking is harder.

The Noisiest Quiet City

PEOPLE who are seeking quiet can find more of it to the square inch in Tirana, the capital of Albania, than in any other section of the East. The quiet of Tirana is the noisiest quiet that I have ever heard. The shopkeepers lie in the back of their shops and sleep heavily with their heads in their coffee cups and cigarette butts. The streets are soft dirt, and the drowsy passers-by wear Turkish slippers or a sort of rawhide moccasin. Consequently there is no bustle of traffic in the marts of trade. Three times a day the whiskered hodjas climb to the tops of the minarets and call the faithful to prayer in a distant, monotonous wail which sounds as though it came from a far-off phonograph. From dawn to dark the mourning doves complain softly to each other every seventy-five seconds. Their plaint consists of two short hoo's and a long hoo. Hoo, hoo—hoo! Just like that. When they quit work for the day the nightingales tune up and do a little ground-and-lofty complaining. Once in a great while a dog howls inoffensively and abstractedly, as though unutterably depressed by the monotony of his existence. I had the pleasure of lying in a darkened room in Tirana for a week with my eyes heavily bandaged, and in that time I became a connoisseur on noises. People who hate noises won't believe it, but there's less nervous strain in listening to an automatic riveting machine and the crash of automobiles crossing a loose manhole cover on Fifth Avenue than there is in waiting for a mourning dove to emit a soft and throaty wail every seventy-five seconds.

The Varying Albanian

THE Albanian male is a creature of strange extremes. When encountered in his mountain fastnesses, garbed in flaring ballet skirts or baggy felt trousers—according to the section of the country in which he lives—and a half-portion jacket with pompoms on the elbows, he is what an American cavalryman would call a bad *hombre*. He carries a silver-mounted rifle, a silver-mounted revolver attached to his person by a heavy silver chain, and a waistband full of edged tools and miscellaneous kitchen knives. He is a mean shot with a rifle, and can shoot his initials in a horse's ear at a distance of ten paces. His sacred honor is constantly being damaged by careless neighbors, and the only way in which he can repair the damage is to shoot an intricate pattern of holes through the person who did the foul deed. Most of the mountaineers in Northern Albania are deeply involved in blood feuds, and are either laying for somebody whom it is essential that they kill or dodging somebody who feels in duty bound to kill them. When encountered in a town, however, garbed in the greenish-brown garments of European civilization, the Albanian male is the gentlest and most inoffensive-looking soul that ever forgot to post his wife's letters. In the spring Albanian gardens are masses of roses, and all through the spring practically every Albanian man that one meets wearing European dress is carrying a single rose in his hand. When the rose season goes by he carries any sort of flower that comes handy.

Seeing the Country

A RED CROSS automobile in which I frequently rode in Albania was chauffeured by a young man named Tim—a Russian who had fought against the Germans, been shifted to the French front by way of England, wounded, and picked up and employed by the Red Cross. He was anxious to point out the interesting features of the country; and so far as he was concerned, the most interesting feature was a temporary bridge where an Italian touring car, filled with Italian officers, had plunged over the edge into the river. The approach to this bridge was very bad on both sides of the river—a hairpin turn leading down a precipitous bank. I crossed the bridge three times with Tim; and on each occasion, as the car creaked around the hairpin turn on two wheels, Tim would remove his right hand from the steering wheel, turn half around in his seat, motion proudly toward the muddy torrent below us and declaim:

"Five Italian officers fall in here last week—all drowned—very bad bridge."

Then, as the rest of us cowered white-faced, waiting for the inevitable crash, Tim would hang over the side of the machine and gaze pensively at the river; while the machine, guided by his one careless hand, roared across the flimsy bridge and up the opposite bank in safety.

Balkan Travelers

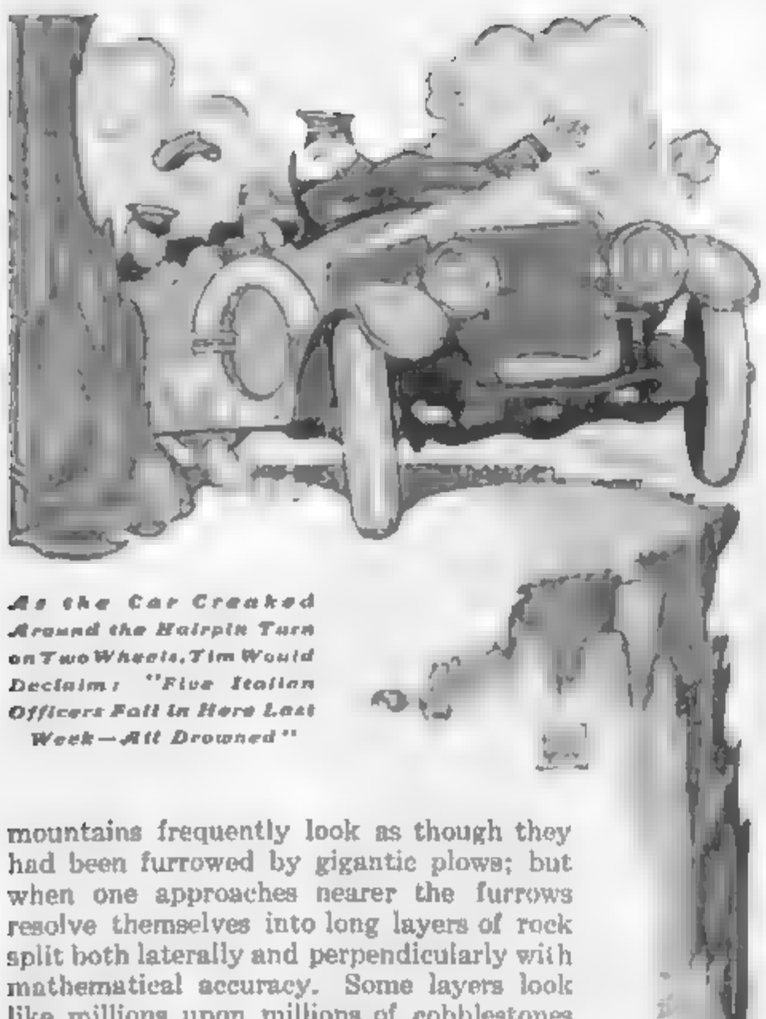
THE tugboat which forms the only means of communication between the Albanian city of Scutari at the southern end of Lake Scutari and the Montenegrin town of Pavlonitza at the northern end of the lake is a one-lunged affair subject to fainting spells and long trances. It carries a varied assortment of humanity, ranging from Albanians traveling up the lake in full regalia to shoot up undesirable acquaintances or something, up to veiled ladies with bright-red finger nails and Montenegrins in scarlet bolero jackets and blue golf pants who have just been down the lake to murder someone they dislike or something. An Albanian in native dress resembles a character from the Rajah of Ghumshoo or the Prince of Malaria, while a Montenegrin togged out in his national garb looks more like a cross between a member of the Chicago White Sox in traveling uniform and Lord Whiffletree on a Scotch whin-shooting expedition.

Two Serbian soldiers came aboard the boat from one of the mountain garrisons where the Serbs were waiting impatiently to jump over into Albania and grab all the territory that they could grab. Their rifles were dirty and rusted in spots; their uniforms were foul with dirt and frayed and torn in numerous places. Between their boot tops and the bottom of their slovenly wound spiral putties was a one-inch hiatus which showed clearly that they were wearing no stockings. A two weeks' growth of beard decorated their faces. At lunch time they pulled loaves of sour gray bread from the pockets of their dilapidated overcoats and gnawed at them wolfishly. I offered one of them a cake of chocolate. He took it, looked it all over with the greatest care, smelled of it suspiciously and then looked helplessly at his companion. His companion broke off half the cake, smelled it carefully in turn and then touched his tongue to it very gingerly. No harm resulted, so he nibbled at a corner. Then he gave his companion the high sign and they both went to eating it—a nibble of chocolate and then a bite of bread. Both men were about twenty-five years old and had never seen a piece of chocolate before.

Montenegro's Pet Legend

MONTENEGRO, near the Adriatic coast, is largely composed of jagged, tumbling, barren mountain ranges. They aren't the sort of mountains that we know, but desolate masses of ash-gray or very dark-gray rock on which there are no trees, no patches of earth, and apparently no growing thing whatever. From a distance these

"He Is Not Polite," Said the Mountaineer, "Because He Was Brought Up Among the Rocks of Our Country"



As the Car Creaked Around the Hairpin Turn on Two Wheels, Tim Would Declaim: "Five Italian Officers Fell in Here Last Week—All Drowned"

mountains frequently look as though they had been furrowed by gigantic plows; but when one approaches nearer the furrows resolve themselves into long layers of rock split both laterally and perpendicularly with mathematical accuracy. Some layers look like millions upon millions of cobblestones fitted close together; other layers are composed of larger blocks; while still others are split into enormous cubes like the stones of which the Pyramids are made. The lower mountains are ash gray and the high ones are dark gray. When the dark-gray rocks are wet by rain they become almost jet black, and from their appearance comes the country's name, which means Black Mountain.

The natives have a legend to account for the rockiness of Montenegro. All of them know it, and all of them tell it whenever they are given half an opportunity. Some of them tell it in spite of being given practically no opportunity whatever. They display an almost devilish ingenuity at working it into the most casual conversation. For example, I sat in a little inn in the town of Pavlonitza waiting for transportation to the near-by city of Podgoritza. A small woolly lamb ambled out from behind the bar and partook of a piece of raw onion that I was fashioning into a sandwich. A large and kindly mountaineer in dark-blue knickerbockers, white stockings and a pill-box cap leaned over from the next table and stuck a fork into the lamb, which scuttled back behind the bar with a plaintive but appropriate ba-a-a.

"He is not polite," said the mountaineer, "because he was brought up among the rocks of our country, where there is little food. The rocks, alas, are the curse of our country! It is said that when the world was made the evil things in it were distributed by the devil. He distributed the rocks, flying over the earth and dropping them from a great sack. When he flew out with his last load there were still a number of countries that were unrocked; but just as he got over Montenegro the bottom of the sack burst open and the entire load of rocks fell down on our little country, completely covering it."

That is Montenegro's pet legend. Every Montenegrin child has it dinned into his ears by his mother until he is old enough to escape from her and seek sanctuary in the mountains. One gets the yarn from innkeepers, tugboat engineers, relief workers, waiters, bandits and school children until the preliminary phrase "It is said that when the world was made," makes the hearer wish that the devil had spilled his load of rocks on the head of the *raconteur*.

The Roads of Montenegro

MONTENEGRIN roads are excellent specimens of the road maker's art. Every male in the country who can't pay his taxes in cash pays them by working on the roads. When one travels in Montenegro he is either ascending a mountain in horrifying zigzags or descending a mountain in even more horrifying zigzags. Every turn is a hairpin turn. High up on the rock spurs these turns become so sharp that the big motor trucks which carry Red Cross supplies over the mountains from the seacoast have to be jockeyed around them with a series of stoppings and backings. On these turns the backs of the trucks hang out over the mountain edge, so that people riding in them have their imaginations stirred by being able to look down a sheer drop of a mile with nothing softer at the bottom than a thick layer of rocks.

There is one particularly bad turn near the top of Mt. Lovchen, which arises straight up from the Adriatic and forms a windbreak for Cettinje, the capital. When the Austrians captured Cettinje during the war they trucked supplies up over Lovchen. One snowy winter night a convoy of eight trucks was making the trip. The driver of the leading truck failed to see the turn in time and drove over the edge. The other seven trucks, following blindly in his path, followed him over the edge one by one.

It was a three-quarter-mile drop, and out of all the trucks and the supplies that they carried not a single thing was salvaged.

The traveler who essays these roads in an automobile is in a constant twitter. The worst and narrowest stretches of road have no guard rails or posts. Every hairpin turn is liable to conceal a mountaineer with a cart which fills four-fifths of the road and must always be passed on the outside. And at any moment a large herd of goats is more than likely to materialize directly above and in front of the automobile and leap jerkily into the middle of the road.

We climbed from Podgoritza up to Cettinje and tobogganed back again in a very small, very light American car, whose driver had been accustomed to running a heavy army car. In spite of our protests he would bear down at high speed on hairpin turns half a mile in the air, and then set his brake and skid around them.

Many of the smaller mountain tops are crowned with small churches. It is generally believed among Americans that these churches are used only by persons who wish to offer up prayers that they may get down the mountains without breaking their necks.

The Home of the Merry Widow

CETTINJE, the capital of Montenegro, lies on a small, high plateau entirely surrounded by the tops of barren, ash-gray mountains. It is a small place, drowsy and white and hot in summer, and shriveled and still and frozen in winter. All of the houses are small, even the palace of the dead king, which looks rather like a cross between a country schoolhouse and a small white shoe factory. It was here that the gay young Prince Danilo lived, and where Franz Lehár picked up the idea and the music for the Merry Widow. I had known that Lehár had written the Merry Widow after a trip to Cettinje, but I hadn't known about the music until I followed a band of gusla players down the street and heard them play a series of old Montenegrin songs.

The gusla is a one-stringed guitarlike instrument whose size varies from that of a cigar box to that of a piano case. Eight of these gusla players, clad in their national costumes, came strolling down the main street of Cettinje, followed by a crowd of boys and girls and haughty men in baggy blue pants with white stockings. The gusla player who was gusling, so to speak, on the biggest gusla, was almost concealed behind his instrument because of its size. They were strumming a very familiar and beautiful waltz, so I got up and followed along behind them out into the country; and then it suddenly dawned on me that the songs were the blood brothers of song after song in the Merry Widow—and all of them had been played in Montenegro since time immemorial.

The Land of Ready-Made Sewers

THE Adriatic coast, from Fiume in the north down to Antivari in the south, is solidly walled with mountains through which no navigable stream has cut a channel to the sea. The reason for this became apparent in traveling up the Zeta Valley in Montenegro. The Zeta is a sizable river which courses swiftly down a fertile valley between high mountain walls. The valley road, instead of continuing at the river level, mounted higher and higher above it along one of the mountain walls until the river dwindled to a brown ribbon winding through a narrow green carpet far below. And suddenly the green carpet of the valley ended in a towering wall of rock—a wall that came up and joined the mountain side on which we were traveling. From the base of the wall burst the Zeta River, full-fledged, in a foaming gush of white water. But beyond the wall there was no moisture and no valley and no greenery; nothing but the tumbling, sterile desolation of Montenegro's rock mountains.

All of the mountains of Montenegro, Bosnia, the Herzegovina and the Dalmatian coast are made of a spongy limestone rock through which water seeps readily. Sewers are unnecessary, for if one digs down for fifteen feet in any part of the country one finds a natural opening, and anything thrown into that opening is immediately carried away. That is why no navigable streams have ever cut through Dalmatia's mountain wall. The water soaks through and doesn't need to cut.

The Romance of War

THE Montenegrins were originally Serbians who fled into the mountains to escape ancient wars. Now that Montenegro has lost its identity and become a part of Serbia, the Montenegrins are not so fond of the Serbs as they used to be. Most of the Montenegrin towns are garrisoned by Serb troops, who fight joyously with anyone who wants to fight. They fight Montenegrins, Albanians or themselves with equal enthusiasm. Like all Balkan soldiery, their methods are excessively hard-boiled.

The Serbs captured ninety-eight Albanians in a border battle—there is always a battle in progress somewhere in the Balkans—brought them to Podgoritza and kept them prisoners in one small room for three months without giving them any assistance or medical attendance. Finally, after repeated efforts, an American Red Cross doctor was allowed to see them just before I reached town. All of the ninety-eight were in a fearful state of filth and sickness.

His Companion Broke Off Half the Cake, Smelled It Carefully in Turn and Then Touched His Tongue to It Very Gingerly

He brought them clean clothes made out of meal sacks, and they were overcome with gratitude. The glamour and the pomp of war are conspicuous in the Balkans by their absence.

A Feat of Bravery

BASHFULNESS, reticence or modesty in advertising their abilities and their virtues are not among the failings of the Balkan countries. Each one believes implicitly that its citizens are the bravest, the handsomest and the most talented people in the whole world. They usually base their arguments on things that happened and on men that lived from five to nine hundred years ago—a fact that of course makes their arguments excessively weighty and incontrovertible. If the biting acid of common sense is applied to one of their wilder statements they burst into howls of execration and protest

One of the features of the Zeta Valley is the ancient Ostrog monastery, plastered against the steep mountain wall of the valley like a huge cliff dwelling. The Montenegrins declare and take oath and scream passionately that in the olden days thirty Montenegrins, with this monastery as their only fort and source of supplies, not only successfully resisted the passage of twenty thousand Turkish troops who were trying to get up the valley but even killed the whole twenty thousand. Since the valley is over a mile wide at this point, and since modern artillery was unknown, it is barely possible that the accomplishments of the thirty Montenegrins have been just a teeny bit stretched; either

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MERTON OF THE MOVIES

III

Western Stuff

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

SATURDAY proved all that his black forebodings had pictured it—a day of sordid, harassing toil; toil, moreover, for which Gashwiler, the beneficiary, showed but the scanteat appreciation. Indeed the day opened with a disagreement between the forward-looking clerk and this hidebound reactionary. Gashwiler had reached the store at his accustomed hour of 8:30 to find Merton embellishing the bulletin board in front with legends setting forth especial bargains of the day to be had within. Chalk in hand, he had neatly written:

"See our new importation of taffetas, $2.59 the yard."

Below this he was in the act of putting down:

"Try our Preferred Chipped Beef, 58 cts. the pound." "Try our choice Honey-dew spinach, 20 cts. the can."

He was especially liking that use of "the." It sounded modern. Yet along came Gashwiler as if seeking an early excuse to nag, and criticized this.

"Why don't you say 'a yard,' 'a pound,' 'a can'?" he demanded harshly. "What's the sense of that there 'the' stuff? Looks to me like just putting on a few airs. You keep to plain language and our patrons'll like it a lot better."

Viciously Merton Gill rubbed out the modern "the" and substituted the desired "a."

"Very well," he assented, "if you'd rather stick to the old-fashioned way; but I can tell you that's the way city stores do it. I thought you might want to be up to date, but I see I made a great mistake."

"Humph!" said Gashwiler, unbitten by this irony. "I guess the old way's good enough, long's our prices are always right. Don't forget to put on that canned salmon. I had that in stock for nearly a year now—and say it's twenty cents 'a' can, not 'the' can. Also say it's a grand reduction from thirty-five cents."

That was always the way. You could never please the old grouch. And so began the labor that lasted until nine that night. Merton must count out eggs and weigh butter that was brought in. He must do up sugar and grind coffee and measure dress goods and match silks; he must with the suavest gentility ask if there would not be something else to-day; and he must see that babies hazardously left on counters did not roll off.

He lived in a whirl of mental confusion, performing his tasks mechanically. When drawing a gallon of kerosene or refolding the shown dress goods, or at any task not requiring him to be genially talkative, he would be saying to Miss Augusta Blivens in far-off Hollywood, "Yes, my wife is more than a wife. She is my best pal, and, I may also add, my severest critic."

There was but one break in the dreary monotony, and that was when Lowell Hardy, Simsbury's highly artistic photographer, came in to leave an order for groceries. Lowell wore a soft hat with rakish brim, and affected low collars and flowing cravats, the artistic effect of these being heightened in his studio work by a purple velvet jacket. Even in Gashwiler's he stood out as an artist. Merton received his order, and noting that Gashwiler was beyond earshot bespoke his services for the following afternoon.

"Say, Lowell, be on the lot at two sharp to-morrow, will you? I want to shoot some Western stuff—some stills."

Merton thrilled as he used these highly technical phrases. He had not read his magazines for nothing.

Lowell Hardy considered, then consented. He believed that he, too, might some day be called to Hollywood after they had seen the sort of work he could turn out. He always finished his art studies of Merton with great care, and took pains to have the artist's signature entirely legible. "All right, Mert, I'll be there. I got some new patent paper I'll try out on these."

"On the lot at two sharp to shoot Western stuff," repeated Merton with relish.

"Right-o!" assented Lowell, and returned to more prosaic studio art.

The day wore itself to a glad end. The last exigent customer had gone, the curtains were up, the lights were out, and at five minutes past nine the released slave, meeting Tessie Kearns at her front door, escorted her with a high heart to the second show at the Bijou Palace. They debated staying out until after the wretched comedy had been run, but later agreed that they should see this, as Tessie keenly wished to know why people laughed at such things. The antics of the painfully cross-eyed man distressed them both, though the mental inferiors by whom they were surrounded laughed noisily. Merton wondered how any producer could bring himself to debase so great an art, and Tessie wondered if she hadn't, in a way, been aiming over the public's head with her scenarios. After all, you had to give the public what it wanted. She began to devise comedy elements for her next drama.

"That's the Idea," Said Merton. "Keep It Up! I Can Feel Him Coming to Life"

But the Hazards of Hortense came mercifully to soothe their annoyance. The slim little girl with a wistful smile underwent a rich variety of hazards, each threatening a terrible death. Through them all she came unscathed, leaving behind her a trail of infuriated scoundrels whom she had thwarted. She escaped from an underworld den in a Chicago slum just in the nick of time, cleverly concealing herself in the branches of the great eucalyptus tree that grew hard by, while her maddened pursuers scattered in their search for the prize. Again she was captured, this time to be conveyed by aëroplane, a helpless prisoner and subject to the most fiendish insults by Black Steve, to the frozen North. But in the far Alaskan wilds she eluded the fiends and drove swiftly over the frozen wastes with their only dog team.

Having left her pursuers far behind, she decided to rest for the night in a deserted cabin along the way. Here a blizzard drove snow through the chinks between the logs, and a pack of fierce wolves besieged her. She tried to bar the door, but the bar was gone. At that moment she heard a call. Could it be Black Steve again? No, thank heaven! The door was pushed open and there stood Ralph Murdock, her fiancé. There was a quick embrace and words of cheer from Ralph. They must go on.

But no, the wind cut like a knife, and the wolves still prowled. The film here showed a running insert of cruel wolves exposing all their fangs. Ralph had lost his rifle. He went now to put his arm through the iron loops in place of the missing bar. The wolves sought to push open the door, but Ralph's arm foiled them.

Then the outside of the cabin was shown, with Black Steve and his three ugly companions furtively approaching. The wolves had gone, but human wolves, ten thousand times more cruel, had come in their place. Back in the cabin Ralph and Hortense discovered that the wolves had gone. It had an ugly look. Why should the wolves go? Ralph opened the door and they both peered out. There in the shadow of a eucalyptus tree stood Black Steve and his dastardly crew. They were about to storm the cabin. All was undoubtedly lost.

Not until the following week would the world learn how Hortense and her manly fiancé had escaped this trap. Again had Beulah Baxter striven and suffered to give the public something better and finer.

"A wonder girl," declared Merton when they were again in the open. "That's what I call her—a wonder girl. And she owes it all to hard, unceasing struggle and work and pains and being careful. You ought to read that new interview with her in this month's Silver Screenings."

"Yes, yes, she's wonderful," assented Tessie as they strolled to the door of her shop. "But I've been thinking about comedy. You know my new one I'm writing—of course it's a big, vital theme, all about a heartless wife with her mind wholly on society and bridge clubs and dancing and that sort of dissipation, and her husband is Hubert Glendenning, a studious young lawyer who doesn't like to go out evenings, but would rather play with the kiddies a bit after their mother has gone to a party, or read over some legal documents in the library, which is very beautifully furnished; and her old school friend, Corona Bartlett, comes to stay at the house, a very voluptuous type, high colored, with black hair and lots of turquoise jewelry, and she's a bad woman through and through, and been divorced and everything by a man whose heart she broke, and she's become a mere adventuress with a secret vice—she takes perfume in her tea, like I saw that one did—and all her evil instincts are aroused at once by Hubert, who doesn't really care deeply for her, as she has only a surface appeal of mere sensuous beauty; but he sees that his wife is neglecting him and having an affair with an Italian count—I found such a good name for him, Count Ravioli—and staying out with him until all hours; so in a moment of weakness he gives himself to Corona Bartlett, and then sees that he must break up his home and get a divorce and marry Corona to make an honest woman of her; but of course his wife is brought to her senses, so she sees that she has been in the wrong and has a big scene with Corona in which she scorns her and Corona slinks away, and she forgives Hubert his one false step because it was her fault. It's full of big situations, but what I'm wondering—I'm wondering if I couldn't risk some comedy in it by having the faithful old butler a cross-eyed man. Nothing so outrageous as that creature we just saw, but still noticeably cross-eyed. Do you think it would lighten some of the grimmer scenes perhaps, and wouldn't it be good pathos to have the butler aware of his infirmity and knowing the greatest surgeons in the world can't help him?"

"Well," Merton considered, "if I were you I shouldn't chance it. It would be mere acrobatic humor. And why do you want anyone to be funny when you have a big gripping thing of love and hate like that? I don't believe I'd have him cross-eyed. I'd have him elderly and simple and dignified. And you don't want your audience to laugh, do you, when he holds up both hands to show how shocked he is at the way things are going on in that house?"

"Well, maybe I won't, then. It was just a thought. I believe you have the right instinct in those matters, Merton. I'll leave him as he is."

"Good night, then," said Merton. "I got to be on the lot to-morrow. My camera man's coming at two. Shooting some Western stuff."

"Oh, my! Really?"

Tessie gazed after him admiringly. He let himself into the dark store, so lately the scene of his torment, and on the way to his little room stopped to reach under the grocery counter for those hidden savings. To-night he would add to them the fifteen dollars lavished upon him by Gashwiler at the close of a week's toil. The money was in a tobacco pouch. He lighted the lamp on his table, placed the three new bills beside it and drew out the hoard. He would count it to confirm his memory of the grand total.

The bills were frayed, lacking the fresh green of new ones; weary looking, with an air of being glad to rest at last after much passing from hand to hand as symbols of wealth. Their exalted present owner tenderly smoothed out several that had become crumpled, secured them in a neat pile, adding the three recently acquired five-dollar bills, and proceeded to count, moistening the ends of a thumb and finger in defiance of the best sanitary teaching. It was no time to think of malignant bacteria.

By his remembered count he should now be possessed of two hundred and twelve dollars. And there was the two-dollar bill, a limp, gray thing, abraded almost beyond identification. He placed this down first, knowing that the remaining bills should amount to two hundred and ten dollars. Slowly he counted, to finish with a look of blank, hesitating wonder. He made another count, hastily, but taking greater care. The wonder grew. Again he counted, slowly this time, so that there could be no doubt. He possessed thirty-three dollars more than he had thought. Knowing this was right, he counted again for the luxury of it. Two hundred and forty-five obvious dollars!

How had he lost count? He tried to recall. He could remember taking out the money he had paid Lowell Hardy for the last batch of Clifford Armytage stills—for Lowell, although making professional rates to Merton, still believed the artist to be worth his hire—and he could remember taking some more out to send to the mail-order house in Chicago for the cowboy things; but it was plain that he had twice, at least, crowded a week's salary into the pouch and forgotten it.

It was a pleasurable experience; it was like finding thirty-three dollars. And he was by that much nearer to his goal; that much sooner would he be released from bondage; thirty-three dollars sooner could he look Gashwiler in the eye and say what he thought of him and his emporium. In his nightly prayer he did not neglect to render thanks for this.

He dressed the next morning with a new elation. He must be more careful about keeping tab on his money, but also it was wonderful to find more than you expected. He left the storeroom that reeked of kerosene and passed into the emporium to replace his treasure in its hiding place. The big room was dusky behind the drawn front curtains, but all the smells were there—the smell of ground coffee and spices at the grocery counter; farther on the smothering smell of prints and woolens and new leather.

The dummies, waiting down by the door to be put outside, regarded each other in blank solemnity. A few big flies droned lazily about their still forms. Merton eyed the dusty floor, the gleaming counters, the curtains that shielded the shelves with a new disdain. Sooner than he had thought he would bid them a last farewell. And today, at least, he was free of them—free to be on the lot at two, to shoot Western stuff. Let to-morrow, with its old round of degrading tasks, take care of itself.

At 10:30 he was in church. He was not as attentive to the sermon as he should have been, for it now occurred to him that he had no stills of himself in the garb of a clergyman. This was worth considering, because he was not going to be one of those one-part actors. He would have a wide range of rôles. He would be able to play anything. He wondered how the Rev. Otto Carmichael would take the request for a brief loan of one of his pulpit suits. Perhaps he was not so old as he looked; perhaps he might remember that he, too, had once been young and fired with high ideals. It would be worth trying. And the things could be returned after a brief studio session with Lowell Hardy.

He saw himself cast in such a part, the handsome young clergyman, exponent of a muscular Christianity. He comes

(Continued on Page 97)

"Merton's in a Runaway, Merton's in a Runaway, Merton's in a Runaway!" They Shrieked, But With None of the Sympathy That Would Have Become Them

THE WINTER BELL

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

X

IT WAS late at night, the town had gone to bed, before Salem Delaforce and Trapper Kingcome ceased talking. "Quit long enough to sleep; haf to, I cal'late," Trapper admitted.

They stood in the road before his lodging. Salem took another last look at the darkened houses and the broad starlight over their chimneys.

"Funny," said he, "to think of being scared of this. They don't seem just real, though, yet. Like coming home, but coming home another person. No. Well, words can't hit it off. Good night again."

"Good night."

Yet Salem lingered with an afterthought.

"Trapper, ain't it a caution how a man's made to guess right sometimes?"

"You mean like what?" demanded Kingcome.

"Well," Salem returned slowly, "take it like guessing which arm of a guide post is which."

He left his friend mystified, and went off to make his bed out-of-doors. The night remained warm. Salem had had enough of four walls when they were not needed.

Salem Let His Arms Drop, Stared at the Body on the Floor, and With Head Hanging, Cast a Furtive Glance Behind Him, Past One Shoulder, Then the Other

Next morning by bright sunshine he sought and found a little street once hateful to him. It led between river wharves and a huddle of abject sheds, the disorderly hinder parts of buildings long sunken to neglect. He remembered every stone, every warped gray shingle that hung scaling off, or nail half drawn by frost, or crazy windowsash patched with old shooks of boxes; for though he had passed them not often he had seen them all with the eye of acute misery. Now, as he went down, it was like a way of lost footsteps. Nothing would have drawn him there again but the purpose which at the fair had made him stoop after dirty money, and at the crossroad taken him south. To turn his head this morning and look toward the jail cost him a painful effort.

There was no jail. Salem stood for a moment lost.

"The lockup's gone."

Chickweed, plantain and burdocks overgrew a square depression in the ground, where heaps of broken plaster crumbled into ruin that seemed already ancient. What had been a place of darkness lay open to the sun.

"Red cow's hair in the lime," thought Salem. "Must have been about here, my room."

On the spot where he had first known agony, a tall sour dock upheld its pointed clump of seeds, brown as iron rust. Salem regarded this weed for a time. Though not given to daydreams he brooded, overcome by the truth of his midnight saying to Trapper. Everything had changed, flown, melted away, his own sufferings along with the rest, like the pangs of a man dead and forgotten. Here he was, another person; back from nowhere, a ghost looking at weeds.

He woke with a shiver, glanced quickly behind him and stood hearkening. His face twitched.

"No," said he. "No."

Nothing sounded anywhere but a rumble and slap of lumber loading on some deck.

"Maybe her house is gone too."

Salem turned, ready for more vanishings; but there across the road below him waited the small house that he had come to see. Dreary, unpainted, askew on ground sloping toward the river, it was the same, its foundation still hidden by a trough of hemlock slabs filled with sawdust.

"Told you," he chuckled, "they never burn their banking."

He went across to it and knocked at the door.

If the little girl answered his knock he would say and do just what he had planned. His thoughts had long been homing to this doorstep. He was Mr. Delaforce, and she the one who had not only called him by name but believed him when he had sat like the Man in the Iron Cage and believed nothing.

Now, while thanking her, he would try to make her understand, if a child might, what had lain hidden in his breast ever since.

"No good at telling things," thought Salem. "But out with it. A few words."

Then he would say good-by, leave her a present, and come away. The pocket of his shirt was unbuttoned, the envelope at hand, with his purse won from Courtemanche and his larger windfall.

"Not much to do, either," he complained. "But it's all I've got."

Below the end of the house, where the road curved steeply down to a wharf, men were loading a vessel. While he waited Salem took an idler's pleasure in the sight of work. It was a green schooner, the Galilee, that floated on a sunshiny blur of her own hue and resounded with hollow thumping as the lumber came aboard.

"Short maisure, every stick of it," quoth Salem. "For some Latin country port, then. And they call her Galilee!"

No one had come to the door. He knocked again. Soon afterward he grew conscious that among the workers below one had stopped and was watching in return. A tall, strongly built young man, on a golden pine platform which raised him halfway up the foremast of the vessel, he stood clear against the blue, and forgot a heavy plank slanting over his shoulder. He stared.

For a moment Salem thought he knew this figure of arrested motion. Then he was not so sure. The man's red face, puckered with the strain of looking toward the sun, recalled a face that had peered at him thus with difficulty before; but when or where Salem could not tell. River bank and brown dock water made an interval too wide for the tracing of lineaments.

"Ought to know him though."

One fact appeared certain. This long stare was not friendly.

"Hey, there!"

The watcher on the lumber pile took a fresh grip of his plank, and shouted, "Nobody in!"

His voice had a known but not a familiar ring. It was hard, bold and, like the man's face, unfriendly.

Salem called back to him: "Anyone live here now?"

The other suddenly fell to work again, sliding his long yellow plank over the edge of the pile, over the string piece, and so down till its butt rested on the deck of the Galilee. He then spat between wharf and bulwark, turned away, bent, and lifted another plank.

"I dunno," he grumbled with a sour oath. "An' if I did, ye dumb ——"

Salem could not hear the rest. He waited, but the stranger said no more, and took no further heed of his doings, except to scowl across now and then while working. For a third and last time Salem knocked at the door. He gave ear more closely. Inside the house a clock was ticking. He heard the scratch of a dog's toenails on the floor, and soon afterward the snuffle of a dog, questioning him through a crack at the threshold. No one else came.

XI

HE WOULD try again, concluded Salem, and perhaps find her in the evening, after supper. Meanwhile time lay heavy on his hands; the prospect of wandering about town all day dismayed him; and when suddenly there popped into mind the promise he had made to Trapper yesterday it was almost a welcome thought. He had no desire to call on a stranger. This one might prove to be an inquisitive old busybody, full of questions, a torment. Still, his word had passed.

The man, whatever else, was a friend of Kingcome's, and old and sick.

"Let drive, and over with," said Salem. "No worse than twiddling thumbs all day."

Not long afterward, therefore, he opened a gate in a tall hedge of lilacs overgrown with cinnamon roses, and reluctantly faced the house which had been pointed out to him as Captain John Constantine's. A large white house with green shutters, it stood well back in retirement behind old twisted apple trees and huge maples. Toward it there led a long straight path of pink gravel, neatly raked and bordered with outlandish pates of brain coral set among ribbon grass. In beds, a rank on either hand, peonies,

hydrangeas, none-so-pretty, bleeding hearts and flowers of which Salem did not know the names, grew thriving as if well tended. Both house and garden seemed aged, serene, clad with dignity in a garment of tranquil sunlight and green leaves.

Coming from poverty's door by the river Salem felt somewhat daunted.

"Must be an old nabob," he reflected, "to keep all this up."

The front steps were painted French gray, spatter worked in black and white, all freshly done, even to the curled horns of the boot scraper. Two noble white pilasters flanked the door. At the base of each lay a giant three-pointed shell of the holy-water clam, scrubbed white as alabaster, and filled to the brim with clear water.

Above one of these fonts a card held the inscription: Keep Full for Birds. Per Order, J. C.

The knocker was of brass, fashioned like an urn and a wreath. It bore no name. Salem, not without misgiving, lifted the wreath and rapped.

A nabob who let birds drink almost in his house, the young man reflected, must be a quiet little person of mouselike ways. It confirmed this theory when the door swung half open, and clinging to the edge as though blown there by some draft, a tiny dry wisp of mankind, in loose dark clothes, with a beardless, nutcracker visage, blinked sadly upward from a height of less than five feet.

"Captain Constantine," began Salem.

"No, I hain't," snapped the nutcracker. "My name's Orin C. Cook, if ye want to know."

This information came out so briskly as to leave Salem taken much aback.

"I mean," he explained, "does Captain Constantine live here?"

"Maybe he doos," replied Mr. Cook; "then again maybe he don't."

On this doorkeeper's head a thin crust of dark hair seemed glued to the scalp. He fingered it cautiously, made sure all was there, and added, "You that young foreigner with the dollies?"

"What?" said Salem.

The other exploded.

"Dollies!" he cried in a passion. "Doll rags! Able-bodied, and peddlin' doll rags for to stuff underneath dinner plates on table, by jibbers! What next?"

"No," rejoined Salem. "My name's Delaforce. They told me to ——"

From a spitfire the little man suddenly turned to the meekest of lambs. He opened the door wide, swinging himself back with it, and beckoned.

"Come right in, Mr. Delaforce," he said with alacrity. "My mistake. Set your hat down here. Oh, you don't wear none? My mistake again. Come right on upstairs. You be'n waited for, I tell ye!"

Mr. Cook began skipping up a fine old staircase with mahogany rail and spiral banisters. Mounting after him, Salem felt very dirty in this grand house, where gilt frames hung shining on every wall and polished brass carpet rods gleamed at every step.

"By jibbers," whispered his guide, "lucky you wasn't! Dollies? What cap'n said about dollies—cracky! looked's if the roof'd go flappin' like both lids to a Noah's Ark, yes, sir! He did so!"

In a cool, dusky upper hall that smelled of cedar from some chest or linen closet, the little man took breath, cast behind him a grin of encouragement and, straightway crossing to a door, tapped lightly.

"Mr. Delaforce here, sir."

"Show him in," rolled a voice of thunder, its volume growing as the door opened. "And, Seacook, you run down to the galley and put the kittle on."

Next moment, propelled by a gentle but disconcerting shove, Salem entered the room of the thunderer. Mr. Cook shut him in at once. It was a large, high room with white woodwork, marvelously clean, full of sunshine and a play of leaves round the open windows. A few pieces of San Domingo mahogany, brown, glimmering, solemn in deportment, and two long deck chairs of varnished rattan with fawn-colored pillows of Madagascar cloth, left abundant space everywhere, yet took the eye with contrast like summer and winter.

"Good mornin', young man. Si' down," rumbled the voice. "Good mornin'. I consider this oncommon kind, sir. Afraid you'd give me the go-by."

Salem faced about. In the corner beside him lay, or sat abed, the man who had spoken. Propped on a mound of snowy linen, his round body cased in a flannel jacket no less white, his dusty red-gold hair and beard shining, one who was not a stranger looked up cheerfully, nodded, and went on eating an apple. Salem had never forgotten the broad weather-beaten face, the great chuckle nose, and brown eyes clear as a goat's. This was the old unknown who had winked at him in court and paid a fine there for brawling.

"Si' down, boy, si' down." Salem, in astonishment, obeyed. "Have an apple."

A litter of books covered the bed, a toppling pile of books at the man's elbow threatened a reading lamp and a silver dish heaped with apples. Among the bedclothes came a roll and a fling, and an apple shot into Salem's lap.

For a time no more was said, the caller not knowing how to begin, his host continuing to regard him wisely between large bites. The bedposts ended in carvings, ancient brown goblin heads of the four Evangelists, who appeared to watch Salem and outstare him.

"Don't seem to have done you no great harm," observed Captain Constantine at last. "Look fine as a glass fiddle."

So saying, and without change of posture, he threw his apple core across the room. It sailed in a long curve exactly through the middle of an open window and dropped into the green-gold shade of maple leaves. For a man in bed, the throw was a feat. Salem admired it. The old man chuckled.

"Try that yourself. Go on," he urged. "Go on, try it."

Salem finished his apple, an early Snow; too early, as the pale seeds told him, to be eaten by an invalid.

"Go on, chuck. Never mind the walls, boy."

Salem threw carefully. The core struck below the window frame and bounced back along the floor.

"Thought so!" cried the captain in triumph. "Too anxious to git there on the fust ground hop, like all you young generation. What they call your traject'ry, too flat. Now look ahere." In three bites he demolished another apple, and poising what was left, took aim. "Slow and easy. P'int high fer the middle of the upper sash. A drop-pin' fire. P'rabola. So-fashion." He repeated his trick and laughed. "There's the whol' art of firin' apple cores outdoor from bed. Plenty o' time to learn, bein' here 'in unrecumbent sadness' like the cows.

"I've had enough of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John's company." He nodded at the bedposts, and chose yet another apple. "The doctor'd have a cat fit if he knew, s'pose. But these are all good win'falls and worm-ripened. When they hain't I take and meller 'em on Matthew's topknot. A good apple never hurt good man yit. So far's that goes, you couldn't kill me with an ax."

At this word the captain stopped short, choked, reddened, and in anger or consternation smote his flat down, making books jump on the counterpane.

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The Captain Paused From Time to Time So Long That Salem Thought He Had Ended. Now He Fell Silent and Gazed at the Window, as if Alone

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 11, 1922

It's Now or Never

RECENT months have witnessed a marked revival of congressional interest in immigration matters. No longer ago than last November there was a strong sentiment in Congress in favor of postponing definitive immigration legislation by the extension, with some modifications, of the three per cent law which expires by limitation on the thirtieth of next June. This program has lately lost many of its supporters, for it has become evident that there is an insistent nation-wide demand for a body of permanent immigration law that will meet existing conditions squarely and adequately before it is too late—law framed frankly and avowedly for the sole benefit of America and Americans, present and future, and not for the pleasure and convenience of foreign-slum populations, nor even for the gratification of those citizens who are working to get all their European or semi-Asiatic kith and kin ferried across the Atlantic.

During the past three months several resolutions for the control, restriction or suspension of immigration have been introduced in both Houses of Congress. We do not recall a single measure of broad scope so nearly perfect that it appears to merit unqualified indorsement; and yet in the aggregate these bills contain many wise, beneficent and constructive elements. It is not too much to say that if all the immigration and naturalization bills that have been introduced during the past year could be turned over to a dozen patriotic experts armed with paste pot and shears and given carte blanche to amend, strengthen, modify and select from the material at their disposal, and to write in sundry sections of what doctors call connective tissue, they could, within the space of two or three weeks, turn out a far better general immigration bill than any that has yet been offered to Congress. Whether an ideal measure so drawn could pass House and Senate is quite another matter; but the old putting-green maxim, "Never up, never in," applies quite as aptly to proposed legislation as it does to the relative positions of ball and hole.

In pursuance of this idea, and imagining ourselves members of the paste-pot-and-shears committee, let us run through a sheaf of recent resolutions in order to familiarize ourselves with the material we have to work with, and to see if it is not possible to salvage a page or paragraph here, a section or subsection there and then reunite selected groups of provisions into a single document that will embody the best features contained in the whole mass of proposed legislation.

Frankly it will be a tedious job; and yet the hardships endured in these jungles of verbosity are compensated for by discoveries of real value. We should have been sorry, for example, to overlook the proposal to suspend for three years the admission of all aliens who are not wives, or children under sixteen, of foreigners now in the United States. Let us clip and paste the significant paragraphs of this bill and remember that if a slip of the shears slashes through some of the exemptions found in this and in other measures no vital harm will result.

We next come to a short, snappy bill proposing a fine of one hundred dollars to be imposed upon transportation companies for each alien unlawfully brought into this country. In addition to the fine, the offending company must deposit with the collector of customs a sum equal to that paid by such alien for transportation from his initial point of departure to the port of arrival, the money to be delivered to the alien on whose account it was assessed. If the steamship companies are as careful in observing the law as they represent they cannot consistently oppose this measure.

Most of the needless hardship imposed upon innocent steerage passengers could be prevented by enactment of the resolution requiring investigation of the emigrant in his home town or at his first port of embarkation and the display of a passport bearing the visa of an American consular officer before he was allowed to cross the gangplank and set foot upon a transatlantic liner. Experience every day confirms the belief that this visa system should be carried out by expert officials specially detailed for the task and not by overworked vice consuls who are compelled by existing circumstances to scamp their highly important commercial duties.

One of Senator King's bills—and a good bill it is, in the main—provides for an immigration board composed mainly of assistant secretaries of various governmental departments. By its terms the President's range of selection is so limited that it is by no means certain that a strong board would result, and furthermore the board would be too tightly bound up with the Department of State. And yet the best authorities favor the nonpolitical-board idea; so let us clip out a few paragraphs and rewrite and improve them at our leisure. Many loyal friends of immigration reform shy at the establishment of a board or commission with plenary powers, owing to their fear that such a body would come under the sway of one or more of the great enemies of immigration restriction. These objectors do not fully realize how much times have changed. There was an era in which such a board could perhaps have admitted, and even naturalized, herds of anthropoid apes without eliciting any very loud protests. To-day an immigration board would operate under the glassy scrutiny of several million hard-headed, old-stock Americans rendered cynical and suspicious by what has been done in the past in the shadow of the Mythical Melting Pot.

More than one immigration reformer has had the wisdom to lay as much stress upon the quality of incoming aliens as upon their number. No law that is quantitative rather than qualitative can be regarded as basically scientific. In official power to exercise the selective function will lie one of the most important factors that is to govern our future immigration. Such selection may be occupational, hygienic, social in the broader sense, or economic. Hand in hand with this idea goes the useful distribution of the newcomers, the right to send them where their services are needed and where they can serve their adopted country to advantage while advancing their own personal interests. These plans have not yet been fully worked out and clarified, but their soundness in principle is so obvious that they deserve more study than they have yet received.

Such are some of the constructive elements of immigration reform that will one day be embodied in an omnibus bill. Such a measure would meet with bitter opposition. It would have to run the gantlet of powerful foes both within Congress and without, and yet it would do much to consolidate the ranks of those unorganized millions who care for their country and its future, and who are just beginning to perceive the perils that will continue to beset it as long as our immigration policies are shaped to fit the requirements of personal and racial political considerations.

This present year will probably witness a resolute public opinion attempting mightily to repair our tragic blunders of the past, or a fatuous indifference that will inevitably permit our old original stock to become hopelessly bogged down in the mire of mongrelization.

Exports and Farm Prices

THE great advantage of the study of business cycles lies in the quantitative methods employed in the researches. Indices carry specific meanings when properly weighted and established. A second advantage lies in the elimination of the incongruous factors. The snap judgment all too often expresses the subjective reaction or the individual experience. What we need to learn is the movement of the main economic forces, not the disturbance of a secular happening.

It has become a platitude in the daily press that the fall in prices of farm products has been due to stoppage of export demand. One might be led to infer that Europe has high prices for her own produce while we have low prices because we cannot sell for credit and she cannot buy with her depreciated currencies. Of course, export demand is a relative term. One must contrast it with a base. The fall in prices began about July 1, 1920; the fiscal year 1920–21 was a year of steadily falling prices. Let us contrast the exports of cereals, dairy products, meat products and cotton of the fiscal year 1921 with the average of the war and boom years 1915–20 and the prewar years 1910–14. The following table illustrates the data in abridged form:

EXPORTS OF CEREALS. IN FISCAL YEARS. IN SHORT TONS, 000 OMITTED.

1921	AVERAGE OF 1915–20	AVERAGE OF 1910–14
14,037	9,873	4,214

EXPORTS OF DAIRY PRODUCTS. IN FISCAL YEARS. IN SHORT TONS, 000 OMITTED.

1921	AVERAGE OF 1915–20	AVERAGE OF 1910–14
142	234	12

EXPORTS OF MEAT PRODUCTS. IN FISCAL YEARS. IN SHORT TONS, 000 OMITTED.

1921	AVERAGE OF 1915–20	AVERAGE OF 1910–14
903	1,135	708

EXPORTS OF COTTON. IN FISCAL YEARS. IN SHORT TONS, 000 OMITTED.

1921	AVERAGE OF 1915–20	AVERAGE OF 1910–14
1,405	1,600	2,205

The export of cereals was larger than the average of the war and boom years. It was larger than in any previous single year. Heavy export, especially of bread grains, has continued since the first of last July. The volume of export of cereals has been more than three times as large as in the years before the war. If this represents export on a collapsed demand, what would the predicated good demand have been?

The export of dairy products fell in the last year to about 62 per cent of the average volume of the war and boom years. It was still almost twelve times as large as before the war.

The export of meat products fell in the last year to about 80 per cent of the volume of the war and boom years. It was still 128 per cent of the prewar figure.

The export of cotton in the last year was 88 per cent of that of the war and boom years, and only 64 per cent of that of the prewar years. Here we have a continuously falling export.

Now the curves of falling prices bear no correspondence to these data of exports. Cereals have fallen heavily in price, despite increased volume of exports. Dairy products have fallen from the figures of the war and boom years, but the prices have been quite well maintained. In fact, prices of dairy products constitute the best appearances in agriculture to-day. The prices of animals on the hoof have fallen out of proportion to the reduction in exports. For cotton a relative concordance can be observed between volume of exports and fall in price.

By and large, the prices are a composite result of low consumption, hand-to-mouth buying, high freight rates, halting and unprogrammed exportation, overproduction and world deflation. We have been riding down the cycle from boom to hard times. This has been assuredly the chief reason for fall in prices.

DEBTOR'S COWARDICE

By One of the Cowards

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD RYAN

THE children's bank had furnished me money enough to get into the city from our suburban home and to buy me a new necktie to replace the only one I had and one I couldn't wear again. I had come to meet an important business engagement that might mean a prompt return in cash, and we needed the cash terribly.

I passed a savings bank in the windows of which hung cards advertising the advantages of putting something away against emergencies, and one of these caught my eye. It read:

WANT OF READY MONEY MAKES MEN COWARDS
KNOW THE CONFIDENCE THAT A SAVINGS ACCOUNT GIVES!

I stopped on the sidewalk to read that sign to let the words sink in. There was nothing startlingly new about its admonition, especially to me, but it was admirably phrased to hit the mark. There it was, as true as life and as unavoidable as death. At that moment five hundred dollars in a savings account would have made me a hero; instead I was a debtor coward, with less than fifty cents in the world.

How Poor Debtors Feel

IF I HAD been a tramp, or a failure, or a boy just starting out in life, or a man who had been sick or had suffered financial reverses for which he was not to blame, there would have been less for me in that sign. But I was thirty-two, healthy, with a home partly paid for, a wife and four children, and I had achieved success in my chosen profession and had an income of four to six thousand dollars a year. People who had no business dealings with me considered me lucky, prosperous and enviable. My creditors considered me a dead beat, or the next thing to it, and half the time I was broke. I was beginning to find gray hairs and lines in my face from worry over money matters, and I was losing a fairly decent disposition and becoming nervous, irritable and disagreeable.

The banker's sign brought me to a keen realization of my position. Yes, it was true I was a coward. For weeks I had been avoiding the city because it seemed to me that I owed so many people there I couldn't face it. Even the crowds depressed me; I imagined some of them as bookkeepers who might recognize me as a man who had been on their books for months or even years; some as employes of collection agencies who might denounce me before everyone; some as the higher officials of business concerns who, I fancied, might happen to know me as one who had owed them a bill for two or three years and in that time had paid only a small percentage of the total amount.

More than this, I was afraid to meet my business appointment or any other appointment. I was so depressed that I was not able to put my best foot foremost, of course. I had lost my nerve and wit. It seemed to me that I ought to blurt out to everyone the humiliating truth, making it half joking to take off the curse, but telling them before they should charge me with it first. I felt like a failure and a cheat, though I was neither. Everyone else, even newsboys, curbstone peddlers, obviously poor people, seemed better off than I. I imagined that no matter how poor they were they paid their bills. How they did it I did not know, because I could not. Certainly they did not look as though there was a terrible oppressive weight of shame attached to their poverty. In the words of the Western phrase: "They could look every man in the face and tell him to go to hell!"

I couldn't. I had to speak softly. I had to explain. I had to stall them along. I had to give promises instead of payment; I O U's instead of checks. A psychologist would have said, perhaps, that I had an inferiority complex. Fancy name for it! The truth was that I was a victim of debtor's cowardice.

I made up my mind then and there to get myself some dollar courage. I am just making the start. The change in my mental condition is already amazing.

But while I am still able to remember the details of the horror of the last few years I want to set down my experiences in the hope that I may be able to help some men in a similar plight—a few of those who have been or are victims of the same torture that I have known. I am not writing for dead beats and crooks. I am not writing for the ineffectuals, for failures or for people ground down by poverty. I am addressing myself to the financially middle-class young man and woman—the 40 per cent of our American population—because I believe that at one time or another most of that class suffers from debtor's cowardice.

Paying for Dead Horses

IT IS perfectly clear that not all who are handicapped and distressed because of the need of ready money can be put into my own class. I might be free of this difficulty if I had started earlier to save; but I did not save, nor did I confine my expenditures within the limit of my income. The result is that I am a heavy debtor and now must face the prospect of a long uphill fight to pay what I owe and be free again. I am going to have to save, on top of paying old bills, and both in addition to keeping myself and my family comfortable and in condition to work and learn and enjoy life. There are many who, while victims of the fear and uncertainty that follow lack of ready money, are in much better condition than I am, since they have made it a point to pay their bills as they come in. I know that there are thousands who are pressed and harassed and poor because they have always paid promptly as they went. Nevertheless, they have the same cloud on their lives that I have; sickness, business reverses, the loss of a job or any one of a thousand fortunties of everyday experience might put them where they could not pay and might bring them to the condition I am in, of owing everyone. In any case the terror of being without savings or a reserve fund falls on most of them sooner or later.

I used to think that I was one of the few people who owed money without having given, or being able to give, any security for the obligation. But I have begun to learn that even the most honorable person, when he gets behind, suffers my own curse of going down under the struggle and becoming a bad debtor. Talks with credit men and collection agents lead to the conclusion that, generally speaking, the man who does not have a savings-bank account or something that may be substituted therefor in an emergency is almost certain to be of, or presently to get into, the class of undesirable or doubtful debtors. The two things seem to go together.

Therefore I am going to give my own experience as more nearly typical than you may suppose it to be if you do not investigate

We Went Into Our Second Year of Married Life Owing Between Five and Six Hundred Dollars

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SPOONING

By LOUISE DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

TWO girls came down the front steps of the Sewall house. They ran across the lawn and started down the street. Sally Belle sat under the tree at the corner of her lawn and watched them.

Supper was just over, June dark came late and this was the last night of June. It was twilight still. Under the low-swinging branches of the maples across the street you could see the two girls quite clearly. They were both in white. The tall girl wore soft, straight-falling white, and her fair hair was brushed back from her face in smooth, soft waves. It was golden hair—yellow gold. The short girl wore ruffles, fussy little fluttering ruffles that would not keep still, and her brown curls fussed and fluttered, too, when she moved her little head. She was Madgie Carr, uncrowned queen of Sally Belle's crowd, and the tall girl was Lillian Sewall, Sally Belle's own best friend. They walked slowly, arm in arm. They walked very close together. Their heads were close. They whispered and talked, and she knew what they talked about. She knew.

They were opposite her house now. They did not look up. Madgie whispered something into Lillian's ear. They laughed. A lump came into Sally Belle's throat. She swallowed it, and drew a long breath and called to them.

"Hello!" she called. "Hello there!" They heard her and stopped and looked at her across the street. They kept their arms round each other's waists as they stood there. "Come on over."

"Can't."

"What's your hurry?" Sally Belle tried to make her voice sound as if she did not care very much. "Got a date?"

"Nothing like that," Madgie giggled. "We're just walking."

"Where to?"

"Post office. You can come if you want to."

"Thanks," said Sally Belle with dignity. "I don't care to stick myself in."

"Don't be silly."

"I'm not. I have to wait here for Pig."

"Pig!" Madgie shrugged her shoulders. She could shrug them just like the French maid in the last ten-twenty-thirty show at the hall. She could raise her eyebrows too. She was raising them now. "Oh, Pig!"

"Yes, Pig—Harold Plummer," Sally Belle explained sarcastically, "if you don't know who I mean. When Pig tells me to wait I wait. If I didn't there'd be trouble. Pig won't stand any nonsense. Pig ——"

"Some caveman!" said Madgie politely, too politely. "So long. See you later, at Doyle's. Come on, darling."

She took Lillian's arm and leaned on it, and they went on down the street, not once looking back. Lillian had not spoken once, and before supper she had refused to walk to the post office with Sally Belle.

"All right for you," said Sally Belle calmly, out loud. She spread her cape on the grass, tucked her starched skirts under her and lay down with her arms clasped under her head and looked up at the tree above her. The girls did not want her. The girls did not ever want her any more. And it was not just these girls who did not want her, it was all the girls, and the boys, too—all her world, her crowd. To-night she was going to Tissue Doyle's piazza party and to-morrow she was going for a week to Camp Carr with the other girls, but she was not wanted there or anywhere. And at last she knew why.

Sally Belle was fifteen. For three years she had belonged to the crowd. She was the youngest girl in it—the Twelve-Year-Old Kid till she lived that nickname down. It was hard to get into a crowd, but Sally Belle had soon learned that it was harder to stay in. There were always so many laws that you had to keep. If you did not keep them you were odd, a freak, and the crowd soured on you. They were unwritten laws; nobody told them to you; you had to find them out for yourself, and they changed all the time. You had to wear what the other girls wore and say the slang words they said. You had to wear short winter coats, and not long ones; gored skirts and not gathered; pin your hair with a barrette and not tie it with a ribbon. The boy you were going with had to stay till the clock struck ten when he called on you and bring you Belle Isle candy and no other kind. There were laws and laws. Sally Belle kept them all. Sometimes they were hard to keep, but she kept them. She stayed in with the crowd, and in junior year social triumphs came. She had a poem in the High School Oracle, a part in the junior play—the part of the heroine's grandmother. She was secretary and treasurer of the Happy Thought Club. She had all her extras engaged at dances.

She was not a beauty like Lillian, or a queen like Madgie; but she had her place in the crowd. She had conquered her world. She conquered it and lost it. It was in the spring of junior year that trouble began.

It began slowly, with whispers, curious looks, gossip she overheard, secrets kept from her. Everywhere there were signs that there was some new law of the crowd which she had not kept. They were little signs. Sally Belle felt lazy and safe. She was writing an epic poem, too. But in May the poem was done and locked up in her secret trunk of poems. School was almost over and vacation was coming, with parties and summer dresses. She had two flowered dimities with elbow sleeves, and some Russia-leather shoes. Then and not till then she looked round her to see what the new law was. She had made a dreadful mistake. She had waited too long and the crowd was souring on her.

They did not make fun of her any more; they were cold to her and polite to her—terribly polite. They were not leaving her out of parties; not yet, but there was no time to lose. Her clothes were all right, her hair was all right. What was wrong? All through the long dreadful month of June she could not find out. But last night, at the first evening picnic of the year, she knew. After supper, sitting round the fire in the dusk, two by two, all the other couples began to do something that she and Pig were not doing. She had promised mother once never to do it. It looked like a silly thing to do, and it had a silly name that she did not like to say. But you had to do it; this was the new law. She must do it, and Pig must. They would begin to-night.

The dark was coming fast. Across her lawn and Pig's lawn, in Pig's house next door, there was a light in the back chamber window—Pig's window. It had been there for some time. Pig was dressing for the party. He was almost dressed, and when he was dressed he would call for her. Sally Belle sighed. It was dark on the lawn, and darker above her, up in the heart of the tree. Sally Belle loved this tree. She loved to look at it. But when you were not quite happy the waving branches looked far away, and the soft deep heart of the tree was a place you could never climb to, it looked so far. It was very far to-night. She stirred and sat up and fluffed out her skirts and pressed her braids into place. Pig's light upstairs flickered and went out. Pig was ready. His front door opened. It slammed shut. He came toward her across the lawn. Pig had grown so fast in the last year that he did not look very fat, only big all over. He had on a dark coat and white trousers and new shoes. He walked slowly and stiffly, and they squeaked. Pig looked just as he always did. In a changed and hard world, that was one comfort. Pig was just Pig.

"I'm coming," he called. "So's Christmas," he added conscientiously.

"Feet hurt?"

"Oh, no!" Pig stopped beside her and stood first on one foot and then the other and groaned. "Feet feel fine. Feel so good I'm going to get them cut off to-morrow. Too good for me."

"Russia leather always hurts the first time if you don't put vaseline on it," said Sally Belle wisely. "I told you to."

"I'm not a dude," Pig objected, "nor a girl."

"No," said Sally Belle with some satisfaction, "you're not." She slid down the bank to the sidewalk. Pig followed and fell into step beside her.

"Hold your horses," he begged.

"You feel better if you walk fast. Besides, we're late."

"We'll get enough of it," Pig said gloomily, "and then some. I'm not much for these piazza shindigs. Nothing doing."

"There is," said Sally Belle softly, "if you do it."

"Do what?" Pig argued.

"Oh, nothing. Come along."

She led the way very fast up Main Street and into High Street. The concrete walk stopped here, and the board walk began. Pig's shoes squeaked hard on the boards, but he had stopped limping. When he stood up straight he was

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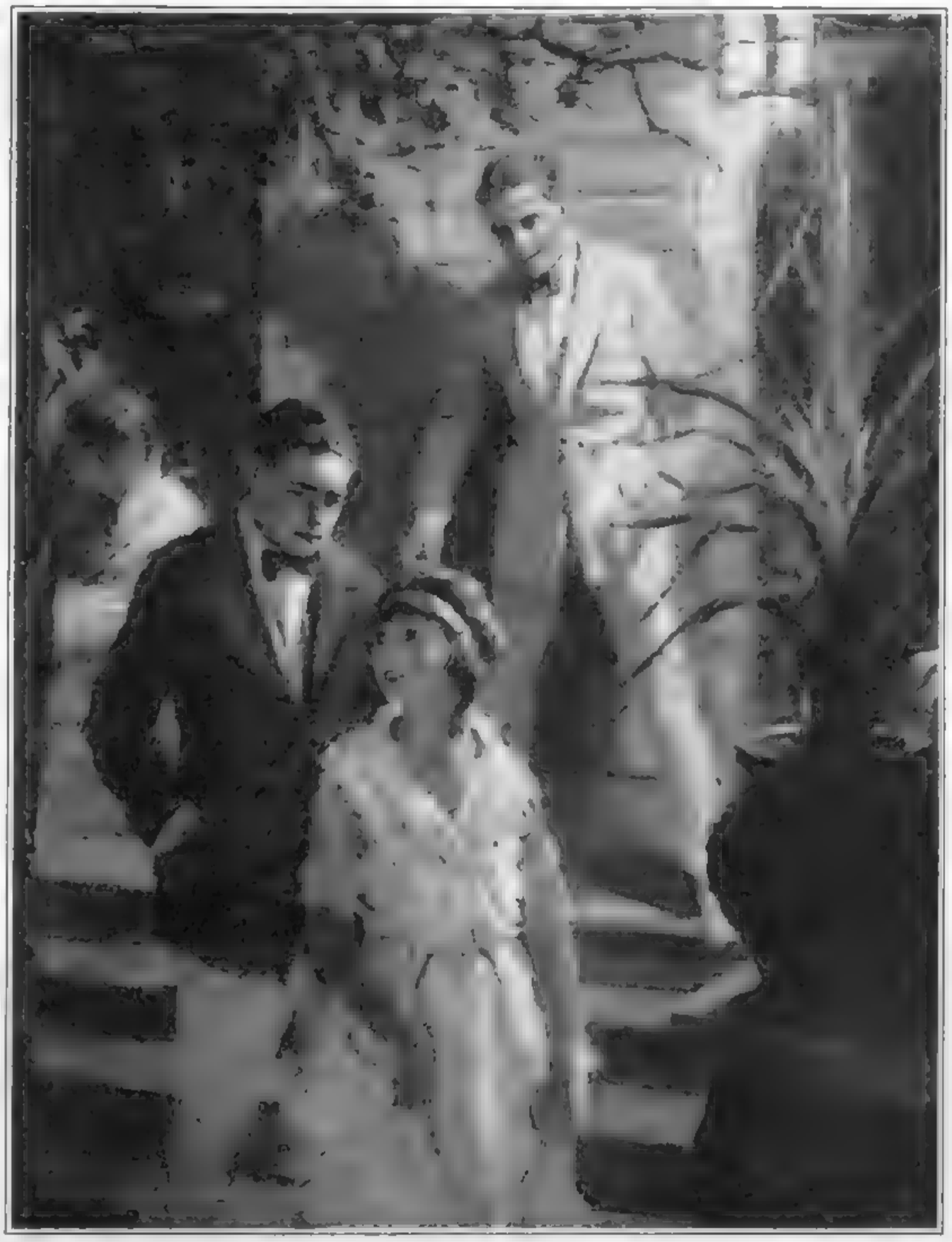

Sally Belle Said Firmly: "The Back Doorsteps are My Style, if You Want to Know. They are Pig's Style Too. Come On, Pig"

THE GREAT BREAKFAST FOOD—GOOD HOT SOUP

She's my girl and I'm her beau
Else she'd not be blushing so.
We will marry, live so gay
And have our Campbell's every day!

The big moment!

The first impression tells the story. Start the dinner right and it's almost certain to be a success. Begin with a spicy plateful of Campbell's Tomato Soup and see what a glow of pleasure goes round the table. You can count on everybody liking

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Nature seems to have singled out the tomato as one of her special pets and only the flawless, juicy, ruddy fruit is used in Campbell's. With a rich tomato puree are blended velvet creamery butter, glistening granulated sugar, tasty herbs and spices —a pleasure you cannot resist!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

How to prepare Cream of Tomato

Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' SOUPS

FOR EVERY TASTE AND EVERY OCCASION

(Continued from Page 24)

half a head taller than Sally Belle. She watched him out of the corner of her eye. You could not explain things to Pig. He would never let you. She could not ask him to do this new thing. But she could make him do it. There were ways to make him. She had read about them in novels, and watched Madgie. She would try them all, one by one, till they worked. She could manage Pig. And just ahead was Pine Street, Tissue Doyle's street.

"Better now?" she said.

"You can call it that," said Pig. "Hey, what's the idea?"

As he straightened up Sally Belle had slipped her hand through his arm. She kept it there.

"I've turned my ankle. Can't I take hold of you?"

"Sure! I've got troubles enough of my own, though. Which ankle?"

Sally Belle did not answer. Arm in arm, they turned down the dark little street where the party was.

"Party!" said Pig bitterly. "Cats! See in the dark!"

Tissue Doyle's house was halfway down the street. There was not much light in it. At a piazza party there never was. Bright lights in the billiard room up in the cupola, shaded lights in one room downstairs, and the yellow light of the porch lantern, that was all; but you could see the party. They were scattered far apart, on the vine-screened piazza that ran all round the house, on the wide tree-shaded lawn. White skirts fluttered dimly, white trousers glared very white in the dark, a match flared up and went out, a mandolin twanged. The crowd was all there—her crowd. They would be her crowd again after to-night. They sat two by two; you did at piazza parties. You did not dance or play cards. You just sat there with a boy. It was the new fashion that year. Pig was sliding his arm out of hers. She caught it and pressed it tight.

"It's a lovely party. Come on," she said.

They crossed the muddy little street and the wide dark lawn and stood at the foot of the piazza steps. The groups on the lawn did not move as they passed. At a piazza party new arrivals did not create much excitement. Nothing did. But out of the darkest corner a tall figure, all in white, rose and moved lazily toward them. It was their host. He pulled out a pocket flashlight and pointed it at them.

"Who goes there?" he demanded. "I'm the chaperon. Ma's out. Advance and give the countersign. 'Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high.' Oh, it's you, is it?"

His manner changed abruptly; it was polite but formal. He leaned down and shook hands with them both.

"I am pleased to see you. Where would you like to sit? Here?" On the front doorstep, full in the yellow light of the porch lantern, there were two cushions. He arranged them carefully, several feet apart. "Your style?" he asked sweetly.

"Nothing to me where I sit," Pig began sulkily. Sally Belle pinched his arm.

"You and Lil can have the front steps, Tissue Doyle," she said. "They won't do for Pig and me."

"What will?" asked Tish coldly.

"That depends. Is the lawn swing taken?"

"It will be, by Lil and me."

"The hammock?"

"Stub and Madge."

"Back doorsteps?"

"I'm saving them for ——"

"Never mind who for, and you can stop saving them," Sally Belle said firmly. "The back doorsteps are my style, if you want to know. They are Pig's style too. Come on, Pig."

"What do you know about that?" said Tish weakly.

His flashlight clicked. He was pointing it after them. Sally Belle did not look back. Keeping Pig's arm and holding her head very high, she led Pig deliberately but firmly round the corner of the house and out of sight.

Here, screened on one side by a vine-covered lattice and shut off on the other by the angle where the ell joined the house were two wide shallow steps. The house lights and street lights did not shine back here. The ell was deserted and dark. Mrs. Doyle did her own work and at night it always was. There were garbage cans here, and a big ugly woodpile, but they did not show at night. The steps were granite and cold to sit on, but this was a favorite place. The crowd always fought for it, and Sally Belle had it. She spread out her skirts and sat down and felt round her and found a cushion. It was little and hard, but she leaned back with a sigh of content.

"What's the idea?" said Pig, somewhat dazed. "I don't care where we sit." He sat down at the other end of the steps, crossed his legs and stared at her through the dark. "Say, what's eating you to-night?"

"Nothing."

"At any rate," Pig said judicially, "you look swell to-night."

"You can't see me."

"I don't have to. I did. That is some swell rig. You look swell."

"That's good," said Sally Belle absently.

Her white dotted Swiss was old, but the sleeves were cut to elbow length, and she had a wild rose in her hair; a swell rig, indeed; but that did not concern her just now. Behind her on the piazza Tish was laughing. He was laughing at her and Pig. All the others laughed too. She listened and waited until the laughing stopped.

"Pig ——" she began then firmly. Pig made a little, comfortable noise, answering her. "Pig, you don't have to sit way over there."

"I'd just as lief."

"You can come over here by me. You can have half this pillow."

"I will if you want me to."

"I don't—not unless you want to."

Pig considered the proposition.

"Too much work to move," he decided.

"Then don't move!" Sally Belle's voice sounded cross. That was wrong. She made her voice quite sweet, and began again, "Pig, don't you like it out here?"

"Like what?" It was a plain but difficult question.

"Oh," said Sally Belle, "everything! The—the trees. And it's dark. The dark is nice. And—and there's nobody else here. Just you and me. And we don't need them, do we? They can stay right where they are. We don't care what they do. We don't care at all. It it's nice here."

"My shoes hurt," said Pig, irrelevantly but with feeling. "They hurt like ——"

"Take them off."

"Never get 'em on again," Pig objected reasonably. Sally Belle moved nearer to him.

"Never mind," she said very sweetly. "Isn't it nice here? Just you and me?"

"Good enough," Pig agreed indifferently. "Hey, get that!"

Even on the back doorsteps you were not quite alone in the world. Out in front the crowd was beginning to sing. The song started in one hammock and spread to the others, to the piazza and all round it, until all the couples were singing. It was a ballad from the repertoire of a ten-twenty-thirty comedian. Nobody cared for the words, but the tune was popular with the crowd that year, a gay little teasing tune. They sang it quite loud, all together, almost keeping time:

Pa's got a boarder and he's very fond of ma.
I wonder why, I wonder why.
Papa doesn't like him and he doesn't like papa.
I wonder why.

They finished one verse, and another, and then stopped. A mandolin played the chorus half through and stopped suddenly with the snap of a breaking string. Pig wriggled uneasily.

"Makes me sick," he pronounced.

"What does?" asked Sally Belle anxiously.

"That does—that fool song, and the crowd. Some fellows in it. Some girls too. Fools! Haven't got any sense." He paused, hunting for a clearer explanation. "Fools!" Sally Belle edged a little closer. Pig did not notice. He was plunged in gloomy thoughts.

"Well, Pig, I don't make you sick, do I?"

"No," said Pig with sudden emphasis, "you don't. You're all right. Worth ten of old Madgie Carr. You've got sense, you have—good horse sense. All the fellows respect you. They'd better. If they don't they'll hear from me. You're a sensible girl."

This was high praise, and praise was rare from Pig; but Sally Belle did not respond to it. She was silent. She was quite close to Pig now. She drooped toward him.

"Pig," she sighed, "Pig, I'm tired."

"You are? We can go home early. Go now."

"Oh, no," said Sally Belle quickly. "I'm not so very tired. Pig, how—how strong you are!"

"I don't know about that."

"You are. Let me feel your muscle."

"What for?"

"Oh, for nothing. I don't have to. Pig, did you ever have your fortune told?"

"Not so you'd notice it. Old Madgie stacks the cards."

"Not cards. Palmistry. You know."

"Sure I know," Pig chuckled. "Holding hands. Makes me sick."

"Me too," said Sally Belle promptly. She sighed and moved back to her own corner of the steps again.

Pig was lighting a cigarette. Tish could smoke like a man of the world. Pig could not yet, but he worked hard at it. He was working now, lighting one match after another. He got it going at last and puffed at it patiently, leaning over it and shielding it with one hand. His shoulders looked very big. He looked heavy and hard to move, like a rock or something. Pig did not even know that the crowd was cold to him, and the crowd had never been so cold as it was to-night. Tish made fun of them openly. At piazza parties your long tête-à-têtes were broken by friendly visits from other couples; boys who sneaked from hammock to hammock and spied on you; girls who came and whispered confidences. This party was half over. It was almost time for refreshments, and Sally Belle and Pig had sat here all this time ignored and alone. They were exiles, frozen out, and Pig did not know it or care. The crowd was singing again, the song that Pig did not like:

Sister's got a beau. He comes to see her every night.
I wonder why, I wonder why.
They go in the parlor and they turn down the light.
I wonder why.

I went in the parlor to hear what they would say ——

"Sing, Pig," said Sally Belle. "Let's sing, too, with them."

"Too much work."

"Pig, I'm going away to-morrow."

"So's the bunch," said Pig calmly.

"Aren't you sorry?"

(Continued on Page 28)

"Something is Wrong—Has Been All the Evening. Tell Your Uncle Dudley!"

All America Proclaims *this* The Greatest Cadillac

Surely, no such wonderful ovation has ever before been paid any manufactured product as is now being accorded the New Type 61 Eight-Cylinder Cadillac.

Friendly messages of approbation reach us daily, in surprising volume, from literally every part of the country.

But the thing which renders these tributes to the New Cadillac so gratifying is the spontaneity and the manifest pleasure with which they are offered.

Owners seem to take a personal delight in recording how its sheer beauty alone causes people everywhere to pause and admire when the New Cadillac rolls by.

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In many instances, this balanced and buoyant travel has been sustained for thousands of miles at high speeds over practically every manner of road.

We, ourselves, have not presumed to speak of the New Cadillac with anything like the enthusiasm these owners employ.

But it would be hypocritical for us to pretend that these messages, glowingly enthusiastic as they are, add anything to what our own sober judgment has told us of the merits of this New Cadillac.

It is our sincere conviction that it marks a definite advance over even the past high and unrivaled Cadillac standards.

We feel we may go still further, and say that the New Type 61 represents, even more than the Cadillac ever did before, the greatest motor car value in the world.

This is not alone our verdict. It is the substance of the messages coming to us in overwhelming measure from owners in every part of the country.

We believe it will be the individual verdict of each succeeding new owner when the increased delights of the car are revealed to him in his first wonderful ride in the New Cadillac.

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

The Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 26)

"Why would I be? I'll be out there, too, every evening. Gang's all going. I'll have to go."

Pig's cigarette burned his fingers. He put it out carefully on the stone steps, brushed the ashes off his clean trousers and rose.

"We'll get out of this," he announced—"get up a game of billiards. Something doing."

"They won't play," said Sally Belle with a little break in her voice.

"You will. That's good enough for me."

Pig opened the back door, groped his way through the empty, clean-smelling kitchen and on up the dark back stairs, and she followed him. One dim light burned in the upper hall, but the attic stairs were dark. Pig tramped up them cheerfully, threw open the billiard-room door and escorted her in with a flourish.

"Come early and avoid the rush," he said.

The billiard room was the pride of Tissue's heart, so he kept it lighted up for piazza parties, though they never used it. It was not really a billiard room; it was Tissue's old play room, with his new billiard table in the center. The billiard table was bright green and very ugly, but everything else in the room was pleasant and shabby and old; all of Tissue's treasures; his printing press and magic lantern; a toy theater that he had built and Sally Belle had written plays for; a telephone he and Pig had made—it had never worked very well, and it was broken now; other things, too, that were not Tissue's; a doll's house that had once been Mrs. Doyle's; a sewing machine, files of fashion magazines, a mahogany cradle, a haircloth sofa. Sally Belle curled her legs up under her and sat down in one corner of it.

"I'm tired. You play," she said, and Pig threw off his coat and began to knock the balls about. Sally Belle looked round her gravely.

"This is our style, I guess," she decided.

And it was. A play room with toys was the place for her if she could not grow up and act like the crowd. Well, it was a pleasant place. In here, where the lights were bright, she could not manage Pig. Madgie Carr herself would not try it. Sally Belle had not given up. Her campaign was not half over; it was only begun. But she could rest from it for a while and just sit here and watch Pig.

Pig could not smoke as well as Tish, but he played billiards better. He had a free, strong swing of the cue and a quick, sure aim. He looked quite graceful and light, stepping round the table. He whistled while he played—a queer little tuneless whistle—and talked to himself. He was playing a real game; playing both sides of it, and keeping score.

"I'll play now if you want me," Sally Belle said after a while, but Pig shook his head.

"Got to settle this guy first."

"What guy?"

"Tish. And he's putting up a good game, too," Pig added generously. "I've most got him where I want him, but if this shot works he may get me yet. Watch him." Pig took careful aim, squinting over his cue and representing his rival conscientiously.

"Too much English, old top," he explained to the imaginary Tish as the shot failed. "Good try, though. Now watch your Uncle Dudley." He gave one little, quick, careless-looking stab at the ball, and at once other balls hit each other and rolled into position all over the table in a lazy but precise way, as if they had planned it themselves with no help from Pig at all. It was one of Pig's master strokes. He threw down his cue and the game was over.

"That cooks his goose," he announced. "Hurrah for our side!" He mopped his forehead, pulled down his sleeves and sat at the other end of Sally Belle's sofa.

"Serves him right," said Sally Belle.

"Old Tish!" Pig dismissed the subject. "Want to play or just sit here?"

"Just sit."

"Suits me."

"Me too."

Sally Belle put her arms behind her head and leaned back and looked at Pig. He settled himself in his corner, adjusting himself expertly to the broken springs of the sofa, grinned at her in a lazy but friendly way, and then became absorbed in his own thoughts. In the old days, when life was not so hard and so complicated, the crowd used to play up here, and she and Pig had often sat here just like this. She was happy then. She was not very happy now. She turned away from Pig and rested her head on the broken arm of the sofa and closed her eyes.

"Pretty slick up here," Pig said presently. "Fools!" he added after a minute, and then was silent, pursuing this train of thought. "Poor fools! Say ——"

"What?"

"Mind if I smoke?" He reached for his coat, got out his box of cigarettes, opened and shut it and put it back again, but he did not smoke.

"Here!" he said abruptly, and he pushed something toward Sally Belle—his coat, rolled into a hard, compact lump.

"Pillow," he explained. "Hundred per cent feather pillow."

"Thanks."

"Say, can I have that?"

"What?"

It was her rose that he wanted. He pulled it out of her hair quite gently. The thorns did not scratch her, but the petals fell on her face.

"No good now," said Sally Belle.

"Suits me. Wanted it all the evening."

"What for?"

"Fish bait," said Pig in a gruff voice. "Say ——"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

Pig sat still on the sofa, playing with Sally Belle's rose; so still that the sofa hardly creaked at all. Sally Belle held his coat tight against her face. There were tears in her eyes and she did not want Pig to see them. She wiped them off on his coat, but more tears kept coming. She was too old to cry. But she was tired—very tired—and nobody cared or knew.

"Here!" Pig said suddenly. He said it in a cross, gruff voice; but the thing he pressed into her hand was a handkerchief. It smelled of cigarettes, but it was clean and large and very soft. She buried her face in it.

"I'm not crying," she said in a muffled voice; and then, "Oh, Pig, Pig, Pig!"

"Spit it out!" Pig commanded nercely.

"I'm all right. Nothing's wrong."

"Something is—has been all the evening. You spit it out! Tell your Uncle Dudley!"

"I wish I was dead!"

"Well, you're not," said Pig with conviction. "Here ——"

The coat slipped from under Sally Belle's head and she felt Pig's arm there instead. It felt bony and hard, but comforting. After a minute it went round her waist, and she sat up and leaned against it. She peeped at Pig over the top of her handkerchief. She could not see him plainly for the tears in her eyes; but it seemed to her that, just as it used to when he was a little boy, his chin wiggled. Pig was sorry for her. Pig was sweet. She moved close to him. The lights hurt her eyes, so she put her head down on his shoulder.

"Pig, they're mean to me," she whispered. "They're all so mean to me."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you."

"Don't you care! You don't have to tell me. I'll get after them. I'll fix them. They can cut it out and treat you right. I'll make them. I'll attend to them, all right. You just watch your Uncle Dudley."

"You're not mean, Pig. You're nice to me."

"Kid," said Pig very gruffly, "that's what you are. Always were. Always will be. Twelve-Year-Old Kid."

"I guess," said Sally Belle shyly, "you like kids."

"That's my business."

"Oh!" said Sally Belle suddenly.

She moved her head on Pig's shoulder, opened her eyes and stared up at him. She looked straight up into his face. Pig's eyes looked down at her, puzzled and large and kind. She met them for a minute, then closed her eyes again with a soft little sleepy sigh.

"Oh!" she whispered. "Why -why, Pig!"

"Feeling better?"

"Yes, lot's better."

"Kid!" Pig put a large clumsy hand on her hair. It was tumbled and rough where the rose had been. He touched it, smoothed it and pushed it back from her face.

"Pig"—she said softly.

"What?"

"Nothing. Just Pig."

"You crying?"

"No, I don't have to now."

"What's that?"

Down below doors were opening and shutting. There was a rush for the dining room. Refreshments were served. Tish was rounding up the party; that was his step now, coming up the attic stairs. Pig started and sat up straight, but Sally Belle put her hand on his arm that was round her and held it there.

"You sit still," she commanded.

"He'll see us."

"Let him," said Sally Belle. That was all she said, but it was a song of victory, a lovely song.

"Let him see us!"

At last—at last, Sally Belle and Pig were spooning!

Sally Belle was powdering her nose. There was one lamp for all the four bedrooms at Camp Carr. It stood on the crossbeam where the four partitions met. The rough board partitions between the four tiny rooms did not reach to the roof. The lamp flame flickered and wiggled—it was Madgie's day to trim the lamps—but the west-bedroom mirror did not blur very much. Sally Belle stared into it hard. She liked what she saw. The powder was the last touch to a correct camp toilet. All day you wore bloomers and middy blouses, but at night when the boys came you wore white shirt waists and skirts. Her white waist was turned in at the neck and a rose was pinned there. Her hair was done on top of her head. It looked cool and grown up. It came loose in soft baby curls on the forehead, but she kept them pushed back. She sat down on the lumpy camp bed and sighed.

She was alone up here, if you were ever alone at camp. All the girls slept up here, when they slept. Last night there was a pillow fight at twelve, and the night before she and Madgie sneaked down to the kitchen by candlelight and made fudge at one. Now the girls had walked up the road a piece to meet the boys. You could see the wood road through the window, with the sun setting red at the turn of it, and two white figures pacing slowly up and down—Lil and Madgie waiting for her. They would wait till she came. Minna Carr, the chaperon, Madgie's sister, an engaged girl—engaged to Jud Sewall—was in her downstairs bedroom sewing lace on something. You could hear her rocking her chair back and forth and singing. In this crowded life, when could a woman think?

Sally Belle had been here three days. Tish reported what he saw through the crack of the billiard-room door, and after that she was not an exile. She had her old place in the crowd, and more. She made up songs, led charades and learned to swim under water. She was happy, of course; but camp was not so much fun as it used to be. Nothing was. Was she growing old? There were no new lines in her face, no wrinkles. She had been here three days. She would have to stay four days more. She could not get away or go home, and the days were all so long. They were as long as weeks, and the evenings were longer still. The boys came at six and stayed until ten. The evenings! Sally Belle's face in the mirror flushed hotly under its coat of tan. She frowned at it. If only you could change things somehow—anyhow; be a queen like Madgie and make new rules for the crowd; run away from the crowd, into the woods, and hide; go on the stage and never come back to Franklinville. Sally Belle spoke out loud, softly, so that Minna, downstairs, could not hear.

"Mother, I wish to go away, and at once. Do not ask me why." But mother would ask why; she always did. Sally Belle spoke again, kindly but very coldly.

"Pig, you and I must come to an understanding, and at once. Do not try to talk. Just listen to me. Pig ——"

"Oo-hoo, Sally Belle!" Minna was trilling to her from below. "Girls are waiting!"

"Oo-hoo!" she answered.

Life, crowded life, with all its demands, was upon her again. She must live it and not try to think. She caught up her rose-colored sweater and ran downstairs.

"I've gone," she called, and hurried out of the back door and along the wood road toward the girls and the sunset. They trilled to her and made room for her between them

"You took your time, darling," Madgie said, "but you're getting to be a swell little dresser. Somebody will be crazy about you to-night. Ears burn? Lil and I were talking about you."

"Me?"

"You and somebody else."

"If you mean Pig, say Pig."

"Pig, if you must call a spade a spade. We made a bet about you."

"I don't care," said Sally Belle, skipping as she walked.

"Keep step. You've got to care. It's a peach delight, and the loser treats you too."

"What's the bet about?" Sally Belle asked. Madgie giggled.

"Lil, you tell her."

"How many times has Pig kissed you? That's what the bet's about," Lillian explained promptly.

"Ask Pig."

"You're a cool one," said Madgie with respect, "but you have to tell. It's a bet."

"I didn't say you could bet."

"Will you tell if I tell first?"

"I'll think about it."

"Stub has kissed me just ——" Madgie paused coyly.

"Lost count?" Lillian asked with interest.

"Nothing like that. I may spoon some, but I go slow. Three times, that's all. Now you tell."

"I can't," said Sally Belle calmly. "Nothing to tell. Pig never—never did. And no boy ever did, except once, in a game, and that doesn't count."

"Kidding us!"

"Am I?" Sally Belle smiled.

"Yes, but you can't fool us—not any more. We're onto you. Up to last week you had the whole crowd fooled. They all thought you and Pig didn't spoon. Lil and I thought so, too, and we showed it, I guess. We weren't very nice to you. I'm sorry."

"It's all right now," said Sally Belle.

The three linked arms tight and struck into a double lock step that they liked, and danced on up the winding road. The red sun paled and sank low, but kept always just ahead. Far ahead you heard horses coming and boys laughing. The bet was a silly bet. Madgie's talk was silly talk. But it was good to be friends with your friends again. Lillian's hair was a pale fairy gold in the sunset light. Sally Belle's heart danced in time to her feet. They came to the end of the wood road.

"There's the bunch," Madgie said.

"It's some bunch," said Sally Belle.

The Doyles' old two-seated carriage was coming toward them along the main road. It came slowly, for the whole bunch was in it—more or less in it. There were girls two deep on the seats, and boys on the steps, on the floor and hanging on behind. Two boys rode beside it on bicycles. They were Stub and Pig. Tish was standing up and driving. Both these things were hard to do, for his feet were planted far apart, among musical instruments, bulky packages and assorted fruit—oranges, bananas and two large watermelons—but he greeted them cheerfully and pulled up his large patient horse.

"Less speed, Mazeppa. We're on the home run now," he said. "Gang's all here. Always room for one more. I said one more," he added severely. "Nay, nay, Pauline!" Lillian had jumped in, tumbling over a watermelon and into a convenient lap, and Sally Belle had her foot on the step. He pushed it off with his whip and started his horse again. "You'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two," he explained. "On to the finish, my Arab steed!"

The carriage lurched into the wood road and disappeared round a bend of it. Madgie and Stub arranged themselves neatly after a fashion of their own on Stub's bicycle, with Madgie in front and Stub balancing behind and standing on the pedals as he rode.

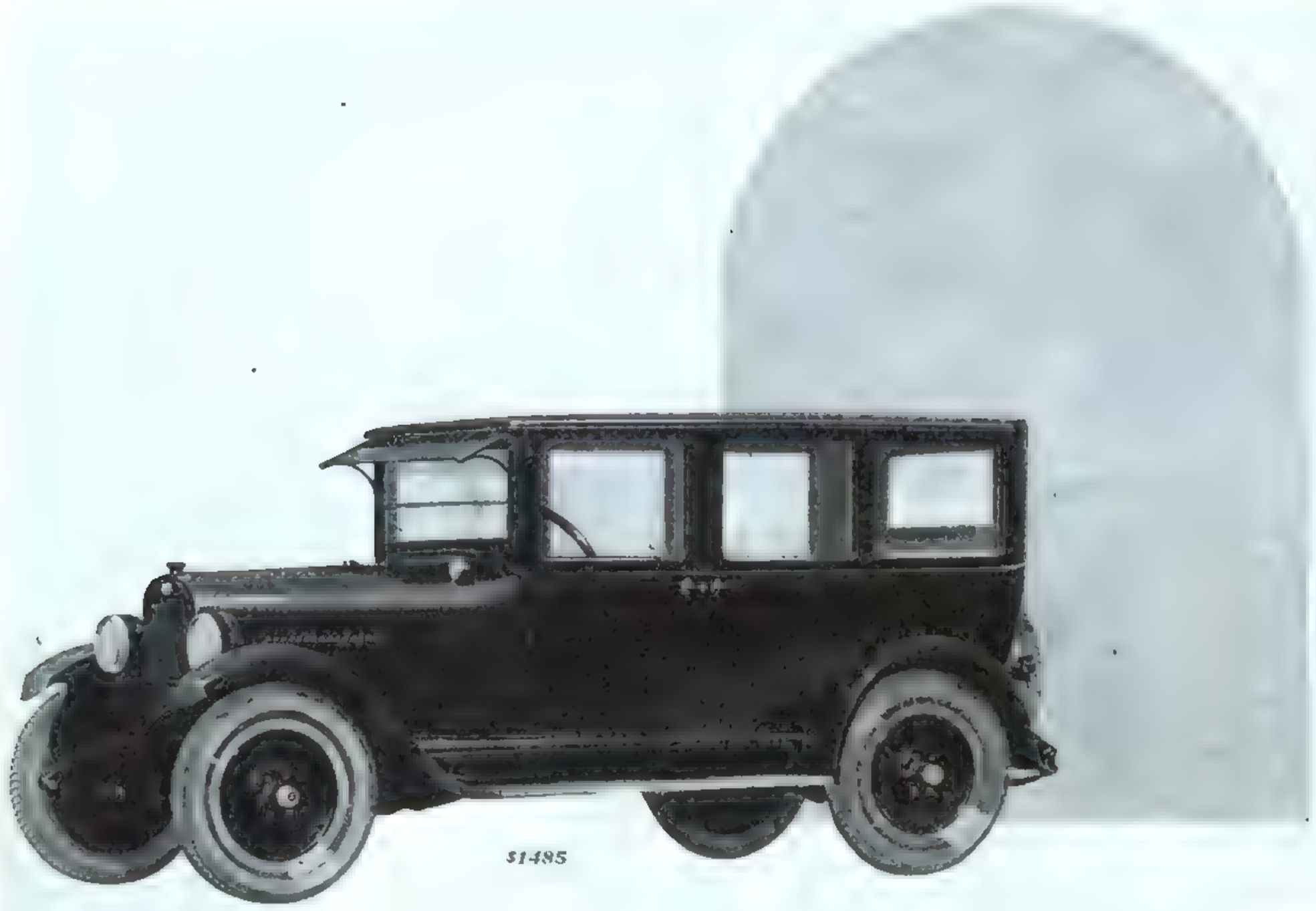
"Both break our necks some day," she called as they started. "Got to die once. Good-by, darling. You don't need us."

"No," said Sally Belle uncertainly. The bicycle plunged down the wood road after the carriage, and Sally Belle's eyes followed it wistfully.

"Care to ride?" said Pig.

He stood holding his bicycle and waiting. It was dusty and needed oiling, and Pig looked rather dusty too. There was a funny look in his eyes. It had been there now for three days—a hurt, sulky look. Pig was not so much fun as he used to be, but nothing was. It was not Pig's fault. Sally Belle put her hand on his handlebars and they started slowly down the wood road with the bicycle between.

(Continued on Page 30)



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MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Good

MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 28

"I don't feel like riding," she said.

"Maybe I don't feel like walking,"

"You can ride then."

"You can ride with the bunch. Don't have to walk with me."

"They won't let me. They'll make me walk with you."

"Well, I haven't got any objection," said Pig politely. "Have you?"

"No," said Sally Belle wearily. "How are your shoes?"

"Feel fine," said Pig stiffly, but he was limping. He looked at her gravely.

"What you done to your hair?" he asked.

"Madgie did it. Don't you like it?"

"Looks fine," said Pig solemnly. Pig had always hated her hair done high, and chased her and pulled out her hairpins when she tried it; but those days were over.

"Looks like rain," said Pig presently.

"It does not," said Sally Belle crossly. Pig thought for a minute.

"You're right," he admitted. "I guess you're right. Well, what's doing to-night?"

"A potato roast, same as last night. Minna's tending fire. We can eat by the time we get there."

"The same old story," said Pig, and they walked on down the road in silence.

"An egg," said Pig suddenly, "will bake pretty good if you roll it in mud."

"It will? I never tried it."

"Well, you have to take good wet mud, and not break it till it gets good and done."

"I see," said Sally Belle, and there was silence again, heavy silence.

"Here we are," said Pig at last.

He said it as if it were some new and surprising fact that he had found out all himself. He dropped his bicycle under a tree at the end of the wood road and started for the beach, running and throwing up his arms for a signal as he ran. Sally Belle followed sedately.

"You don't have to hurry," she said. "Nothing to hurry for. Potatoes will be raw—always are."

"Looks good to me," Pig insisted.

He plunged down the rocks to the beach and waited to help her. She scrambled down the path, jumped from a rock into his arms and stood beside him. The sun was just going down, a red ball, slipping into the dim gray lake. All the sky behind it was pink with afterglow, and in the deepest bend of the long gray beach was a thin waving flare of new light—the driftwood fire. It looked good to Sally Belle too. It looked very good.

The crowd was busy all round it, just as they used to be when they were little boys and girls playing together, and not a crowd at all. Lillian was making the coffee. Her hair was in her eyes and her nose was shiny. Madgie was arranging the fruit and big saucerless cups and paper plates on a red tablecloth. Stub and Tish were feeding the fire, and arguing about a barrel that Stub wanted to put on. Tish was not being funny or grown up at all. He was too angry.

"Want to stink us all out," he shouted, "that's what you want! I built fires before you were born, stinker!"

"Stinker yourself!" Stub dropped his barrel, Tish kicked it into the water and they began to fight.

Sally Belle sighed deeply. If only all the evening could be like this! But the pink glow was fading from the sky—fading while you looked, just as if a big cruel hand were wiping it off, and in the deep clefts of rock and along the far stretch of shore there were black shadows already.

But now Tish and Stub, their difference of opinion forgotten, were dishing up the baked beans from the pots where they were kept hot in an angle of rock by the fire. Lillian swung her coffee pot to the ground, left the coffee to settle, and raced Sally Belle for their favorite rock. Sally Belle got there first and spread out Pig's sweater, reserving the seat.

"Supper is now being served in the Palm Room," Tish announced.

The potatoes were cooking fast, with a crisp smoky smell, and everything else was ready. The picnic had begun.

It was, as Pig remarked at long intervals while he ate, some picnic and some swell feed.

Supper finished, the crowd was all too full for utterance as it lay there on coats and sweaters, or stretched full length on the rocks. The big fire was not quite dead. The wide bed of embers glowed red, and out of it slender tongues of flame flashed up and tried to live, but could not, and scattering showers of sparks shot up toward the stars and vanished. Stub pulled the debated barrel out of the water and Tish helped him throw it into the heart of the fire. It smoldered and tried to burn. This was the time Sally Belle had liked best at picnics in the old days—the good old days.

"Pig, I wish they'd play something," she whispered—"hide and seek. Tell them to."

"No use," said Pig practically.

No, the crowd would not play games, or even tell ghost stories. They would sing a little and have jokes about each other and sit here; that was all. They were singing already, Madge and Lil, Stub and Tish, the crowd's mixed quartet. They sang in parts, in close harmony, very slowly and softly:

I gave her kisses one, kisses one.
I gave her kisses one, kisses one.
I gave her kisses one, and she said, "You've just begun!"
So I gave her kisses one, kisses one.

I gave her kisses two, kisses two ——

There were twenty-seven verses to this song. Sally Belle knew them all, and so did the mixed quartet. She picked up Pig's sweater and rose.

"Come along!" she said.

"Where to?" asked Pig, rising obediently.

"Somewhere. I can't stay here."

"Crowd will guy us," Pig warned her.

"Let them. It's nothing new."

They started along the beach, and behind them voices of protest were lifted from all but the mixed quartet, which sang faithfully on from verse to verse of the song.

"Oh, you Sally Belle! Oh, you Pig! What's your hurry? Where's the fire? Got a date with yourselves?" And one boy's voice, the last they heard, called softly but very clearly, "Oh, you spooners!"

"Knock his block off," Pig suggested.

"You can't knock all their blocks off."

"Can if you say the word. Be pleased to."

"No," Sally Belle sighed, and dropped the subject. "We'll walk to the fort and sit there."

"Walk!" said Pig.

You did not walk, you groped your way along, stumbling on slippery stones that were never there by day. It was black dark, all round; a sticky, thick kind of darkness that pressed too close. There was no moon yet, and there were not many stars. The fort was not far away. It was not really a fort, but a pile of rocks, where she and Pig used to fish sometimes, and play pirates.

"Take my arm?" offered Pig.

"Thanks, no," said Sally Belle, stumbling. "I can walk very well."

She pulled away from him and ran ahead. She fell once and picked herself up before he could get to her. She came first to the fort, a great heap of blackness, darker against the dark sky. She scaled it, scratching her hands and tearing her skirt. She sat on the edge of the highest rock, panting and breathless, and hugged her knees and waited for Pig. He climbed up and sat beside her and rubbed himself.

"Well," he said heavily, "here we are again."

"Yes," said Sally Belle gravely.

Here they were. They had sat here last night and the night before. They would probably have to sit here every night all the week. The lake water made a dull, tired sound at the foot of the rocks. There was only the faintest line to show where the dark of the shore stopped and the dark of the lake began. You walked here round the curving shore; but from here you looked straight across and down, toward the crowd and the fire. They were not far away; they looked farther through the dark. As Sally Belle looked Stub's barrel caught fire all over and blazed up quite splendid and big, like fireworks on the Fourth. It was dead and the crowd did not care. The quartet had reached the last verse of the song, and the last kiss. You could not hear all the words, but the voices sounded sweet:

Gave her kisses twenty-seven, and she said, "I am in heaven."
So I kept a kissing on, kissing on.

Kisses! Would she ever have to kiss Pig? She looked at him. He looked changed somehow, even in the dark—bigger and heavier. He was resting, not moving at all, not even smoking. She wished he would smoke. This stranger, this big stupid lump of a boy that she had to sit with here was not Pig at all, and she wanted Pig. She had wanted him all the week. He would never come back, or play with her or be any fun again. It was very sad, so sad that you could not cry. It was the saddest thing in the changed and empty world.

"Well," said Pig. He cleared his throat, but said nothing more. He moved closer to her along the rock.

"It's not dark yet," said Sally Belle breathlessly. "I mean, it keeps getting darker. The moon's not up yet."

"Won't be for an hour," Pig explained—"hour and a quarter," he amended.

"I know it," said Sally Belle. "I—I know it, but I I " Pig edged closer, quite close.

"Bad sky. Looks like rain to-morrow," he said very solemnly. "Well ——" He raised his right arm, pushed it cautiously along the rock behind her and closed it round Sally Belle's waist. She relaxed and leaned against it, closing her eyes. It had begun again. They were spooning.

"Looks like a heavy storm to-morrow," Pig announced brightly. Sally Belle did not contradict him.

"I was out gunning to-day with Free Foster and Jud Sewall. Didn't get anything."

"You never do."

"But I like them. I like them fine. I like all the older fellows. They have some sense. Free is a fine fellow too. I had quite a little talk with Free."

Sally Belle did not answer. Pig breathed deeply and wriggled. He was trying to think of something more to say.

"Lots of fellows going to supe in the next ten-twenty-thirt," he announced. "I may try it. Good idea?"

"Good enough."

"May not, though. Work like a horse. Where's the sense to that?"

"I don't know."

"Gang at the Falls are framing up a tennis tournament. Tish can lick their old Gus Carr with one hand tied. They don't know it yet. Will soon. Stub talks of having prizes at his next card party. Comes pretty close to gambling."

"Yes."

"No real harm in it."

"No."

"Free got an eight-pound haddock, deep-sea fishing. Sis Clark's blown himself to a purple tie. You can hear it two streets away. Say, I heard a good joke on him."

"You did?"

"Maybe you don't want to hear it."

"I don't."

"Maybe you don't feel like talking."

"I don't."

Pig stopped talking, and sighed with relief from the strain. He groped for her hand, found it and held it, fumbling with it like a loose handshake. She let it lie limp in his. She sat still, very still.

It was quiet here on the rocks. The crowd did not sing again. If only they would sing—any song, the silliest song. If the fire would blaze up again, or a wave from the lake wash up over the rocks and sweep you into the water. But lakes did not have waves, and that would not happen. Nothing would. This night was just like last night; and all the nights, all the picnics, were going to be like this, all the time, forever. A big sob rose in her throat. She swallowed it.

If only Pig would speak again, and say something—anything. But he did not speak. He was holding her hand quite tight. She looked down at her hand and Pig's. They looked little and queer and white, and not like hands at all. Pig drew a long deep breath. His arm round her waist felt tighter. She tried to speak, but she could not. She sat still. Pig's head leaned toward her. Pig's face came close to her face and touched it. His cheek pressed tight against hers. It rested there. It moved ——

"Harold Plummer," Sally Belle said, "if you kiss me I'll jump into the lake! You take your arm off my waist! Don't you ever put it there again!"

"What—what's that?"

"I'm through," said Sally Belle, "that's what it is! I can't stand it. I tried to, and I can't. I don't like it. I—I hate it. And I hate the whole crowd, too, and I hate you, Harold Plummer. I don't care if you never speak to me again. I'm through!"

"Through what?"

"Spooning," said Sally Belle.

Pig's arm had dropped from her shoulders. She threw herself face down on the rocks and lay there very still. She was trembling all over. The trembling stopped, a few tears came, then they stopped too. A great calm descended upon her. What had she done? That angry voice, speaking those words to Pig, was her own voice. Pig would not go with her any more. Nobody would. The crowd would freeze her out. This was the end, and she was glad—glad all over. But what would Pig do now? What would he say? She winked the tears out of her eyes and sat up and looked at him.

He had not moved while she lay there. He had taken the blow in silence. He was very angry, of course. He was too angry to speak. And all this was not his fault. She was a little sorry for Pig. She was very sorry for Pig. She wished he would speak to her. He cleared his throat, sighed once, very deeply, and spoke.

"Thank the Lord!" he said.

"What for?" gasped Sally Belle.

"You're all right," said Pig. "Shake!"

His hand reached out. Sally Belle put hers into it. He shook it solemnly, once, and let it go.

"You're all right," he repeated solemnly. Then he was silent as if he had nothing more to say. Sally Belle's heart beat quite fast.

"Pig," she said softly, "what do you mean? You don't mean that you don't like it either—spooning! Oh, Pig!"

"Like it? No fellow likes it that's not soft as mush. The girls like it. They ask for it. A girl thinks you don't like her if you don't spoon. You have to spoon. You're my girl. I'll do what you want. I—I always will. But you are the best of the bunch, and I thought you had sense, and then at Tish's darn party you—you ——"

"I tried to make you spoon," said Sally Belle bravely.

"I know it. I've got the use of my eyes. My brains, too."

"I guess you have," said Sally Belle meekly. "Pig, are you sure—sure they don't like to spoon? Anybody? Madgie?"

"Madgie's soft," Pig explained simply—"born soft and she'll die soft. A crowd likes it some, after they get into it. Some crowds are spooning crowds; get into it and keep it up. Our crowd is a good old crowd—a sporting bunch. Spooning won't last. Be all over by next year—dead, same as ping-pong and blindman's buff."

"How do you know?"

"Use my brains. And I had a talk with Free about it."

"You did?" said Sally Belle humbly.

"Sure! Free's all right. He's a white man. Question is, what do you want to do now? Quit cold and let the crowd can us, or make a bluff at it?"

"I don't care," said Sally Belle.

"You're tired. Here ——."

Pig rolled his sweater into a pillow and pushed it behind her back.

"Take half?"

"I don't need it."

Pig arranged himself deliberately, full length on the rock at her feet, very close to her. He leaned his chin on his hands and looked down into the dark water. The dark was a different dark now, a soft and pleasant dark. It took care of you. It rocked you to sleep. By and by Sally Belle would think more about all this. Just now she could not think. She was too happy. She hugged Pig's sweater tight.

"Some fun now," said Pig softly, "sitting on a rock."

"Yes, Pig, if the crowd cans us I don't care, as long as I've got you."

"You've got me, all right. Say, just now when you flared up I wasn't going to—you know ——"

"Kiss me?"

"Yes. Kissing's not in my line. Never will be. But if it was I wouldn't kiss any girl that didn't want to be kissed. Get that, do you?"

Sally Belle made a soft little sound that meant yes.

"I won't kiss you until you ask me to."

"You'll have to wait quite a while."

"I can wait," said Pig.

He laughed, and Sally Belle laughed with him, just as she always used to at their sweetest, most secret jokes. Down at the foot of the rock the water made a little pleasant noise as if it were laughing too. The fire was quite dead now, and through the soft heavy dark you could not see the crowd.

"Poor fools!" said Pig. "In it up to their necks, every last one of them!" There was scorn in his voice, the scorn of gods for a mortal.

"Spooning!"

Prices Reduced on Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs!

An Important Announcement to the Housewives of America!

It gives us extreme pleasure to announce that we have made the following reductions in the prices of our complete line of Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings By-the-Yard:

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs

1½ x 3	ft. formerly $ .60	**Now $ .50**	6 x 9	ft. formerly $ 9.75	**Now $ 8.10**
3 x 3	ft. formerly 1.20	**Now 1.00**	7½ x 9	ft. formerly 11.85	**Now 10.10**
3 x 4½	ft. formerly 1.80	**Now 1.50**	9 x 10½	ft. formerly 16.60	**Now 14.15**
3 x 6	ft. formerly 2.40	**Now 2.00**	9 x 12	ft. formerly 19.00	**Now 16.20**

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2 Yards and 3 Yards wide, formerly 85c—**Now 75c per square yard.**

Owing to high freight rates, prices in the West and Canada are slightly higher.

The savings that these reductions offer are not alone the result of lowered raw materials and reduced manufacturing costs, but are prompted also by our desire to place these popular and famous floor-coverings within the reach of every housewife in America.

At the *old* prices Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs and Floor-Coverings By-the-Yard were the best value in floor-coverings in America. At the *new* prices they offer even greater value than before.

They possess the same artistry of design and coloring—the same flat-lying and waterproof qualities—the same durability and practicality. They are guaranteed by the Gold Seal to give the same satisfaction *and they cost less.*

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Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Covering By-the-Yard are for sale by dealers everywhere.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Quick Action on Slow Accounts

By Floyd W. Parsons

A MANUFACTURING or merchandising concern may have highly trained experts in charge of its operating department and may employ only efficient and successful salesmen to develop markets for its goods, but the company will find its progress difficult and dangerous if its credits and collections are not effectively handled. Many executives in charge of large business organizations fail to realize that the speed of commercial advance of most firms depends directly on the promptness with which collections are made. What food is to a moving army, working capital is to a business. There can be no adequate working capital where credits and collections are loosely managed.

There is no other time when the credit situation needs such careful handling as during a period of slack business. When trade is dull many companies are inclined to take chances on sales to customers whose credit is doubtful. This desire of many firms to keep their goods moving, irrespective of the risks entailed, affords an exceptional opportunity for the man or company of questionable reliability to secure articles or materials which he may pay for at his convenience and which he could not obtain in normal times. Much trouble and many failures in business in recent months have been caused by the careless granting of credit simply to maintain a standard volume of sales.

Though it is possible that a company's policy may be so overcautious as to be unwise and harmful, there surely is no excuse for the failure of a concern to protect itself against bad accounts at all times, and especially during a period of industrial depression. Though the statements of some firms may be improved in appearance through the selling of inventories to customers of doubtful credit, the final result of such a plan is certain to be disastrous, for no good can come of exchanging an inflated inventory for a list of dubious claims.

Practically the only companies that are now justified in adopting a freer credit policy are those firms which have a small total of liabilities and a large total of assets. A number of corporations have discovered in recent months that although a surplus is a splendid possession, it is not of much use in an emergency unless a considerable part of it can be quickly converted into cash.

Every business man to-day should fix in mind that some of the companies now producing the worst statements are the best risks. The more intelligent and honest an executive is, the more likely he is to mark down his whole inventory to present market prices. Firms which have followed this plan faithfully should be helped by their creditors in every way possible. Many deserving concerns will pull through the present trying times only if they are treated considerately by the people to whom they owe money. As one authority remarked, "If those who rushed to cancel contracts now rush in the same manner to collect money, the present period of liquidation can be made a very severe strain upon the country's business." The need of to-day is for discrimination in credits and collections—not for laxity.

Each and every company in granting credit at the present time should not only carefully analyze the customer's standing but should scrutinize the sales possibilities in the buyer's district in order to determine whether or not the size of the order is reasonable. Customers' letters should be carefully studied in an effort to discover the writers' character, problems and prospects. Recent experience has shown that in the majority of cases it is wise to insist upon reasonably prompt settlements on the part of customers, especially those who are habitually slow in paying bills. Though this line of action entails the risk of losing the future trade of a few firms which might later be developed into desirable customers, it is by far the safest policy to follow. The manager of one large corporation shaped his collection policy on the belief that most debtors who ask for unusual extensions of credit during a time of slackened business will not find it possible to continue in business over a long period of depression. His subsequent experience showed that out of hundreds of customers, only one that had formerly been regarded as a high-grade credit risk failed to pay all bills in full as they matured. By acting promptly in curtailing extensions of credit to customers who had been dilatory in paying their bills even in good times, this manager avoided many losses on the part of his company, for 15 per cent of the firms that asked for credit extensions have since made assignments.

Although some companies employ collectors to go in person to secure settlements of accounts from delinquent customers, it is generally conceded that well-written letters are the most effectual method of collecting debts that are past due. Of all classes of letters written in business none requires a greater knowledge of psychology on the part of the writer than the collection letter. The composer of credit and collection letters should have a sense of humor and be able to exercise originality. Such letters must not irritate the delinquent purchaser or arouse a spirit of antagonism. They must commence with a bid for understanding and coöperation, and end with a sentence that will bring favorable action. The method of a successful merchant of a generation ago would not prove effective to-day. This man wrote his customers, "If you do not pay this bill within ten days I will do something which will surprise you very much." Such a letter, depending on the element of mystery, would not now bring results any quicker than the stereotyped duns which have been discarded in favor of more scientific practices.

In the case of small companies it is best to write an absolutely individual letter to each delinquent. Large companies, which must use form letters, should see that they are composed by a skillful writer, who knows how to put a human touch in them. When a firm uses individual letters the replies, so far as possible, should be framed in accord with the customer's own language, hobbies and interests. Letters should be perfectly frank and should never be apologetic. Though not mincing matters they should still maintain a friendly atmosphere. It is generally best to assure the delinquent customer that his credit is still good with the house if he will only adhere to the terms laid down. Assume until it is proved otherwise that every man owing the firm money is fundamentally honest and anxious to settle his debt. It is always possible to be firm without being insulting. Be insistent, and never depart from a strict adherence to the company's standard terms. If at last it is necessary to make a threat eliminate all idea of trying to scare the debtor, and simply state in plain language what you intend to do, and then be sure you carry out your threat in case the delinquent fails to pay.

Styles for collection letters are about as numerous as styles for ladies' hats. An English company forestalls excuses of its customers for delayed payments by so writing its collection letters that they show a decided familiarity with local conditions in the customer's district. One letter will say, "We know there have been strikes in your section," or that, "We are aware the plant of Jones Brothers is running on half time. Of course as a result of such conditions collections are slow. Incidentally they are also slow with us—hence this letter." The collection man's purpose in writing such a letter is to see that all angles of reply except with a check are blocked. This company follows three rules: All purchasers are treated alike; payments for goods sold must be made before other accounts are opened up for settlement; credit is granted on the basis of so much per month instead of so much per year. This plan insures elastic credits, which can be increased or decreased more easily as conditions warrant.

One Southern collection manager wrote his delinquents: "While we might talk about oversight, and so on, it is altogether probable that you haven't paid us because you just haven't money enough to go all the way round. We are not going to let out a big howl in order to frighten you into paying. We prefer to appeal to your sense of fairness. If you have other accounts outstanding which are older than ours, it is up to us to await our turn; if not, don't you think the fair thing would be to let us have our money next? Send us a check in the mail to-night if you possibly can; if not, let us have a word from you as to when we can expect a remittance. We will appreciate this small courtesy; it will take only a few moments of your time, and it will help us a lot."

Another firm in collecting its accounts said: "There seems to be just one thing the matter with business nowadays: There is not enough money in circulation. The remedy for this condition seems plain. We'll do our share if you'll do yours. If you will send us a check of $——, to balance your account, we will immediately see to it that the amount is kept circulating. Then we will both rest easier for having done our share to place business back on a normal basis."

An Eastern collection manager wrote: "They say that 'nobody loves a fat man,' but a great many people think that saying should be changed to 'nobody loves a collector.' The latter shows up at inopportune times, and generally is a nuisance. For that reason, we do most of our collecting by mail, believing that our customers prefer this method. Will you coöperate with us in maintaining this system by remitting promptly every month? Your account is now slightly past due, and you are asked to bring it up to date within the next few days."

Collection letters should show plainly that the creditor is disposed to be sympathetic and patient, but that at the same time he will never be satisfied unless the purchaser explains his position and presents some idea as to when he believes he will be able to liquidate the debt. When the payment of a delinquent customer fails to arrive on the stipulated date another collection letter should be mailed to him immediately, so that the purchaser will be impressed with the creditor's close attention to the matter.

One successful firm follows the plan of sending out five collection letters before turning the account over to a credit agency. The fourth letter is sent out at the end of the fifth month, and says: "We don't know whether you have been ill, away on a long vacation, or whether you have just plumb forgotten all about that little bill of ours for $——, covering your order of ————. Now, if you will just write your check payable to us for $——, for all the bills we have sent you, we will call it square at $——, minus interest. That will set you at ease, and put us out of our misery. It's your turn to move. We're waiting." The fifth and final letter is couched in firm language, and states frankly and plainly what steps will be taken to collect the account if no reply is received before or on a specified date.

A large Western firm has met with success in the use of collection letters sent by registered mail. This plan is followed after gentler methods have failed. A registered letter is mailed each week for three weeks. The fourth week the letter is sent by special delivery, unless the collection manager decides to use a night lettergram. The idea back of this practice is that only a real shock will arouse some debtors.

The letters are progressively forceful, and contain self-addressed and stamped envelopes for reply. The last letter requests a telephone or a telegraph message at the expense of the creditor.

Many collection managers now use telephone calls with good results in handling overdue accounts. In this plan it is best for the manager himself to do the talking on the telephone, for this method of collection requires tact and courtesy to a high degree. When delinquents fail to pay on the day promised they should be called up late that day or early the next morning. Another company used the telegraph effectively. This firm sent out one hundred and five collection telegrams, at a total cost of eighty-two dollars. In response to these messages forty-one accounts were settled immediately, netting the company nearly four thousand dollars, without there being a single unfavorable comment on the method of collecting. Several of the delinquents sent checks dated ahead, while others either made part payments or gave definite promises to remit on a specified date. The accounts of those who failed to respond were placed in the hands of a collection agency.

Companies having customers of alien stock must handle such accounts with great care. Purchasers of several nationalities living in this country usually demand extended credit, and many of them are uncertain risks. Collection letters generally are ineffectual with this class of purchasers. One company handling this kind of business has found it best to employ salesmen of the same racial stock as the customers, and later, when necessary, these same salesmen are used to collect delinquent accounts. In a majority of cases it has been found futile to send an American clerk or collector for a credit interview with an alien customer.

One large Eastern company has materially increased its percentage of replies from delinquent customers by using a ballot form marked off in squares. At the left of the squares appear the reasons, which may be checked off quickly in replying. Some of the squares are marked as follows: Error or overcharge; Disagreement as to prices or terms; Oversight; Slow collections; We enclose $——; We will remit in —— days; Request —— days' extension and will give note; Remarks; Signature and date. This firm formerly used printed stickers on its first three or four bills to delinquents; later it adopted the plan of typing carefully worded collection phrases on the first few bills. Though this latter plan was an improvement on the sticker method the ballot forms have brought the best results.

Since American business is still in the period of readjustment it is essential that all sellers give close attention to the maintenance of our credit structure. The character and capacity of individuals and of companies should continue to be regarded as valuable assets in all considerations relating to the extension of credit. Like good breeding, good credit may be known by a few special characteristics, among which are quiet dignity and an absence of loud and immoderate assurances. As one has said: "The big thing to-day is not to get money at all costs, but to get business back to normal with the fewest possible number of firms and individuals hurt in the process."

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PEERLESS

FEBRUARY 1922

Peerless Motor Cars are now manufactured by R. H. Collins and a complete organization which has been associated with him for a number of years.

Watching it develop along lines strikingly similar to their own activities, Mr. Collins and his associates long ago sensed in the Peerless a close kinship in aims and ideals which seemed to offer an unexampled opportunity for experienced leadership.

It was an open secret that their own example had exerted a profound influence upon Peerless principles, policies and practices, at least in later years.

Peerless, meanwhile, had grown so strong in these mutually-shared convictions, that it had provided for their expression one of the very finest and most modern manufacturing plants in the world.

What more natural and logical, then, than to seize upon the splendid opportunity to give to Peerless all the impetus which the long and closely-knit experience of this notable group could supply?

Acquiring the Peerless means to these men what it has meant to many a fine craftsman in the world's history who has been given the fullest and finest opportunity to express the very best that is in him.

Peerless will now automatically move upward to a higher place in the minds of motorists the world over, because it will deserve to do so.

THEODORE F. MacMANUS

Sheds Water Like a Duck

ZINC STEARATE MERCK

Soothing, Cooling Toilet Powder

Prevents chafing.
Helps to heal irritated skin.
Fine after shaving.
Indispensable to the baby's comfort.
Soothing and cooling to sore and burning feet.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST
to show you other HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES OF MERCK'S, such as

Creolin-Pearson
The household disinfectant.

Hydrogen Peroxide Merck
Full strength and unusually pure.

Acid Boric Merck
Mild antiseptic.

Milk Sugar Merck
Barley Flour Merck
For preparing modified milk for infants.

You can depend on
MERCK'S

ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM

(Continued from Page 12)

It was really horrible to fancy this miniature world of men brought together again, say, after thirty years had passed. To imagine these stalk-shaped, willowy youths, with their newly controlled arms and legs, their fledgling whiskers and uncertain barytones; these girls with their tortured, unlovely hairdressing, their clear eyes and ready laughter—all this pristine adolescence with its devotion to puns, pickles and high purpose—transformed by life into a group of disciplined and seasoned lawyers, doctors, butchers, bakers, candlestick makers, teachers, bored, slightly weary mothers and spinsters, who have come to realize that the Adamic penalty is no joke and that the prizes of life for the most part fall to—not me but the other fellow; whose verve and impulse to mirth would now flourish best in the hectic jimmy-pipe hilarity of the reciprocity business club where the dismal get-together song, the brandished arm ——

One of the most depressing sights I ever saw was of a gentleman of uncertain waistline and no uncertain years dancing up and down on a dock last summer with his back to a noble river, where a young moon splashed the mauve-and-silver water with golden quarter notes, where Great Lake craft, remote and mysterious as Elaine's barge moving to Camelot, came down from the Northwest, beating the air with his panama hat and rending the welkin with:

Ein, zwei, drei, vier,
Thus saith the heathen Chinee ——

But of this no more—nor of dismal prophecy. One forgot them, looking at the young students; looking at the band of young candidates on the stage; listening to the impassioned well-put pleadings of little green freshies and Olympian seniors.

It was curious, but no matter what the age and pretension of the orator introducing his candidate, there was one dominant note: That his special claim to consideration lay in his social contact, in his capacity to handle his fellows; not in progress in study or in athletics, though these got honorable mention, but in—particularly through the last-named opportunities—his ability to govern and lead the minds of his fellows.

"My candidate," said a junior, "has a fine record in study and athletics. You all know where he stands there. You know that he put our basket-ball team on a new basis. He not only reorganized it, but he got us a new record and won everybody's respect. Nor was that all. When a crisis arose and the fellows got dissatisfied and things threatened to break up he rose to an emergency as few of us could. Instead of making enemies he straightened everything out and kept everybody's friendship. Where another fellow might have made enemies he showed the fellows that he understood their needs. With tact, and because he knew what was in their minds, he got all the fellows working together. He could save the day ——"

The Three H's

They were words to that effect. And every speaker stressed a similar appeal, presented some record, clearly defined, of sympathy with and understanding of his mates. Now it is clear that the children of The World and His Wife understand the significance and importance of this capacity and are ready to function it.

It behooves us to inquire into the opportunities we, their parents, are giving them to develop it. I am told by a prominent educator that the three R's of the little old red schoolhouse are being displaced by the three H's—training for the head, training for the heart, training for the hand. Ordinarily this is the requisite theory, and a perfectly worked-out balance would give us the young superman of to-morrow. but out of my own observation and experience I do not believe that in its broadest sense the first-named is getting its just due.

I do believe that by certain processes we are doing everything possible to defeat our aim, and doing it with the best intentions in the world; lending every effort to create of the young American mind of to-morrow, not an actively vital and vividly working sympathetic organ, not a cerebrum at all, but—to make a harsh comparison something resembling *pâté de foie gras*, a passive medium that will blandly accept stuffing or fattening with every possible ready-cut idea, all the platitudes and shibboleths of hackneyed thinking; that will be incapable of evolving a single sincere conviction of its own, economically, politically, religiously, or indeed know beyond the herd impulse why it should or should not accept the conviction of another.

How are we doing this? By drugging and anæsthetizing the fledgling mind with overentertainment; by stultifying its imagination, denying it the power to test or know its own resources; by giving it predigested mental and emotional pap; by not letting it alone sufficiently and so find itself—our absolutely confessed aim, by the way, behind all this distorted confusion.

When our grandfathers decided to quit living in trees and thought they preferred wearing wings—spiritually, at least, that they might investigate the stars—they began a progression which they have handed to us as a sacred trust. They looked to us to see that their good work continued, and we did a great many things. We clipped off the tails and shortened the forearms, hauled in our lower jaws, cultivated a forehead.

What are we planting behind the last?

Mentally on All Fours

We are agreed that as human beings we have evolved toward a certain high type; that there is a common ideal to which we conform; that we have men's bodies; that we are no longer amœbas or fish, reptiles or apes. We are men! But even to the most optimistic there must be times when, lacking tangible proof, by the jimmying open of said foreheads and examining the furnishing thereof, a doubt arises whether the evolution manifest in the outer physique is expressed within; whether, horrid idea, there are not moving about among us, impossible of immediate detection, strong survivals of more primitive types—the batrachian, the Neanderthal! The crime waves of the last year leave us in no doubt of the last-named.

One thing is clear: That as muscles grow with use the evolution of the human mind will not continue unless it depends upon its own capacities; that a common, suitable mental type cannot presently prevail unless, as was the case with our bodies, we learn to walk upright instead of crawling on all fours.

Now I believe that we are crawling on all fours because of this lethargy of anæsthesia that has fallen upon us. This necessity for escape from thought, for constant diversion from our realities, from the pressure of environment, has made us amusement addicts—to an extent undreamed of by those forbears who gave us the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In the last-named clause, at least, we are passionately carrying on.

Now it is probably too late to do much for the tree, but there is something that can be done for the bent twig. The doing of it lies of course with two forces—the home and the school.

There has never been a period when there has been so little thought in the home as at present—that is, so little opportunity for the exercise of the faculties in contriving and adapting. This because manufacturing processes have softened and smoothed the functioning of life to a point where a need has only to be expressed to find an offered means of gratification.

Now if you think a family group or unit cannot suitably contrive and adapt, getting the while mental gymnastics and the thrill of power, I refer you back to that old friend of your childhood, the Swiss Family Robinson, when the sainted and unholily erudite Mr. Robinson led not only a devoted family group, together with Mrs. Robinson's amazing bag, but yourself, from one frightful situation to another on their desert island, applying and turning each circumstance suitably to his own uses. I ask you, looking back across the years, whether these vicarious conquests of yours in getting troops of monkeys to gather your coconuts under pretense of giving you battle, or in garroting the iguana lizard while helpless by the magic of your whistled song, did not give you the sweet taste of fine and fair accomplishment, an appreciation of resources, of the fact that you were man, the mind of the world.

These magical Robinsons and their desert isle that blossomed like the rose were of course exaggerated types; but what thrilling, pleasant muttons they made of the simple fact of shipwreck!

Not less thrilling, though perhaps less pleasant, were the brave achievements of our pioneers, when man's wants and necessities were fulfilled by himself individually; when life was a handmade product, and like all handmade things bore certain distinguishing and artistic inequalities; when man cleared his land and hewed his logs and thatched his house and plowed his corn and killed his Indian; when his mate made her bread and shoes and linen and medicines and schooled her children. God forbid that we should evoke the good old days and have our women fighting off wolves with burning brands or our latter-day Mr. Britling requiring three mates to see him through; but one has only to make a comparison between our past and our present to realize how we have fallen away in respect of direct, clear thinking and the use of our faculties in contriving and adapting.

I think in this women are by far the greatest sufferers. Not even the socks of wartime or the homebrew of prohibition will align us with our great-grandmothers. We are women to-day whose contriving is done for us.

I do not refer to those women among us who figure in altruistic and civic movements; who campaign worthily in wide fields that require finesse and careful cerebration. I do not refer to the alert, capable business woman on her own who thinks as well as any man and uses the tools God gave her. I do not refer to capable and accomplished women in lonely places—the great farms of the Northwest, for instance, where conditions and solitude have made woman reach into herself and where most profound thinking goes on; or to the harassed and contriving parent of a family and guardian of a small pay envelope.

But I do refer to the great middle mass of women; the women for whom the American men work, living in American cities and small towns, flocking to department-store sales, to small literary clubs, to bridge afternoons, watching Mrs. Other Woman and making their standards by her, buying a henna-colored hat when a small group of male arbiters decide that henna is what she needs regardless of her complexion; women who hungrily, ceaselessly seek—what? Escape? There's hardly anything left to escape from unless it be from self. And if a woman seeks self-escape it's because she hasn't sounded what she is.

Chronic Pleasure Seekers

But that woman is our most passionate seeker for entertainment no one who reads magazine prospectuses, book catalogues, play advertisements or fashion journals can deny. She is steeped in the poppy-flavored vodka of vicarious adventure.

Somewhere, some years ago, I saw the statement that at five o'clock every afternoon five million women rush out of our movie houses. Each one rushes to a delicatessen, buys a doughnut, rushes home and feeds it to her husband and rushes back to the movie house again by seven. Judging by the growth of the movie industry, the number must be many times quadrupled. I indict them all the doughnut, the delicatessen, the movie and, particularly, this type of woman or the woman married to her bridge table. She has lost her values. She ought to come home to herself. She has means and resources within herself, but refuses to find them. If this were a matter that affected her alone we might let her pass. But it is not so. It affects her world and particularly her children. She has opportunities, even responsibilities -as in the exercise of her franchise which call in some degree for the independent assertion of thought, and in the matter of her children she is doing a damage.

In the latter her coadjutor is, of course, her husband. There is something to be said for this man. No one can charge that in the stress of American professional and business life he is not adapting and contriving. On the contrary. But his mental activities are turned to just this business or professional phase. He doesn't have much left for his home. This, he will say, lies in his wife's field. When he locks his office or factory and comes home he, too, wants his diversion. He wants a little

(Continued on Page 36)

fresh from the factory

We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you.

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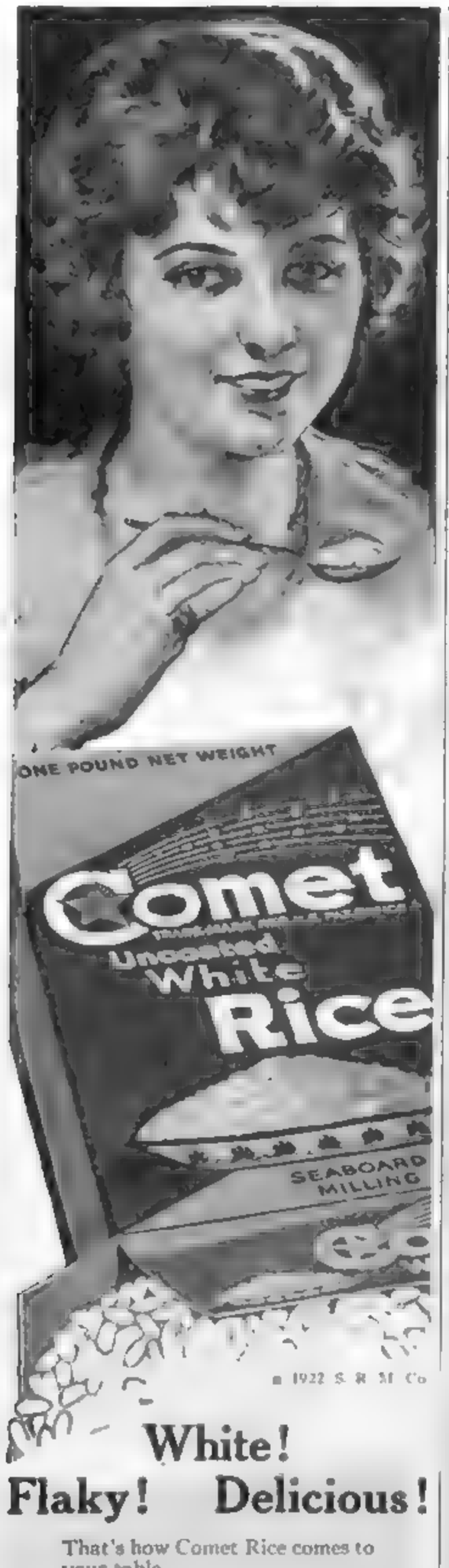
—which means that if you don't like TUXEDO tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer.

Read the little booklet attached to every tin—The story of FRESH TUXEDO.



White!
Flaky! Delicious!

That's how Comet Rice comes to your table.

Comet Rice is the pick of the crop—selected with the utmost care. Sold only in sealed dust-proof packages.

Serve Comet Rice for breakfast with sugar and cream and for dinner with butter or gravy instead of the everlasting potatoes.

Get a package from your grocer today. Look for the Comet on the yellow package with the diagonal red band.

COOK RICE RIGHT—*the Comet way*

HEAT 6 cups water, with pinch of salt, in large saucepan. When boiling violently, add slowly 1 cup Comet Rice. Continue boiling 30 minutes—or until grains are soft. Drain in colander, set on back of stove until grains fall apart. *Do not cover*—that makes rice heavy and soggy.

[illegible]

Seaboard Rice Milling Co.
Galveston and New York

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bridge or poker or a dinner with friends or a picture show—certainly not the kids on him! That's Ellen's work. In short, he passes the buck to Ellen, and perhaps as close as he gets to contact with the mental life of his youngster is to praise a report card or lecture him for slung-shotting a neighbor's cat or give him a quarter for learning all of My Country 'Tis of Thee.

Anything else is not his business. It's enough if he provides a good home, the kind of clothing Ellen wants for the children, funds for all the kickshaws. Ellen, too, passes the buck. It's enough, she cries, if she sees that they are brought up on schedule and go to school and have balanced rations and have their manners and teeth looked after. What more can you expect? Rations for the head? Well, but that's what she is talking about. Hasn't she just told you that they go to a good school?

In short, both parents pass the buck—to the school. What the school is doing we will speak of in a minute—rather, what it is being permitted to do.

But so far as any contributory mental stimulus in the home is concerned, there is no opportunity. "No time," the cry comes back. Now if the time divisions, the busy-ness of people who raise this cry is carefully analyzed, it will only support the thesis that far too large an amount is wasted in irrelevant diversions. The average program of the woman, particularly, will bear out the assertion, if masseuse, theater, card party, board of directors, club meeting are weighed against the value of mental contact with her child. Father, too, can peel a little time for this if he tries, from his Saturday and Sunday golf, or a half hour from his book, or in the process of occasional walks. Such soundings between parent and child are invaluable and formative for both. Also, for the parent himself they are a source of very surprising and genuine amusement.

It is surely as amusing to get some of the reactions of an unfolding young mind in naïve revelation or examination of the phenomena of life as to observe a waiter in a film café season a pudding for an unsuspecting client with scouring sand. It may strike the latter-day connoisseur of diversion that having fun with the human mind—particularly the youthful one—is pretty poor stuff. But this is only because it is so nearly obsolete, because absence of mind is becoming one of our leading national characteristics; so much so that to meet its authentic presence in all strata of life, from bricklayer to bank clerk, is the oasis in the desert; so much so that our very joints are stiffened as to going about it.

Discovering One's Children

Perhaps you remember those old-fashioned readers where the dialogue was the vogue—the quaint old instructive dialogue; where perhaps between a father and son, a master and pupil, bit by bit, pedantic, didactic, absurd, opportunity was given to reveal the shape of youthful inconclusive thought on a subject, to say nothing of the unfailing wisdom of the instructor. Now this old Socratic method of question and answer is the simplest and pleasantest. It isn't necessary always to instruct, either. It is frequently a mere drawing-out process that binds closer, but unfailingly holds reciprocal gifts.

A father living far inland, who took his little boy to the seaside for a week, said:

"I was utterly amazed to find how little I knew about Ted and what was going on in his head. We got acquainted with a vengeance, and it gave me a lot of fun. The little chap has some long, long thoughts, I tell you."

And a mother, who before the war played bridge five afternoons a week, and who, her husband gone overseas, making voluntary sacrifice of three to the Red Cross and two to chumming up with her little girls, said:

"Evelyn and Carol were a revelation. The things they think! Why, they're fun!"

This sort of thing—as a complete family *entente*—makes for confidence, for self-discovery, for thinking. It brings about an awareness of inner resources, a sense of power worth considering, a sense of rapport with other powers. It is a platitude to say that we are not bringing this about to-day. We have here the phenomena of youthful humans entered in our charge and, apparently, offering two points of responsibility.

We perceive here bodies, physical organisms that require a certain steadfast care. They will sicken and die, as practice has proved, unless stereotyped rules be observed. They must be fed, and we have spent years in experiment and investigation, deciding what the best sort of food is, and we make every effort to provide it. They must be guarded from the inroads of deadly bacilli, and we, literally, give our life's blood facilitating our means of defense.

But with those subtler unsounded powers that reside within we are less concerned. If they sicken and presently die, if faculties are aborted or stunted, there is no immediate distress signal. The child continues to function, obtains its growth, becomes a mature man or woman—bodily. That an adolescent or arrested mind may live within is discernible only to a psychologist. That it is a mind that limps where it should have run is not apprehended. A man who has unequal legs and wears a thick shoe awakens our pity. We understand, literally, that he is out of the running. That a man has an unequal mind, that certain powers are crippled and must be propped, is a far subtler thing, but becoming more and more our norm. This because we turn away from any actual interest in the thing inside of our head, from any proper feeling for it.

Standardizing Play

America has been called the home of the soul by Continentals because of our preoccupation with moral issues, but we cannot sincerely worry lest we be called the home of the intellect, for we are not concerned with this. The word "intellectual" implies a sneer. The word "highbrow" is a term of stigma, opprobrium. We do not conceive of intellect as a great force, covering all phases of psychical and mystical living. We do not realize that moral convictions and issues, unless ratified through intellect, through intelligent choice, are worthless and extraneous. Liberty cannot function except through intellect. It functions best and at its finest flower where the mental faculties have had their fullest development. Soviet government has taught us that.

But we are not training the young mind to depend on itself or to form itself. Instead we are diverting it from itself. We are teaching our children to live on the outside of their faces. Take the matter of toys and play, for instance, among the great formatives of the young intellect. The one thing we seem bent on preventing in modern play is the exercise of individual thought. A visit through a modern toy shop will teach us this. Gone is the day when you could offer a little boy a handful of wooden blocks, some empty spools, a few corncobs, some scrap iron, a broken spring or two and an odd detached wheel and see him evoke a locomotive or a boat, fashioning and proportioning and adapting his image by the written mental pattern he carries.

Not so to-day. We hand him an electric train, fully equipped, and little boys quarrel briskly about relative costs of their controlling systems of lights, switches, designs of semaphores. When a lad goes to the river we do not expect him to take a jackknife and a block of wood and make, like primitive man, a boat which he must contrive to make stable against set physical laws. Not so. We give him an adult-made piece of water craft, with a whistle and gongs, motors—a replica of the big boat from stem to stern. We don't call upon him to do a single thing but lift his hand to wind it up and set it going.

I do not think such children are nearly so well off as those youngsters who grow up and devise their own stuff; the child who depends on his own devices, whose knife and oddments of trash and bright young mind must serve him; who has to go out and look for inspiration and pit his creation against his imagined image.

But we do not think so. Our children play the same things at the same time. We depend for their thinking on the direction of the toy manufacturer. When war is the vogue we give them lead soldiers and toy cannons and airplanes, and when peace has come we give them toy cinemas and art outfits, because manufacturers are making them.

It is so in everything else. We Pasteurize books, recreation periods, moving pictures, games of play. With the best intention in the world, we are molding a passive group psychology that will be entirely at the mercy of outside control.

There has never been a time when our children have required so many concrete symbols for their play ideas. They cannot play Indian or soldier or mother or nurse without appropriate costumes, without the tangible paraphernalia—tomahawk, gun, and the like. "Let's pretend" is nearly obsolete, and those rich processes of mind whereby fancy is stimulated.

Across the years I recall two small girls quarreling haughtily because one had stepped on the other's imaginary train.

"When I stand here you cannot come any closer than the currant bush. You know that. You know that my blue velvet robe spreads all the way to the currant bush. When you go over there by the four-o'clocks you are standing on my dress. Get off!" A ruling under principles of reciprocity entirely respected.

A little boy, lately given a plot of ground and some nasturtium seeds to make a pretty little garden like Billy's, was found in a completely disheveled, mired state with his feet in a deep hole.

"Why, what are you doing? Where are your nice little rows of seeds?"

He hung his head shamefacedly.

"I—I don't b'lieve I want stershums. I just dug down and down." He plucked embarrassedly at his trousers seam. "I thought Billy could have stershums, for I thought mebbe once a pirate put some gold down here in the earth and if I kept on digging I'd find it."

Needless to say, the big ugly hole was filled and a neat row of little nasturtium elves planted, "who would presently spring up in their little green suits and clap their hands in the sun."

Digging is not encouraged—conformity is what is asked. Yet out of such conformity no great leader was ever evolved. The spirit of research and investigation stands a far better chance in a boy growing up on a country hillside, with the stars and brooks and birds and winds and his two hands and active mind to help him, than in any little Strasburg goose, lovingly fattened and stuffed at every turn with ready-made formulas for play.

But the schools!

What are we letting our public schools do? We turn this matter of mental stimulus over to them, and what are they giving us?

That they are giving us better than we deserve in this passing-the-buck game there is no doubt. As one educator puts it: "There are unquestionably faults and defects in the school system, but we are doing the best we can with the material in our hands, with the encouragement and support we receive. The scheme of things we have worked out is far from perfect, but it is carefully planned under existing limitations to the best interest of the majority."

It is an easy thing to offer destructive criticism, and before a single adverse lay opinion is rendered we might ask ourselves what we are doing in the matter of supporting and encouraging our school system.

Educational Pap

In the first place, few of us realize that our schools are in a really bad way, physically, throughout the country. That in view of our rapid growth in population, the enormous incoming numbers of aliens to swell our student bodies, the actual physical housing problem of our system is in a state to astonish us, and threatens to affect our national welfare. Unless some adjustment is made—either restriction of immigration or, to keep pace with our indifference here, an excessive appropriation of funds—there will be in ten years in every city of, say, sixty thousand, two thousand students who cannot have a high-school education because there is no place to put them; because there are not working tools and equipment to take care of them.

The records of school boards in almost any American city this year will bear out the statement that ways and means to adjust the mere placing of student population are ever-pressing factors. Throughout the country there is an overflow, over and above the allotted facility, which makes necessary the renting of additional halls, even church buildings, the use of doubling or platoon systems, the half-day plan, especially in congested industrial regions. Under these circumstances weary school commissioners and boards and overburdened teachers are struggling as best they can under a great educational incubus, and it seems a gratuitous cruelty to goad these frantic mortals, preoccupied by

(Continued on Page 38)

TREMENDOUS MILEAGE

The Story Owners Tell

Owners cling to their Willys-Knight car for years with an enthusiasm that is almost affection. They prefer it to any other car at any price. They attain tremendous mileage with great economy, unhampered by motor adjustments.

A Buffalo manufacturer writes: "After some 75,000 miles of running, the engine and body are apparently in as good condition as when the car was bought."

A garage mechanic from Walnut, Illinois: "I have driven my Willys-Knight over one hundred thousand miles, and will say that I have certainly had good service."

A jeweler from Fort Dodge, Iowa: "The engine has not been touched in four seasons. Oil and water consumption is almost negligible."

The Willys-Knight Sleeve-Valve Motor eliminates cams, springs, and tappets. Fewer parts and simpler operation give freedom from adjustments. It puts an end to valve troubles. It *stays* quiet and *always runs*.

In every detail the Willys-Knight is a car of distinction—in appearance, comfort, economy, and long life. It brings luxurious motoring within nearly everybody's reach.

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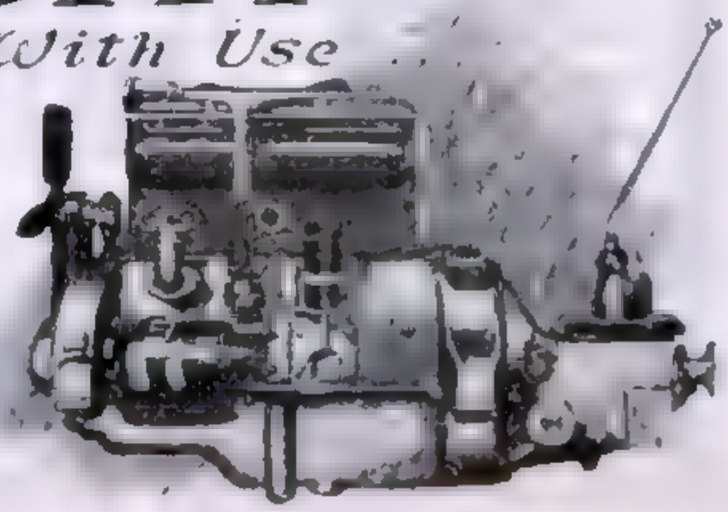

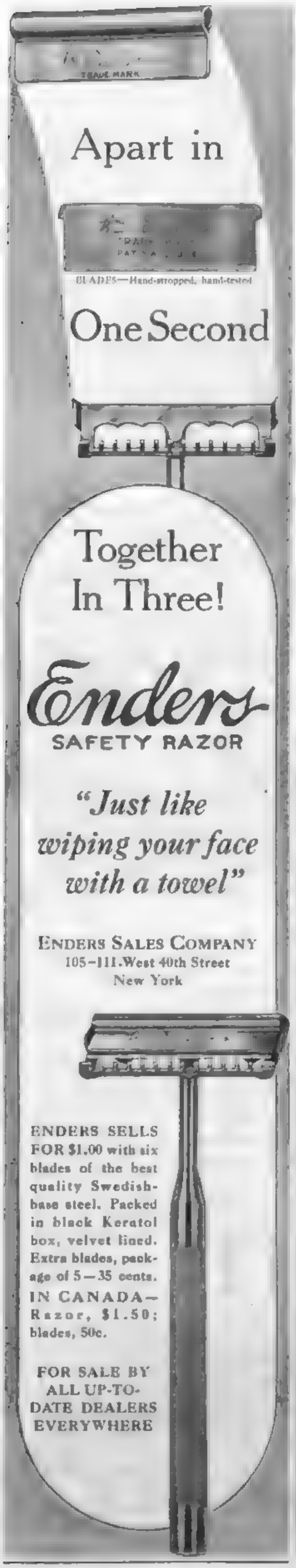
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BLADES—Hand-stropped, hand-tested
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ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00 with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in black Keratol box, velvet lined. Extra blades, package of 5—35 cents.
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(Continued from Page 36)

such merely physical aspects, to the exclusion of more mental ones, by invidious comment. Yet such comment may be a means toward an alleviation.

It seems to me that our children under fourteen years of age go to school entirely too much for the results obtained.

From the time our child enters kindergarten and learns to salute the flag and to sing The Squirrel Loves a Merry Chase, Tra-La, Tra-La, Tra-La! on up through the grades and fractions and the average rainfall of the states to the straight line is the shortest distance between two points and the comparative characters of Julius Cæsar and Cassius he is being fed, in most instances, a Pasteurized pap of facts swallowed wholesale while under a complete anæsthesia as to their relevance and relation to life. In fact, a great many of them have no relation to life.

Now no one will deny that we have come a long distance from the type of schooling practiced, for instance, by Mr. M'Choakumchild and Mr. Gradgrind in Hard Times, when the fact, the definition, were so passionately pursued. In fact, our schools repudiate Mr. M'Choakumchild violently, and have spent years devising ways to sugar-coat their pellets of hard learning. By the introduction of paper mats, raffia baskets, Hungarian folk and ribbon dances, knowledge is inducted into our young Bitzers and Sissy Jupes more palatably. We no longer point a finger at Bitzer and demand the bare definition of a horse in all its hideous nudeness. We realize that young Bitzer not only learns in school that the horse is a quadruped and herbivorous, but that he is selling tickets for the basket-ball match; that he is making a wooden taboret for the family rubber plant and has just written a composition on Why I Go to School. That young Bitzer has no actual idea of why he goes to school; that he would not dare present a thesis against going; that his little paper is filled with boyishly presented cant; that he is a little human cooky being stamped with an educational cutter—is not our concern. He's got to learn that a horse is a quadruped and herbivorous—if we have to dope him to get him to do it.

Overstressing Mere Facts

I submit that education in our public schools, notwithstanding endless innovation of directed play, supplementary reading and correlated work, is still too much a sequence of poured facts. There are many brilliant exceptions where interrelation of fact is the thing sought, its living vital contact; but the great majority of our young folk are taking their diet indiscriminately. They are memorizing the list of the largest rivers in China, the chief industries in the state of Mississippi.

But the cry is raised: "You've got to have facts. They are the subcellar of education, of life itself. They must be got. How else could any standard be established? How could the young mind be examined?"

It all comes back to the examiner, you see, and a great many folks think he's no better than he should be. That is to say, we lay too much stress on him. We hear entirely too much of him. He should be put in his place—not as a goal, but as an incident to mental development.

You remember where Kingsley put him in The Water Babies—on the Island of Tomtoddies, where folk were all heads and no bodies, where the head became gradually a turnip or a radish in an effort fitly to reply to such questions as:

"Can you tell me the distance between Lyra and Camelopardis?" and so on.

A place of weekly, monthly, yearly examinations, from which young Tom presently swam away singing:

Farewell, Tomtoddies all. I thank my stars
That nought I know save these three royal r's,
Reading and riting, sure with rithmetick,
Will help a lad of sense through thin and thick.

This is exaggerated, but when we contemplate the numbers of young people annually devoting the fairest, sweetest days of June—only the sleet and slop and thaw of a drizzly March are appropriate for him—to worrying about this arbiter of mental destinies, it seems to me we ought to raise the cry of the Duchess and shout "Off with his head!"

Perhaps I am colored by prejudice. He never in any way helped me.

But if you do not believe that as parents and teachers both we are stressing facts to-day, just take an impartial aërial view of the annual spring release of book agents who move upon us with volumes dealing with facts for the young.

Each work, claiming distinction from all others, is nevertheless fundamentally the same, a compendium of facts.

"I take it," one lady exponent cried, who had penetrated most indecorously into my lair with a set in boards, three dollars a month, installment plan—or three-quarters levant at six—"I take it that you do not really know facts as you should, or you would listen more favorably. I am sure even you do not know all the facts that you should, facts that your child will be required to know—should know. Our work, which receives the indorsement of our best educators and of our teachers, is of invaluable assistance to the child, because it is laid out along the lines indicated by the state board of examiners, follows closely their requirements. The child does not need to hunt for a piece of information. It saves him research work. He finds it ready to his hand.

"You, yourself"—she was merciless—"will not be able to help him. Do you know, for instance"—she fixed me with a bodkin eye—"what little animal stands just one chance in ninety of ever growing up?"

Preparing for Life

I paled and confessed I did not.

"The little oyster!" she triumphed, and whirled some pages rapidly. "Do you know—what your child will certainly want to know after a while—that the capillary circulation of moisture in plants throughout the world in one day equals the volume of water passing over Niagara Falls in the same time?"

I was dumb with wonder.

"I have sold," she cried in conclusion, "over a thousand dollars' worth of sets in a week in this town because parents realize that the modern school depends on a framework of this kind."

Now no one will accept or repeat an indictment of the school from the lips of an interested party, but the fact remains that sets of this sort are found in the average home, and are confessedly of the greatest possible service in a child's preparation for examination.

Now the whole function of education is preparation not for examination but for life and its proper living, by looking into life's records as it has been lived and by making useful comparisons, and this, it seems to me, could be covered properly by three subjects: Geography, the study of human environment; and history; and literature, the record of human adaptation to it. All other subjects, the fixed symbols of written and printed language, the arithmetical symbols of dimension and barter and exchange, all scientific ramifications, grow from these.

Now these ramifications and arbitrary sciences offer set barriers to mental prognosis. They are founded in law and mean what they say. They are the framework on which man has built in making his adaptation of life.

But there is very little difference in their manner of presentation to our children and that of the great mother subjects—geography, history, literature. If you think that geography and literature, for instance, are being taught as mental stimuli, pay a few school visits and average your impressions. Geography, the great world romance of physical setting, the shaper and adapter of humanity, is translated through bloodless symbols, Mercator's projections, lines of longitude, heights of land, average snowfalls—facts! And literature, the embalmed record of man's soul, his tears, his blood, his agonies, his gropings! Go and listen-in on a literature class.

I read somewhere a burlesque on a class in The Lady of the Lake. "The stag at eve had drunk his fill." And the question impinged on what the "fill" actually was. The fill and capacity of a human stomach were discussed and compared with the capacities and fills of the organs of domestic animals. The stag's stomach not being procurable, the stomach of an ox was produced and its capacity was estimated by siphoning water through it, an estimate being educed therefrom as to by what amount the lake had been depleted in its fluid content.

This is perhaps going farther than is done in most cases, but I have listened to things almost as bad. I have listened to the joy of life—all grace, all beauty, all significance—being taken out of some masterpiece whose finer understanding might have meant a turning point or catalytic. These murders have figured in all our lives; some brutal and permanent destruction of a recorded and stimulating beauty full of meaning—Evangeline, Macbeth or even the Bible. And this, though a single loss, is much more. For every point of contact we might make with human thought and motive, and lose, is a closing of some sensitive tendril in ourselves that may not again flower, and to our detriment.

In this respect I think the school no more than the home is getting the result to which it is so sincerely addressed. Nor will it until the diet it offers is made flesh as well as bones.

The progression of the human intellect is unalterable, inevitable, majestic. Like the mills of the gods, it grinds exceeding slow, and regardless of our attempts to swaddle or encumber it, it will fulfill this pattern of progression, for it moves to a definite goal, remote, mysterious, beyond our power seriously to deflect. But that our methods of acceleration or crippling can affect us, our personal scheme of things, our ultimate contribution to life, is patent, and we should try sincerely to give our squarest and fullest potentiality.

I sat some weeks ago in an unusually beautiful church. It was sentient with recorded human presence and atmosphere. That is to say, it was filled with the symbols and insignia of our mental progress, the story of our human striving through different phases of history to the finer, better thing—the control of the body by the intellect.

There were the interlaced acanthus leaves in the carven capitals, and one thought of the Greek civilization, of cities built on shining sands, of gay festivals, of clean-limbed runners, banners of gay silk and laurel wreaths, and long triremes sweeping out on blue Mediterranean water, and it seemed fitting that in the survival of this leaf we should record an epoch in which flourished a conviction of beauty.

There was a lamp with dependent festoons of gilded chain over the pulpit, and I thought of the relation of chains to mind; of the martyrs and patriots who for conviction's sake had worn manacles; who for the sake of thought had suffered. And invisible hands seemed to lift from those dangling chains, reminding me that they upheld the very walls and roof about us and gave them meaning.

The Need for Leaders

And there were the trefoil and the quatrefoil, and I saw the elaborate, ornate, half Oriental court of Byzantium and Constantine and Theodora and the Turk without the gate, and here, too, by reason of bloodshed for a conviction the handwriting was relevant.

And there were above us in the groining and fretwork the pointed suggestions of cathedral veining, borrowed by the cunning Gothic worker from the pointed arches of his Black Forest trees, and I remembered how a conviction toward knowledge and beauty and a quest for better things sprang in a Renaissance out of darkness and gloom and a pestilence of superstition, and it was right that this should be written here.

These, of course, were only human symbols, subordinate to the one offered us as the divine pattern of the upheld conviction; but the thought occurred, what the particular sigil of our age would be—what writing would be made on a record of human growth.

Will there be some sign to indicate a great period given over to a confusion of small pleasure-chasing? Or shall we leave some recorded material benefit—the perfect heat plant or ventilating system?

No one will deny the material benefit of these, but it seems to me that there is a need to-day to write in something more. We have confusion and cross purposes and readjustments in our world that call for leaders with moral conviction.

If we find no leaders to-day, we can see to it that the soil is ready to raise to-morrow's crop.

That planting lies with us, to grow men—citizens and leaders—who will know sincerely where they belong on all American issues, who will take the words from Martin Luther's lips: "Here I stand. Because I can do no other thing, God help me."

You don't hear this cry very often to-day.

By faulty eating we may be daily clogging our systems with poisonous waste matter and wearing out our body tissues without building them up again.

Medicine cannot do this for you–

Your strength and vigor depend on what you eat

OUR strength, vigor, health—even the span of life—depend upon what we eat! This is one of the startling discoveries of modern science.

Medicine cannot improve and strengthen either naturally or permanently the entire digestive process, build up the body tissues, and keep the body clean of poisonous waste matter. Only certain food factors can do this. Yet many American meals lack these necessary elements.

Today men and women are getting from Fleischmann's Yeast exactly these essential food factors. For yeast is the richest known source of the necessary water-soluble vitamin.

Fleischmann's Yeast contains elements which build up the body tissues, keep the body more resistant to disease. Also, because of its freshness, it helps in eliminating poisonous waste matter. Fresh compressed yeast is recommended in American medical literature.

Why the body needs fresh yeast

IT is well known that many of the things we eat have lost their valuable food properties through refining and other such commercial preparation. Fresh yeast has not been subjected to any such process. Fresh yeast gives you the health essential food factors in all the potency of their fresh form. This is what your body tissues crave.

What laxatives can never do

DOCTORS are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Indeed one physician says that one of its chief causes is probably the indiscriminate use of cathartics. Fleischmann's Yeast as a fresh food is just the natural corrective you need. Fresh yeast, says a noted doctor, should be much more frequently given in intestinal disturbance, especially if it requires the constant use of laxatives.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

The natural way to improve digestion

MORE and more science is coming to look on digestive disturbance not as a separate ailment for which one takes a drug but as a danger signal that something is fundamentally wrong with the habits of eating. The food factors which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in fresh form improve the appetite, stimulate the digestion, and strengthen the entire digestive process.

Because of its wonderful effect on the digestion and its laxative action Fleischmann's Yeast clears up skin disorders, ailments so often due to faulty eating.

Popular ways of eating yeast

EAT Fleischmann's Yeast spread on crackers or bread, or nibble it plain from the cake. Try it in water, hot or cold, or in fruit juices or milk. As milk contains the fat-soluble vitamin, Fleischmann's Yeast with milk makes a particularly nutritious drink. Fleischmann's Yeast combines well with almost any familiar dish on your table.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. ***You will like its fresh distinctive flavor and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.*** Place a standing order with your grocer and get it fresh daily.

Send for free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 603, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food — not a medicine

Fresh yeast has been proved by scientific tests to be a valuable food for correcting common ailments of lowered vitality, especially those which are indicated by impurities of the skin, digestive disturbances and those that require the constant use of laxatives. These original tests were all made with Fleischmann's Yeast.

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When we all were little tads
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PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 11)

MRS. MELDON: They're very beautiful, aren't they, Henry?

CORRIE: Oh, yes! Yes. Quite. You know, Charlotte, this invention of mine —

MRS. MELDON: Let me give you some tea before you tell me about it, and then I shan't have to interrupt you.

CORRIE *(handing his cup to her):* That cake looks very tempting.

MRS. MELDON: Cut it, won't you?

CORRIE *(peering about the tray):* Hannah hasn't brought a knife. You know she's getting very forgetful, Charlotte. We'll have to get rid of her.

MRS. MELDON: Oh, no! She's been with us so long, and Eddie was very fond of her.

CORRIE: Yes, but she's old and inefficient.

MRS. MELDON: I'll ring for a knife.

CORRIE: No, don't bother. I've got one over there that's quite clean. It'll do.

[He goes to the big table in the center of the room and takes up a long knife which is lying there. He returns to the sofa and cuts the cake.

CORRIE: This invention of mine, Charlotte, will completely revolutionize warfare.

MRS. MELDON: Will it abolish war?

CORRIE: Abolish war? My dear Charlotte, don't be childish!

MRS. MELDON: I'm very interested in that subject, Henry. It seems to me to be more important than anything else on earth. I sometimes think you do not realize how deeply women like me feel about this—this organized butchery of boys. Look at me! I had a husband and a son when the war began. I had neither when it was over. I am a most lonely woman—cruelly left alone!

CORRIE *(irritated by what seems to him sentimental harping on one string):* I know, of course, that the war hit you very badly, Charlotte, what with Eddie being killed and Tom taking his death so badly!

MRS. MELDON: Tom died of a broken heart, Henry! That may sound sentimental and unscientific to you, but it's true. I sometimes wonder why I was not granted the mercy of death, why I should be compelled to live on alone!

CORRIE: Oh, come, come, Charlotte! Not alone! No, no, no! Not alone! You're happy enough here, aren't you, with me, your only brother?

MRS. MELDON: You're not a very good substitute for a son, Henry.

CORRIE: Well, no, I suppose not. There's no need for you to give way to despair. Let me tell you about my invention. *(He puts his cup down and prepares to explain.)* When I say that war ought to be revolutionized I mean that it ought to be made more expeditious. The war we've just had lasted for a ridiculous period. Five years—or nearly five years. Perfectly preposterous! It ought not to have lasted longer than five weeks.

MRS. MELDON: Have you invented a means of shortening war, Henry?

CORRIE: Yes, I think you might put it like that. A belligerent ought to try to get the first blow in so hard that the other side immediately succumbs to it.

MRS. MELDON *(in a tone of disappointment):* I see.

CORRIE: That means, of course, weapons of war immeasurably more devastating and horrible than they now are.

MRS. MELDON: More horrible! Is that possible?

CORRIE: Oh, yes! We haven't yet reached the limits of horror of war. Oh, dear me, no!

MRS. MELDON: My son was twenty, Henry, and he was killed in a fight of which he knew very little. That seems to me to be a most horrible thing.

CORRIE: Yes, a mother's feelings, of course; but you must look at war from a broad point of view, Charlotte. Put your own feelings aside!

MRS. MELDON: I can't do that. The whole war for me comes down to one thing, that my son, a boy new from school, was taken from me, just when his life was opening out, and killed. I'm not clever like you, Henry. I can only feel things as they touch me and mine. Eddie was my only son, my darling, my heart's joy! I expected so much from him—and he's gone, and there's nothing—nothing!

CORRIE: Yes, I know, Charlotte, but you really ought not to dwell too much on your sorrow. It isn't good for you. I've meant to speak to you about this for some time. You're becoming morbid, Charlotte. For your own sake, and as a tribute to the memory of Tom and Eddie, I suggest to you that you ought not to brood over your loss, but take a broader view of things.

MRS. MELDON: You've made a discovery to-day, Henry?

CORRIE: Yes.

MRS. MELDON: Well, I've made one too. Do you know what I've discovered?

CORRIE: No.

MRS. MELDON: I've discovered the truth about Eddie's death.

CORRIE: The truth?

MRS. MELDON: Yes. You know I've never really known how Eddie died. I found out to-day.

CORRIE: I wish you wouldn't think so much about it.

MRS. MELDON *(with sudden passion):* I must think about it! I can't help thinking about it! *(She becomes quieter.)* I accidentally met a young man in town to-day who had been in the same battalion as Eddie—I'd been introduced to him before they went to France—and he told me about it. Poor boy, the story slipped out before he realized that I hadn't known before!

CORRIE: People talk altogether too much about the war. Far better forget it.

MRS. MELDON: You remember that the colonel of Eddie's battalion wrote to me and said that Eddie had been killed by a piece of shell, and that they buried him just behind the line somewhere, but hadn't been able to mark the place well enough for it to be identified.

CORRIE: Yes, I remember.

MRS. MELDON: That comforted me very much. It made things easier to think that he wasn't—badly mutilated; that even when he was killed he was still my dear and beautiful son—a soldier, buried by soldiers, in a soldier's grave. But he wasn't buried, Henry.

CORRIE: Wasn't buried?

MRS. MELDON: No; there wasn't anything to bury! The shell came and there was nothing. *(They are silent for a moment or two.)* Don't you think that's horrible, Henry? There wasn't any decency in his death! And you tell me to take a broad view of that! They'd been in a little shallow trench, Eddie and his men, in a place where the ground was water-logged and they couldn't dig down very far, and there weren't any shelters or dugouts, and they sat there for eight days and nights, waiting and waiting and—waiting; and then, just before they were to be relieved, a shell came right into a little group of them where Eddie was, and utterly destroyed them. Utterly. At one moment there were five men, and at the next there was—nothing.

[CORRIE gets up and goes back to his table in the center of the room. They do not speak for a moment or two.

MRS. MELDON: What is your invention, Henry?

CORRIE: I think we'd better not talk about it. You're upset. That chap ought not to have told you about Eddie.

MRS. MELDON: He thought I knew. Poor lad, he was very distressed when he realized what he had done. What is your invention, Henry?

CORRIE: I'll tell you another time.

MRS. MELDON: I'd like to know now. Something to make war more expeditious, you said. To end it quickly.

CORRIE *(turning to her):* It really is a humanitarian invention. Mind you, Charlotte, I do not believe that wars will end, at all events for hundreds of years yet. Mankind is altogether too pugnacious. Well, if that is so, the only thing we can do is to make war so horrible that nations will not engage in it unless absolutely compelled to. That's where I come in. I'm going to make war horrible, really horrible.

MRS. MELDON: Yes?

CORRIE: I've got something here, Charlotte—the formula for a bomb that will make war not only stupendously horrible but will end it almost as soon as it has begun.

MRS. MELDON *(rising and joining him):* On that table?

CORRIE: Yes. I've made tests and I've worked the formula with mathematical precision, and it's absolutely all right. I've discovered a combination of gases and explosives that will obliterate thousands at once.

MRS. MELDON: Thousands!

(Continued on Page 42)

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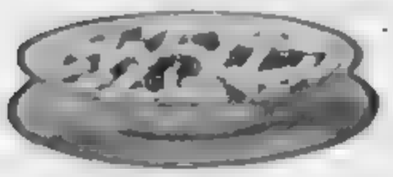

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Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat steam exploded

Puffed Rice

Rice puffed to bubbles

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

(Continued from Page 40)

CORRIE: Yes. Wipe them clean out. Obliterate them.

MRS. MELDON: Just like Eddie.

CORRIE: Oh, my dear Charlotte, what's the good of talking like that! We've got to deal with a world of fact. If we are going to keep our place among the nations we must be prepared to use any weapon that comes to our hand. I consider I am doing a very patriotic act in making this bomb and offering it to my country. If I had discovered it in 1914 Eddie would probably now be alive. My bomb would have ended the war before he was needed. Now listen. By means of my formula I can make a big bomb, not one of those footling things the Germans used to drop on London, but an enormous one, full of corrosive gas, which will be dropped from an aëroplane or airship—that has to be settled yet—but it's not really my job to settle it. Now, when the next war breaks out

MRS. MELDON: The next war?

CORRIE: Yes. I should say we'd have another war in fifty or sixty years, wouldn't you? The Poles alone are a guaranty of that! Not more than a hundred anyhow. Well, when it comes, our ultimatum will consist of a number of airships or aëroplanes dropping my big bombs on all the principal cities of the enemy country—just in the way the Japanese declared war on the Russians by sinking their battleships. Only ours will be more effective than theirs. The Japs only sank a few ships. We'll utterly obliterate whole cities. We'll be able to kill all the people in a large tract of territory in a few hours.

MRS. MELDON: Yes?

CORRIE: When one of my bombs falls the explosion will devastate most of the district in which it falls, and at the same time will release a powerful gas, without color or smell, which will spread over a wide area and poison every living thing that inhales it. People won't know that they've inhaled it until they see their bodies beginning to rot. And nothing will save them then. My dear Charlotte, with one of my bombs I could completely destroy the population of a city as big as Manchester. One bomb, Charlotte! Think of the value of such an invention to any nation.

MRS. MELDON: That would mean everybody—men and women and children?

CORRIE: Yes. Everybody. After all, there's no logical distinction between a civilian and a soldier. I can see no real difference between the girl who makes munitions in a factory and the man who uses them in the trenches. You know, Charlotte, it's a terrific thought, that I can sit here with a formula, written on a few sheets of paper, which will enable a dozen men or so to go up into the air and wipe out a city. If I'd found this formula five years ago there wouldn't be any Germans left now; they'd be an extinct race.

MRS. MELDON: Won't somebody else discover a bomb as horrible as yours, Henry, and perhaps use it on us?

CORRIE: We'll have to take that risk, of course, and then it'll be a race to see who gets his bomb dropped first, them or us.

MRS. MELDON *(as she goes back to the sofa)*: I suppose it was someone like you who invented the shell that obliterated Eddie.

CORRIE *(going to her and patting her shoulder)*: Now, now, don't go back to that subject! Come over here by the fire and take a more cheerful view of life.

MRS. MELDON: Cheerful view! Henry, I sometimes wonder whether in spite of your cleverness you aren't really the stupidest man on earth.

CORRIE: Oh, come!

MRS. MELDON: I'm not clever. It seems odd that I should be your sister, such an ordinary, commonplace woman as me, with nothing in my life but my love for my husband and my son. But when I hear you taking a broad view of my son being blown to pieces I begin to think you're a fool, Henry. And when you ask me to be pleased because you've invented a horrible machine which will destroy thousands of people in a few minutes, make little children's bodies rot while they are still alive, I think you're mad, Henry, wickedly mad.

CORRIE: My dear Charlotte!

MRS. MELDON: One moment. I want you to try and realize my point of view, the point of view of an ordinary human being, Henry. You've got to do that, because there are a great many of us ordinary people in the world. I want you to try and think of Eddie as I think of him!

CORRIE: This isn't good for you, Charlotte!

MRS. MELDON: Oh, yes, it is. Just listen to me! I sit in the garden sometimes, and I think of Tom and me, very young and foolish, I suppose, but very happy too, Henry, starting our life together, and of the queer pleasure, mixed with fright, which we had when we realized that Eddie was coming. I think of myself, too, lying awake at night sometimes, with Tom asleep by my side, wondering about the little child that was coming, and how I loved it and loved Tom for being its father. I was so sure it would be a boy, just like Tom, only handsomer. Sometimes I was frightened because I thought I might die and never know my son, who would grow up and have no knowledge of me. And then he was born, such a dear, dependent thing. Tom was very pleased and proud, but never so pleased and proud as I was. I used to hold him up, just for the joy of looking at his little naked body, so beautifully made. We watched him grow—you know how handsome he was!

CORRIE: Yes, he was a good-looking lad.

MRS. MELDON: And we made plans for his future. He was to become a great man and be liked by people. People did like him. Even you liked him, Henry, didn't you?

CORRIE: Yes, I—I liked him. He was a very attractive boy. But don't you think ——

MRS. MELDON: I can see him now—the first time he played in a school cricket match, very proud of his new blazer, and how excited he was when he came to tell me that he had made ten runs. Ten runs he made, my son, in his first cricket match! All the other boys of his age were so respectful to him after that, and I was quite thrilled when I heard his captain say, "Jolly good, Meldon!" Tom was frightfully pleased and gave Eddie a sovereign! *(Her tears overpower her, and she raises her hands to her face with a gesture of grief.)* My little boy!

CORRIE: This is terribly distressing for you, Charlotte. Don't talk about it any more.

MRS. MELDON *(recovering herself)*: He hadn't been at Oxford very long when the war began. We hardly knew whether to feel angry or proud when he went off and enlisted, but mostly we were proud. I loved him in his clumsy uniform and his great, clumsy boots, just as much as I loved him later on in his nice officer's uniform. And when he went off to France I tried to be worthy of my son, and not to cry. I even smiled, Henry, because I knew that Eddie would like me to smile, and I made a little silly joke about the fright the Germans would get when they heard that he had landed in France. But I was really terrified, and all the time he was away I dreaded the sight of a telegraph messenger. Then he came home on leave, and my little son wasn't my little son any more, but a grown man, full of strange knowledge. Tom and he used to talk together as if they'd somehow changed places. I felt shy with him—he'd seen so much and knew so much. I think I became prouder of him then than I had ever been before, because he was a man and I could lean on him. We were very happy during that leave, Henry, so happy that I hardly had time to be miserable at the thought of his return to France, and when he went back, although I cried a little when he wasn't looking, I wasn't really unhappy, because I was sure he would come home safe. But he didn't come back. I remember how I'd gone to church to pray for him, and when I came home I met Tom in the door with a telegram in his hand, looking awful *(her voice trembles as she speaks)* and I knew that Eddie was dead. Tom just stood still until I reached him. Then he handed the telegram to me and said, "This—this has come!" That's all. Poor Tom wasn't good at explaining things, but Eddie's death killed him just as the shell had killed Eddie. You see, Henry, that's how I think of the war, as something that killed Eddie and then killed Tom. All my years of love and hope and desire and pain just useless, gone. I'd nursed Eddie and cared for him and taught him little lessons and been proud of him and afraid for him and had dreamed dreams about him—and then in a few moments my dream was destroyed, and my son was—obliterated, Henry. You see, don't you, how impossible it is for me to take a broad view of that? All that I see is my son's body mutilated and smashed.

(Continued on Page 45)

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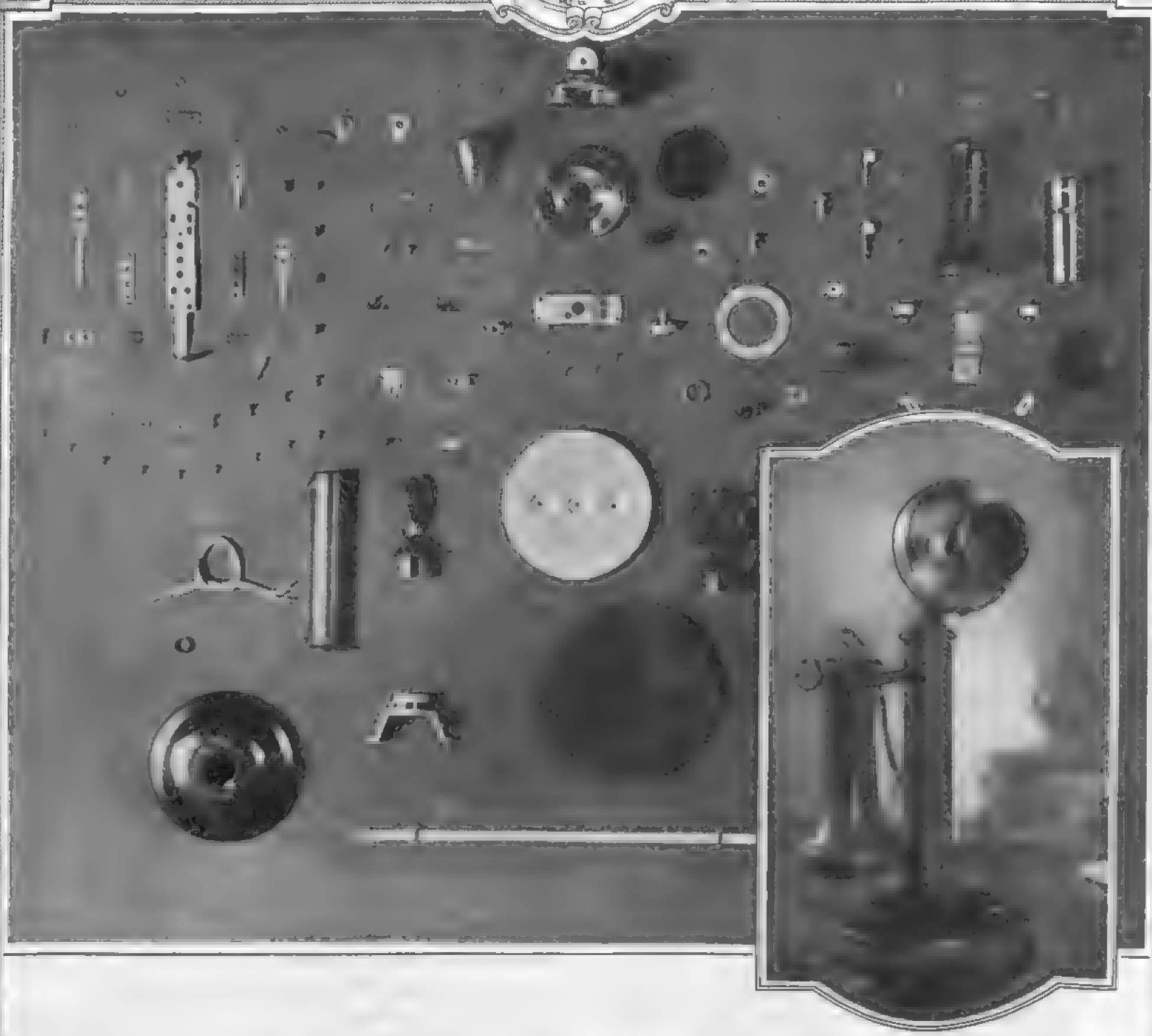

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Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

(Continued from Page 42)

That's all. Your broad view, when I see it, narrows down to Eddie's being—obliterated.

CORRIE: I quite see your point of view, Charlotte. It's very hard. I admit that. But all the same, we have to keep our feelings under control—we mustn't lose sight of reality. And surely there's some consolation for you in the fact that Eddie did his duty to his country. I dare say he accounted for a good many Germans too!

MRS. MELDON: That doesn't comfort me, Henry. I do not get any pleasure from the thought that some poor German woman is suffering just as I am suffering. I feel as if I should like to take sides with her against men like you, Henry.

CORRIE: Men like me?

MRS. MELDON: Yes. People with broad views. Because you're such fools and make so much misery. Women like me, not clever at all, bring sons into the world—bring sons into the world; but men like you, with all your cleverness, can do nothing but destroy them. That's why I think you're a fool, Henry.

CORRIE: Well, of course, Charlotte, if that's how you think, I can hardly expect you to appreciate me or my work, but I fancy that my countrymen, if they have any sense, will know how to value me. My bomb will make my name known to the most ignorant men in the nation. People will talk about the Corrie bomb just as they used to talk about the Mills bomb and the Lewis gun during the war. Battles will be fought in future by scientists and decided in laboratories. Generals—well, I suppose we'll keep a few of them for decorative purposes, just for effect, but men like me are the Napoleons of the future. How much do you think I ought to get for my bomb, Charlotte?

MRS. MELDON: I don't know.

CORRIE: I'll ask for a large lump sum. Now that they're spending millions on battleships that aren't any good they can hardly refuse me a substantial sum for a bomb that will settle a war. They won't give me what it is worth, of course, but they might pay a quarter of a million. Charlotte, what would you ask for if you were me?

MRS. MELDON: I'd ask for my son.

CORRIE: Now, now, now, Charlotte! Not again, please! Not again! We must think of the future, not of the past. I don't want to ask too much. I don't believe in bleeding your country; and, anyhow, I shouldn't get it. But I don't want to ask for too little, though I shall probably get that in any event. What do you think, Charlotte? Do you think it would be better to let them name a price?

MRS. MELDON: I don't know, Henry.

CORRIE: Well, you might take a little interest in the matter. It's extremely important to me. Supposing I were to say a quarter of a million and a peerage!

MRS. MELDON: Why not ask for thirty pieces of silver?

CORRIE *(thoroughly angry):* Really, Charlotte, you're utterly insufferable. I put up with a great deal from you because of your grief and distress, but there are limits even to my endurance. You haven't offered me one word of congratulation, not even perfunctorily, and you've made both yourself and me miserable by your persistence in this—this mourning over what cannot be helped. Come, come, Charlotte, you must stop this brooding. I'm talking to you now for your good. It's bad for you to let your mind dwell on things in this fashion, and it's very unpleasant for me. Your boy was killed—so were other people's boys.

MRS. MELDON: Yes, you took all the young boys and killed them.

CORRIE: But we can't spend our time in useless lamentation. We've got to get on with our lives.

MRS. MELDON: Get on with our lives?

CORRIE: Yes. I, for example, have my work to do.

MRS. MELDON: Your big bomb which will make the bodies of men and women and children rot if it does not blow them to pieces?

CORRIE: Well, that's war, Charlotte. After all, what does it matter to a man whether he is stabbed to death by a bayonet or blown to pieces by a bomb? As a matter of fact, the bomb is the more merciful weapon of the two. It isn't any good being sentimental about these things, Charlotte. The purpose of war is killing, and the side which kills the most people in the shortest time is going to win the wars of the future. My bomb will enable those who possess it to win a war quickly and efficiently; and cheaply too. No reasonable person can deny that I am a benefactor of my country; and even you, if you were not distressed by what you heard this morning, and the fact that this is the anniversary of Eddie's death, would agree with my view.

MRS. MELDON: No one but you knows the secret of your invention, Henry?

CORRIE: No one.

MRS. MELDON: And if you were to suppress your invention thousands of boys in the future might hope to live and die in decency?

CORRIE: Other people will invent things that may be deadlier even than my bomb.

MRS. MELDON: But if you were to destroy your invention and people were to know what you'd done, perhaps you'd do a great deal to change people's hearts.

CORRIE: Most people would think I'd gone off my head. A few cranks and religious maniacs would praise me, no doubt, but the average person would think I was a fool—besides being very unpatriotic.

MRS. MELDON: Henry, I beg of you to destroy your invention.

CORRIE: You what?

MRS. MELDON: I beg of you to destroy it. Let its suppression be your memorial to Eddie.

CORRIE: I'm beginning to think that grief has unhinged your mind. Destroy my invention!

MRS. MELDON: It will destroy people, Henry, so I beg of you to destroy it.

CORRIE: Don't be a fool!

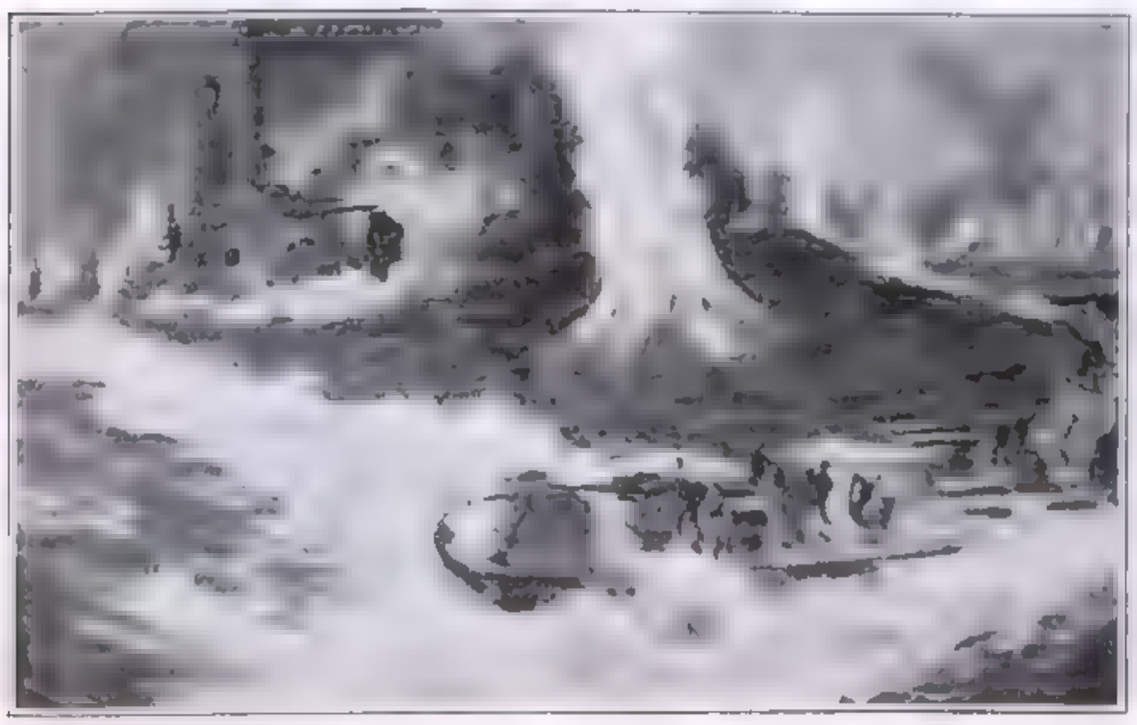
MRS. MELDON: Then I will destroy it for you.

[She goes hurriedly to the table where the retorts are and turns the table over, smashing the instruments. She seizes the notes of the formula and tears them in pieces.

CORRIE: What the hell are you doing?

MRS. MELDON: I'm destroying your foul invention.

CORRIE: That won't destroy it. I've got it all in my head. You've done nothing more than make a mess on my floor. Damned childish performance, I call it. *(He stoops down and begins to clear up the litter.)*



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MRS. MELDON *(standing behind him)*: It's all in your head?

CORRIE: Of course it is! Anybody but a fool of a woman would have realized that. Making a confounded mess like this!

MRS. MELDON: It's all in your head?

CORRIE: Yes, yes! Don't keep on repeating yourself, but come and help me to clear up this mess you've made.

MRS. MELDON *(with an alteration of tone, as if she were giving him a last chance)*: Henry, won't you do what I ask you?

CORRIE: I won't argue with you any more. Give me that cloth over there so that I can wipe up this stuff.

[He points to the cloth on the sofa, and continues to pick up the pieces of broken glass, and so on, while she goes toward the sofa. As she passes the tea table she sways slightly, and puts one hand to her eyes, while she rests the other on the table. Her fingers close on the long knife with which the cake was cut. She picks it up, half unconsciously, and looks at it.

CORRIE: Hurry up. What on earth are you doing?

MRS. MELDON: I'm just looking at this knife.

CORRIE: Well, you can look at it afterwards. Fetch the cloth now. Hello! Here's Eddie's wreath under the table. You've made a mess of it too! *(He lifts it up and examines it.)*

MRS. MELDON *(coming toward him with the knife still in her hand)*: Eddie's wreath!

CORRIE: Yes, it's a bit broken.

MRS. MELDON: If you were to give up your invention for Eddie's sake I shouldn't mind about the wreath.

CORRIE: Well, I shan't.

MRS. MELDON: It'll destroy life, Henry.

CORRIE: That's what it's for. Give me that cloth. *(He snatches it from her, but does not observe the knife in her other hand.)*

MRS. MELDON: You won't destroy it?

CORRIE *(almost with a snarl)*: No!

MRS. MELDON *(raising the knife above him)*: Then I——

[With a queer sob she drives the knife into his back. He sways a moment, uttering a choking sound, and then clutching at the air pitches forward on his face. She stands above him, dazed and crying hysterically. Suddenly she stoops and picks up the broken wreath and clasps it to her breast, while she stares distractedly in front of her.

MRS. MELDON: I had to, Eddie dear, I had to!

CURTAIN

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The Poets' Corner

Cupid Weather

SILVER hearts and gold hearts and crimson hearts together,
Whole hearts and broken hearts, for this is Cupid weather!
Roses in a little wreath, forget-me-nots of blue,
Silver hearts and gold hearts, and all of them for you!

Tiny girls with noses pressed against the windowpane,
Waiting for the postman to make his rounds again;
Big girls with wistful eyes and lips of eager red,
Thinking all the wonder words that valentines have said!

Little boys with envelopes held tight in chubby fists,
Old folk looking back through tear-entangled mists;
Young folk standing hand in hand, youth and love together,
Hearts that sing a new-old song, for this is Cupid weather!

Valentines, valentines, flowers laid away,
Breathing with their fragrant dust the dreams of yesterday;
Purple dreams and pink dreams and dreams of faded brown,
Dreams of twilit country lanes, and other dreams of town.

Singing birds and sighing winds and words left half unsaid,
Take the love that comes to-day—to-day will soon be dead!
Valentines, valentines, sweet as April rain,
Spread across a tired world to hide away its pain.

Silver hearts and gold hearts, all entwined together,
Whole hearts and broken hearts, for this is Cupid weather;
Misty sprays of mignonette, roses mixed with rue;
Silver hearts and gold hearts, and all of them for you!
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Trains

THE trains puff out, and the trains puff in
At the turn where the village lights begin.
I can hear the squeal of the grinding brakes,
The jarring bump that the stopping makes,
The hiss of steam, and the babel cries,
And the far faint pulse as the headlight dies,
Beating back from the cut below—
And I want, and I want, and I want to go!

North: and the sweet green gloom of fir,
And a wild white hare by the trail astir,
The squeak of thong, and the creak of sledge,
And a slim moon swung at the dark wood's edge,
A snatch of song by the drifted cache,
The scarlet glint of a trapper's sash,
And a camp fire painting a circle bright
Of crimson gold in a world of white.

South: and the sunlight warm and still
On ragged canebrake and haze-blue hill;
Acrid savor of cabin smoke,
Fringed palmetto and bearded oak;
Jasmine scent at the bayou's edge;
Wild azaleas on sunny ledge;
An old white mule team that, shambling, nears,
And a yellow coon dog with flapping ears.

West: and the sagebrush dusty gray,
And painted mesas a world away,
Purple, copper, and splashed with gold,
Rolling prairie land fold on fold;
Clink of bits, and the forward thrust
Of hoof beats kicking the prairie dust;
And blue on the sunset the signal spire
Of a grassland camp and a mesquite fire.

East: and barnacled docks at tide,
And masted schooners that moor beside;
The shine of sun, and the breath of sea,
And the motley odors of wharf and quay;
And far at the harbor's gull-swept rim,
Looming black through the sun wash dim,
The trail of a tramp ship's funnel stream
Steaming seaward to ports of dream.

The trains puff out, and the trains puff in
At the turn where the village lights begin.
I can hear the squeal of the grinding brakes,
The jarring bump that the stopping makes,
The hiss of steam, and the babel cries
And the far faint pulse as the headlight dies,
Beating back from the cut below—
And I want, and I want, and I want to go!
—*Martha Haskell Clark.*

Gentians

FOR hot hearts the red rose,
Though skies are gray;
And white poppies for the love
That lives but a day;
And for the young heart
White flowers o' May.

For tired hearts the rosemary,
For old hearts the rue,
For sad hearts in autumn time
Fringed gentians blue;
Wild flower o' life that blooms
For me—for you.

There by the woodland pool
When winds are low,
In sweet lonely sisterhood
The wild gentians grow;
Where once we met and loved
Long, long ago.

Ivy for those who sleep
Through dawn and dew;
Daisies for children's hands;
But the years through,
For sad hearts and broken hearts,
Fringed gentians blue.
—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

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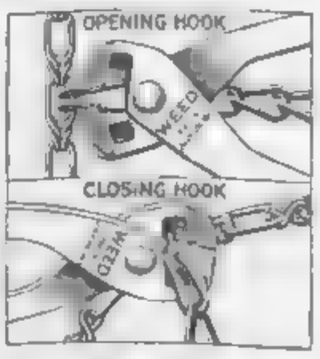

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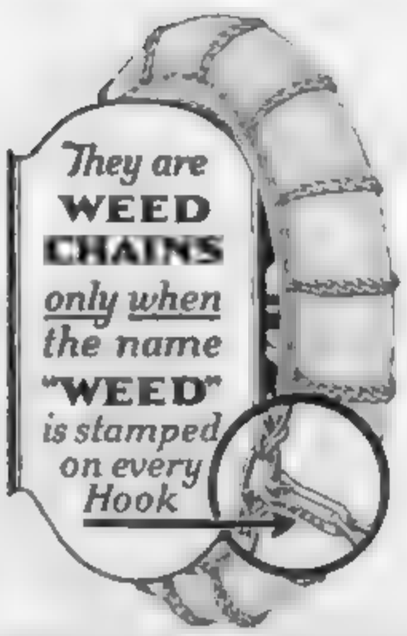

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A LETTER TO AUSTRALIA

Continued from Page 9

San Francisco. If it missed it might lie over for twenty-eight days. There was a possibility that his letter might be sixty days on the way! A letter that traveled sixty days ought to carry news—real news.

And was he not, after all, right on the brink of something well worth writing to Dan? Prosecuting attorney—that was no trifling office. As good as settled, too, the judge had said. He visualized a new letter:

Dear Dan: At last I've got something to tell you. I've just been elected county prosecutor by an overwhelming majority ——

Folding up the sheet of paper on which he had been writing, he added it to the package that had the yellow envelope on top. He restored the package to its old place in the drawer.

The little house was cold when he went out into the upper hall. He wondered if he had locked the back door. All the lamps were out, but the autumn moonlight shone faintly through the rooms. He felt his way cautiously to the kitchen, found the rear door securely fastened. Opening it, he stood on the stoop. The moon shone brightly on the modest garden where he had worked through the long summer evenings. Over the houses of his neighbors, over all Maysboro brooded peace and content.

He loved his neighbors, such simple, kindly, understanding people. He loved his town. In it, he told himself, he would climb high, become a power, make Jenny proud of him, give his children the best life could offer. He looked forward to big things.

When he entered the bedroom Jenny lifted her head from the pillow.

"Did you write to Dan?" she asked sleepily.

"No, not exactly. When I came right down to it, there was no news worth sending all that distance. And I thought if I'm to be prosecuting attorney ——"

"That will be something to write Dan about," she agreed.

"Yes," said Tom Meade. "I thought I'd wait until that comes along."

His intentions were of the best. But it was eighteen years before he began another letter to Australia.

II

ON THANKSGIVING NIGHT, in the year 1910, the first snow of the winter fell in Maysboro. "The beautiful," as next day's Evening Enterprise described it, "cloaking in its mantle of white our fair and prosperous city."

Accuracy was the self-confessed aim of the Enterprise, and it was accurate here. The snow was beautiful. It was of the wet, clinging variety that lay where it fell—on telegraph wires, on picket fences, on the bare branches of the trees that lined Center Avenue, and on the cornices and window sills of a house that stood on the avenue not far from the corner of Monroe, a great brick mansion of many rooms that advertised the wealth and dignity of its owner.

Tom Meade sat before the fire in the library of this house, with his family about him. That slender young lawyer who spoke for Harrison in the opera house in '92 was gone forever; probably only Jenny remembered him. For the years had added weight to Tom Meade's figure, grayed his hair. But they had not dimmed the twinkle in his eyes.

It had been an old-fashioned Thanksgiving, and he had enjoyed it thoroughly. The snow outside added the final happy touch; all his folks about him in this comfortable room. On his right sat Jenny, fragile, birdlike, pretty, still. On his left were David and Jean, David's wife. Behind him at the grand piano, Clara sat, singing, at his request, Kathleen Mavourneen. He listened, enthralled. There was in Clara's voice a soft beauty that always thrilled him, that exalted yet saddened him. He remembered what the great teacher in New York had said of Clara's voice.

Poor Clara, thin and faded and wasted—at twenty-seven! What a pity!

The last notes of the song died away through the silent house, and reaching out Tom Meade patted Jenny's hand where it lay on the arm of her chair.

"Don't be silly, Tom," she said, and they laughed softly together.

"What next?" demanded Clara, turning the pages of the ancient songbook before her. "You choose, father. This is your party, you know."

He moved his head in time to catch a look he was not intended to see, a questioning look from Jean to David which said more plainly than words, "Can't we break away now? Haven't we been here long enough?"

Tom Meade stood up.

"Guess we'd better let these children off, mother," he said. "It'll be a hard drive back to Indianapolis through the snow. I think it was mighty good of them to come up here and spend Thanksgiving with us old folks."

"Speak for yourself," said Jenny quickly. "You know, David, ever since he passed fifty your father's perfectly absurd. You'd think he was a hundred. For my part, I'm never going to grow old. Never going to admit it anyhow."

"That's the talk, mother," said David. "You stick to it." He got up and tossed his cigarette into the fireplace. He was a stout, rather florid-faced young man, decked out in clothes that were the despair of all the would-be snappy dressers in Indianapolis. "Come on, Jean, I guess we had better be drifting along. My carburetor acted sort of funny on the way up," he added to his father.

"Well, if we must," said Jean. She rose with seeming reluctance, a slim, pretty girl, but like David a bit overdressed, a bit flashy. "You must come and see us soon—both of you. And—oh, yes," she remembered tardily, "you, too, Clara."

"Thanks," said Clara, without turning her head.

They went into the big oak-paneled hall, where the visitors donned their coats with more animation than had been theirs all day.

Tom and Jenny accompanied them to the side door. Under the porte-cochère stood David's car, a smart, blood-red racer, the sportiest model the year 1910 had to offer. Jenny was the recipient of two hasty kisses, after which Tom helped Jean to her place and even lent a hand to David, who had now taken on the look of a large fur-bearing animal.

"Well, folks ——" David began, his hands on the wheel. He fumbled round in his mind for some kindly words of farewell, but words were never his specialty. He gave it up and turned his attention to starting the motor, which whirred instantly. "Listen to that!" he cried with enthusiasm. "It's a lalapalooser, this car! Well—well—we had a fine day."

The automobile began to move. Tom Meade, standing bareheaded in the shelter of the porte-cochère, heard "fine day" flung over Jean's shoulder. He watched them creep down the long drive, gaining speed as they went, then swing out through the great gate into Center Avenue. Bill Love's hack was not abroad on Center Avenue to-night, nor any other hack. At intervals a motor horn sounded shrilly through the storm and the lights of a passing car flashed momentarily over the snow.

"Come in, father, you'll catch your death," Jenny said from the door.

He returned to the hall. Clara, halfway up the stairs, called her good night.

"It's early yet," Meade said. "You're not turning in, Jenny?"

"Of course not," she answered. He followed her into the library.

"Where's Cuffy?" he asked, referring to his aged colored butler.

"I told him to go to bed," Jenny said. "He wasn't feeling well—ate too much, I guess. You'd think he'd know better—at his age."

Meade laughed and began to pile logs on the fire.

"Well, it's been a happy Thanksgiving," Jenny went on. "I don't know as I recall many happier. I do hope they get back to Indianapolis safe and sound." She went over to the bay window and stood staring out. "It's dangerous driving in a storm like this. I wish I'd told David to call up when they get there."

Her husband came over and put his arm about her shoulders.

"Now, mother, none of your worrying." He stood staring out across his lawn. It was a broad lawn, three hundred feet or more to the old Jackson Perkins place on

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the south, five hundred feet to the river in the rear. On it lay the Thanksgiving snow. "It's beautiful, isn't it, mother?" Tom Meade said.

"Yes," she answered, "if only it would stay that way."

She was thinking, he knew, of what would happen to the snow to-morrow. For Maysboro was no longer the leisurely town of old, clean and calm. There were blast furnaces to the south, the west and the north, a hundred factories whose chimneys would in the morning belch forth smoke and soot. On the streets where Tom Meade had once known everybody many strangers walked, some of whom conversed loudly in the tongues of far countries overseas.

"The livest manufacturing city in Indiana," boasted the Enterprise.

He had kept his word; he had risen to power in Maysboro; but it was no longer his town; his town lived only in the loving memory of the middle-aged.

A cold wind swept in on them through the cracks round the window, and they returned to their places by the fire. For a long moment Tom Meade sat smiling at his wife.

"Well, father?" she said.

"I was just thinking—that was a gallant thing you said, about never growing old. I believe you meant it too."

"Of course I did!"

"It's odd, Jenny, but to me you don't look a day older than you did when—when we were engaged. That Thanksgiving in 1880—do you remember?—just before we were married. The snow was three feet deep on the level, and when I went up to your house to Thanksgiving dinner they were racing cutters on Center Avenue."

"I remember. You were wearing a new stock. It was your ambition to look like Henry Clay."

"It was my ambition to look worthy of you—the prettiest girl in Maysboro, and the cleverest." He stopped. "'I always thought Jenny the prettiest, cleverest girl in Maysboro,'" he repeated. "Who was it said that—in a letter, somewhere?" His mind groped back through the years. "Oh, I remember now! Dan Nelson said it in that old letter—that letter from Australia."

He paused, conscious of his guilt. He knew that Jenny's eyes were on him reprovingly.

"The letter you never answered," she said. "Oh, father ——"

"I know, I know. I'm ashamed of myself. It's been years since I even sat down to have a try at it. Though I've thought of it now and then, times when I've had a glimpse of Charley or seen a dispatch from Australia in the paper or—or something like that. I've even lain awake at nights and planned a beginning."

"But Dan doesn't know that."

"No, of course not. However, it salves my conscience. Why, only the other day I thought of writing him—that is, it was about two years ago, when we were on our way home from David's wedding. 'That letter from Dan Nelson congratulating us on our engagement,' I said to myself. 'I'll answer it when our first grandchild arrives.' It struck me that would be amusing."

"Father, Jean doesn't want any children," said Jenny softly. "I've known it for some time."

"I suspected it. Jenny, what's come over this new generation? I tell you, the world will go on the rocks."

"Don't try to change the subject," Jenny broke in. "We're talking about Dan Nelson's letter." She got up and went to his big mahogany desk, opened a drawer, took out a little package of papers. "I was cleaning out your desk the other day—you know you said I could—and I found this." She laid the package on top. "Come on, father. No time like the present."

He walked over and took up the package.

He saw a letter postmarked Australia faded ink on yellow paper.

"By gad," he said, "I supposed this was lost long ago!"

He sat down and began to read, while Jenny returned to her place before the fire.

Finally he looked up.

"Here's my last attempt," he smiled. "October 25, 1892. In the little house on Monroe Street." Into his mind flashed a picture of the room known as his den, the strip of rag carpet on the floor, the cheap oak desk, the creaky chair, the pennants and the Gibson drawing. He stared about him at the room in which he sat to-night, his big comfortable library with its lofty ceiling, its Persian rug on the floor, its soft, inviting chairs, its warm, rich, prosperous air. "We've traveled a long ways since 1892," he said with a sort of awe in his voice.

"So we have," Jenny answered softly.

He read aloud the final lines of the letter in his hand: "'Nothing very exciting has happened as yet, but I have hopes. As a matter of fact, only to-night ——'" He looked up and smiled at Jenny. "Only to-night!" he repeated. "Do you remember how thrilled we were, Jenny? County prosecutor! I was about to become county prosecutor!"

"It seemed almost too wonderful to be true," she smiled.

"It was true, though," he reminded her. He laid down the letter, a reminiscent mood seized him. "It all comes back so clearly. That night in June when the party convention adjourned, and I raced up the avenue to tell you I'd been nominated. You were waiting on the porch—happy times, my dear."

"Yet you didn't write to Dan."

"No. It was such a busy summer—remember? The summer of the World's Fair—and the panic. How big a dollar grew to look! I had to borrow from your father to make my campaign, and after election I was busier still; busy night and day, trying to pay back that loan, to meet the payments on the little house. We were pretty hard up, weren't we, Jenny? We might be hard up still if it hadn't been for Jim Wakefield and his horseless carriage."

"Yes," she admitted, "that was the turning point, and we never guessed at the time."

"I should say not! I was pretty discouraged, as I recall. It was in '96, wasn't it? yes, a July night in '96. Hot as the devil in my little office above the Bon Ton Store. And there was Jim Wakefield, all excited over his invention. I'd just drawn up the papers of incorporation for his factory, and I was hoping for a hundred dollars—fifty anyway. We needed money so badly. And then he told me he couldn't pay me—gave me those five hundred shares of stock instead. Jenny, I was pretty bitter when he left, though I didn't let him see. I'd have sold those shares for twenty-five dollars then—spot cash."

"Yes, and I'd have let you."

"Yet to-night David's riding back to Indianapolis in a Wakefield car, and those shares are worth more money than you and I can ever spend. Funny how things turn out."

"What came next, father? The circuit court, wasn't it?"

"Yes. I was planning to write Dan about that. But by that time Jim Wakefield was paying me dividends; I was getting in on the ground floor in a dozen factories—I was on the make. Something seemed to say 'Bigger things coming—go on, go on!' And when I got to Congress ——"

"You should have written Dan then—from Washington."

"I did think of it, but I was waiting for something definite, some brilliant speech, some impressive victory. And the first thing I knew my term was over and I was back here. Things here looked better than ever. In another year I had my first hundred thousand. I thought of writing Dan, but I held off. We were building this house—I decided to wait and write him about that." He rose and walked back and forth over the soft rug. "That was a happy night, Jenny—when they gave us the housewarming here. Everybody seemed so glad we were getting on. Not an envious word or look. And how proud we were of Clara when she sang Home, Sweet Home. That was when I began looking forward to great things for Clara."

He paused.

Jenny said nothing, but continued to stare into the fire.

"I wanted a big success for Clara," he went on. "I counted so much on writing Dan about her. A concert tour abroad—opera, maybe. But of course—it never happened."

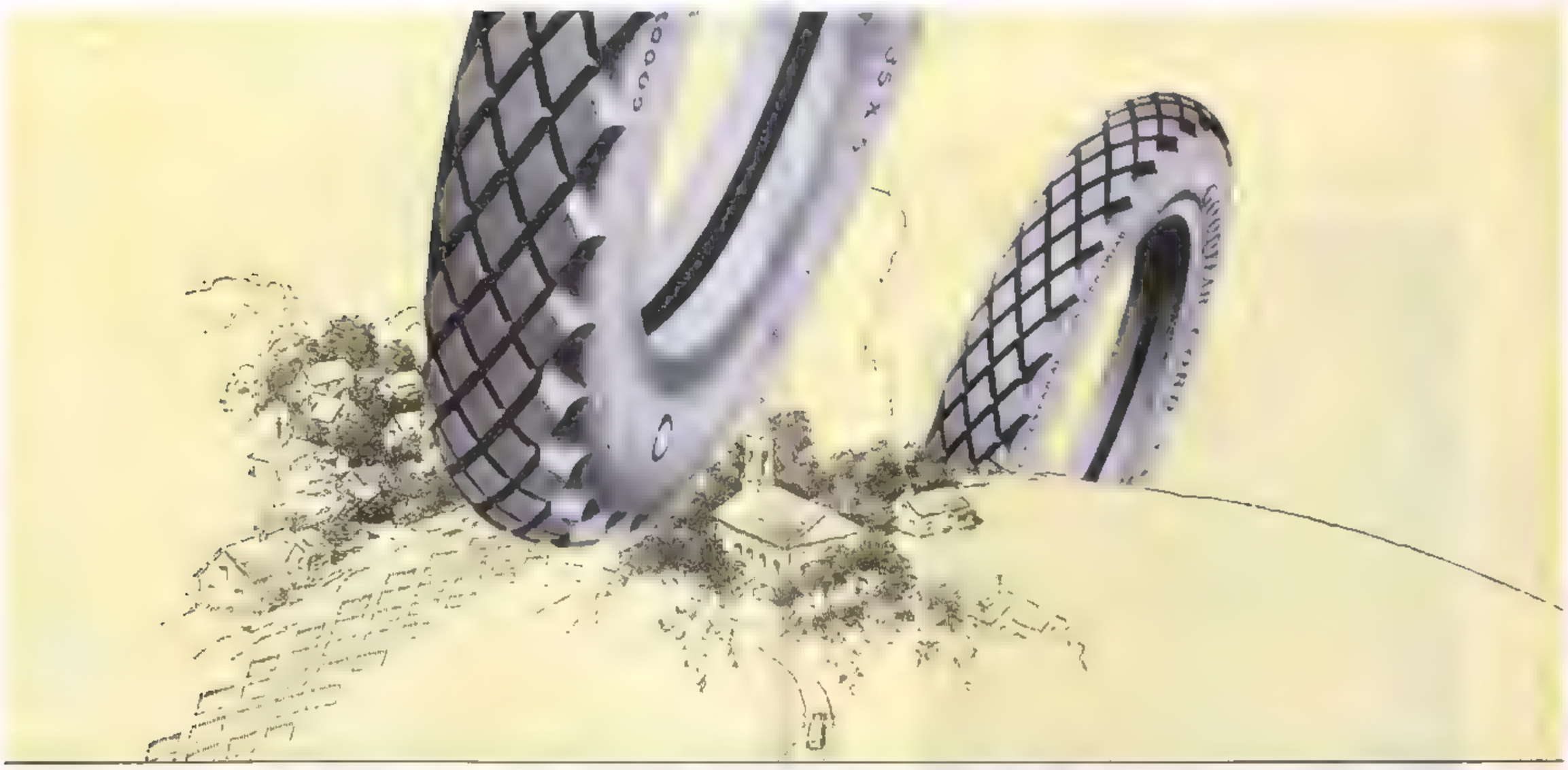
"No," answered Jenny gently, "it never happened." She got up from her chair. "Father, you've waited long enough. You must write to Dan to-night."

"But it's so late."

"Nonsense! It's early. You said so yourself. No time like the present, Tom—for my sake."

"All right," he said amiably, "I'll do it."

(Continued on Page 52)



INSTEAD, WE HAVE PUT EXTRA VALUE IN

Wherever you are, on highway or boulevard, look for this signature of the All-Weather Tread

Sometimes a dealer will seek to tempt a man away from the tire of his choice by an offer of a special "discount" on another make.

It sounds attractive.

It seems like a chance to get something for nothing.

As a matter of fact, it is too good to be true.

If a tire dealer makes you such a proposition, ask yourself who pays for this "discount."

Does it come out of the dealer's profit—or the manufacturer's?

If it does, how can they stay in business?

Or does it come out of the tire?

The present unrivaled popularity of Goodyear Tires has been built up without the aid of "special discounts" or like fictitious sales inducements of any kind.

Instead of taking the cost of such inducements out of the tire, we have put extra value in.

Because of this extra value in Goodyear Tires, their cost per mile is everywhere remarkably low.

Wouldn't you rather buy low-cost mileage, than merely low-priced tires?

Today, Goodyear Tires are better than ever before.

We are building them larger, stronger, heavier, more durable.

Despite this, their prices are the lowest they have ever been—far lower, even, than before the war.

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

30 x 3½ Non-Skid Fabric.....$10.95	32 x 3½ All-Weather Tread Cord ...$25.50	33 x 4½ All-Weather Tread Cord. $42.55
30 x 3½ All-Weather Tread Fabric.. $14.75	32 x 4 All Weather Tread Cord $32.40	34 x 4½ All Weather Tread Cord $43.90
30 x 3½ All-Weather Tread Cord ...$18.00	33 x 4 All Weather Tread Cord.....$33.40	35 x 5 All-Weather Tread Cord.....$54.75

Manufacturer's Tax Extra

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are especially thick, sturdy and long-lived. They come packed in a heavy, waterproof bag. Their new prices are also remarkably low

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

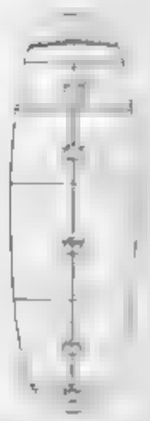
You'll WANT TO OWN *this* BELBER

Number 888

THE INTERLOCK

THE DOME-TOP
assures you that your clothes travel right side up

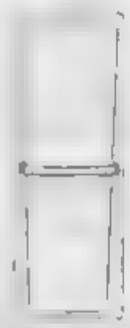
WHEN closed, this handsome Belber wardrobe trunk impresses you with its rich brown color, its gleaming, substantial hardware, its all-over solidity. Open, it captivates you with its many refinements, its convenient arrangement, its surprising capacity, and the perfect harmony of its tasteful lining. It is an adornment to your room.



Highly polished, nickel plated drawer-locking device. Locks every drawer with one turn of the key.

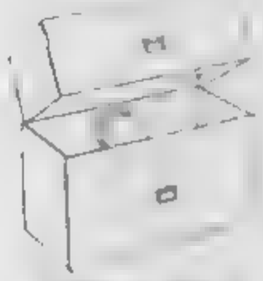
This trunk is one of the new Belbers—No. 888. It is strong. It is beautiful. The Belber five-ply construction makes it last for years of constant travel. Look at the features pictured below. Here is a trunk that fulfills the desires of the most luxurious—a genuine Belber—at a price which all can afford to pay..... $65

On the Pacific Coast, $70. Your dealer can get it for you. If not, write us.



Padded ironing board fits flat and tight into back of trunk

Drawer No. 4, with shaped compartment and strap to hold electric iron



Holds several pairs of shoes compactly

Large hat box with two deep trays. Has ... to form a ... ing of the trunk

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

Wardrobe trunks of various types from $30 to $200. Bags and suitcases from $6.50 to $125.00. Made by the largest manufacturer of fine trunks and bags in the U. S.

THE BELBER TRUNK & BAG CO., PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 50)

She kissed him and moved toward the door.

"I'll leave you alone," she said, pausing there. "Don't you dare to come upstairs until the letter's finished."

When she had gone he sat again at his desk. He was still thinking of Clara; Clara in New York, studying under the best teacher in the country; letters coming in from Clara's teacher, speaking sincerely, earnestly, in praise of her voice, urging that she be sent abroad; passage engaged, plans settled, himself and Jenny in New York to put her on the boat and say good-by.

He recalled now with something of the old surprise and pain that scene in the bare little parlor of the New York hotel suite. Clara had been rather apathetic, rather gloomy, ever since they met her. She was due to sail at three the next day. Suddenly she got up from her chair and came over to her father.

"I've got something to say," she began. "I think you ought to know. I'll sail to-morrow if you wish—I'll go on with my music—but it's against my will. I don't care if I never hear a note of music again as long as I live!"

He gasped. It fell upon him out of a clear sky. He had thought her devoted to her career, wrapped up in it.

Jenny and he questioned the girl gently. It seemed she was in love; in love with a young man named Harry Parker, who worked in a store at home, an utterly commonplace boy whose reputation was not of the best. Tom Meade was appalled. He had been barely aware such a person existed; yet here he was, entering his life, wrecking one of his fondest dreams. Though the hour was late, he went to the studio of Clara's teacher, asked the advice of that wise old Frenchman.

"No use to force her," the teacher said. "I have noticed. The heart is gone from her singing. We cannot shape the lives of our children, wise though we may be. Let her follow her heart, which is no longer in the music."

So Clara followed her heart back to Maysboro, and they went with her. The day for her wedding was set, the trousseau bought, when suddenly, pale and tragic, she broke her engagement. The man for whom she had given up everything was not worth it, though just what act of his it was that enlightened Clara her father never knew. For months she walked about the big house like a ghost. Jenny and he hoped she could again take up her career, but as time went on they saw that Clara was finished with song.

The force of the blow was mercifully broken for Tom Meade—his son was left. David was in his first year at law school, struggling hard. Eagerly his father looked forward to the moment when David would come into his office, share his burdens, carry on the torch. "Meade and Meade, Attorneys at Law." He closed his eyes and saw the letterhead.

And then—it had happened only three years ago, and the sting of it was still sharp in Tom Meade's heart—David was expelled from school. A boyish prank, his father liked to call it. But it was the culmination of too many pranks, too long a list of failures, too little interest in the work.

"I'm sorry," wrote the dean of the school a bit brutally, "but I can see in your son no mental capacity whatever for the calling of the law."

In this very room David and his father had met, David alternately shamefaced and defiant. His father studied the boy. He was a bit florid for his years, a bit heavy. Could it be—a bit dissipated? Fiercely Tom Meade asked himself, was it his fault? Had he given David too much money to spend in college? He had had more than other boys—yes. But his father had only meant to be kind. Had he been too kind—ruined him with his kindness?

But David wasn't precisely ruined; he turned into an average, rather chuckle-headed citizen of the republic. He ate and drank a little too much, and his brain power did not carry him far past the sporting page. But he got along. He went to Indianapolis, secured the agency for the Wakefield car and was soon able to support himself. In another year he married Jean, spoiled daughter of a wealthy family, and Tom Meade began to dream of a grandchild.

Well, that was no use, either, it seemed. He glanced at the clock—eleven—he must get down to it. He felt no real urge to write Dan to-night, but Jenny was right—it was his duty. Besides, he had promised he would.

But what a job! After all these years! He arranged a blank sheet of paper before him and took up his pen.

39 CENTER AVENUE, MAYSBORO, INDIANA.
November 24, 1910.

Dear Dan: I hold in my hand to-night a letter you wrote me in August, 1880, congratulating me on my engagement to Jenny Fairbanks. No doubt you have long ago forgotten it; perhaps you have forgotten me. If so, here's a line to remind you. Your old friend Tom Meade is still alive, and he's been planning to answer for a long, long time. By the Lord Harry, he's been planning for thirty years!

Thirty years! Honestly, Dan, I can't find words. What can I say in apology? My silence constitutes a record, I suppose; yet it was only the silence of a man who was not content to scribble off anything and send it on its way. It was the silence of a man who, knowing how deeply you believed in him and his talents, wanted some big bit of news, some notable achievement to put into his letter to Australia.

The odd thing is that as I look back that big thing seemed always just ahead, around the next corner. And so I'd go on. Sometimes when I turned the corner the thing was gone, sometimes it was there, but looking so much smaller, so much less important than I'd imagined it. And whether it was there or not, always there was another corner looming up, a bigger, better thing waiting there. And a voice that said, "Go on! Go on!"

I suppose that's life, Dan; always something to look forward to, to keep us moving on. It was life for me, a lawyer, and no doubt for you, a business man, and for all men everywhere.

I've had a busy time of it. I've been pretty lucky and successful, as things go. After I was admitted to the bar Henry Brackett took me into his office ——

He set down his Odyssey—a page or more. The long list of his honors and achievements, the story of his investments, his financial rise, the high position he held in his profession—lecturer at the law school in the city, president of the State Bar Association, editor of The Bench and Bar of Indiana, in three volumes. He omitted nothing, it made an impressive history.

Well, Dan, that's my record. I won't try to conceal the fact that I'm mighty proud of it. And now I want to hear about you. How have you got on? Write and tell me all about yourself.

You wished Jenny and me happiness in that letter long ago. We've had it, Dan, thirty years of it, a pleasant life together. Two children—fine kids, both of them; nothing brilliant, of course, but mighty satisfactory as children go these days. How about you? Did you marry? It seems to me Charley said you did.

Can you ever forgive me, Dan? Thirty years to answer your friendly hail! I can explain it to myself, but somehow when I try to explain it to you the words won't come. However, I believe you will understand. Thirty years, but all that time thinking of you again and again as I walked this town where we were boys together! A different town, Dan, a very different town.

God bless us both, you said. God bless you, too, old friend, and write me soon. As ever,
TOM.

He put the letter into an envelope and sealed the flap. On the outside he wrote Dan Nelson's name, then paused—"189 Little Bourke Street"—but that was thirty years ago. Dan had probably moved since then—several times, perhaps. He would have to save this letter until morning, when he would drop into Charley Nelson's hardware store and learn Dan's latest address.

For a moment he held the letter in his hand, thinking. It was not quite satisfactory somehow. None of the news it contained was recent enough to be interesting. After all these years of waiting it was an anti-climax. It had a sort of everything's-all-over, this-is-the-end tone to it. No, it wasn't quite what he would like to send, but still —— He put it in the top drawer of his desk.

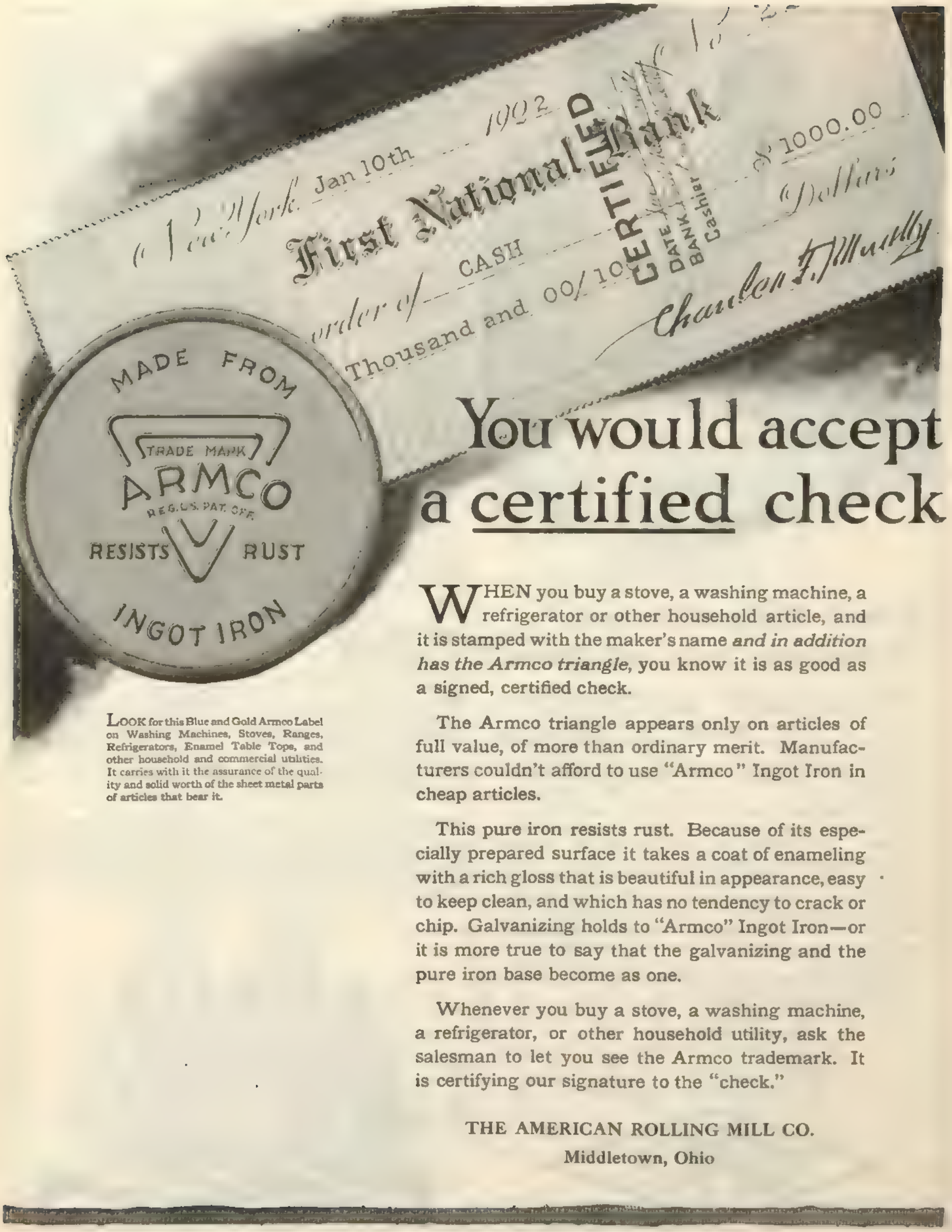
The fire on the hearth was out, the room icy cold. He was shivering when he rose from his desk and went upstairs. Jenny was sleeping soundly. He was careful not to wake her. He crept into bed, chilled through. In the morning he was too ill to rise. His old friend, Doctor Clark, came in and looked him over.

"How's your general health, Tom?" he asked. "You don't look well. I'm going to get you out on the golf course next spring."

"Nonsense!" snorted Tom Meade. "Chase a little white ball all over creation? No, sir; not me!"

"We'll fight that out in the spring," smiled the doctor. "For the present you do as I tell you. Stick close to bed, Jenny, I rely on you to manage him."

(Continued on Page 54)



LOOK for this Blue and Gold Armco Label on Washing Machines, Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators, Enamel Table Tops, and other household and commercial utilities. It carries with it the assurance of the quality and solid worth of the sheet metal parts of articles that bear it.

You would accept a certified check

WHEN you buy a stove, a washing machine, a refrigerator or other household article, and it is stamped with the maker's name *and in addition has the Armco triangle*, you know it is as good as a signed, certified check.

The Armco triangle appears only on articles of full value, of more than ordinary merit. Manufacturers couldn't afford to use "Armco" Ingot Iron in cheap articles.

This pure iron resists rust. Because of its especially prepared surface it takes a coat of enameling with a rich gloss that is beautiful in appearance, easy to keep clean, and which has no tendency to crack or chip. Galvanizing holds to "Armco" Ingot Iron—or it is more true to say that the galvanizing and the pure iron base become as one.

Whenever you buy a stove, a washing machine, a refrigerator, or other household utility, ask the salesman to let you see the Armco trademark. It is certifying our signature to the "check."

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
Middletown, Ohio

"What! Only a dollar? Where did you get them?"

"WHY, BILL, a dollar's the regular price and almost any good store has them. But the store that put me wise to Topkis Athletic Union Suits gets *my* trade. They sure did me one good turn—besides saving money for me.

"I went in prepared to pay $2 a suit or more. I'm fussy about underwear. Look what I got for *one* dollar. You can bet I ordered more in a hurry.

"I didn't know underwear *could* fit so comfortably. No skimpiness anywhere, even when I stoop. No smothered feeling; Topkis lets your skin breathe.

"Laundry-proof, too. Come back with the same easy fit—and all the buttons still on, tight. Better switch to Topkis, old-timer."

Topkis Athletic Underwear is made of the best nainsook and other high-grade, long-wearing fabrics. Pre-shrunk—full size guaranteed. Get your *right* size—38 if you wear a 38 coat, and so on.

No good dealer will ask more than a dollar for the Topkis Men's Union Suit—although many will tell you it's *worth* more.

Men's Union Suits, $1.00.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, per garment, 75c. Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits, at 75c.

Ask for TOPKIS Underwear. Look for the Topkis label.

Write today for illustrated booklet and learn something new about underwear.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

(Continued from Page 52)

A week later he sat, a convalescent, in his library in the early evening. Cuffy announced a visitor—Mr. Fred Perkins, from next door. Perkins had taken his father's place in the bank and as a leading citizen. He rushed in, a short, bald, puffy little man.

"Hello!" he cried. "Glad to see you up. Just stopped a minute on my way home to dinner. I was down to Indianapolis to-day and had a chat with the governor. I've got news for you."

"Yes?" Tom Meade questioned.

"You know, of course, that there's a vacancy on the supreme-court bench in this state. Has been ever since Marvin died. Well, the governor was telling me he's thinking of appointing you. He wanted me to sound you out."

"Appoint me? The supreme court?" Tom Meade's voice was trembling.

"Yes. You could serve Marvin's unexpired term and then run for it. You'd be elected. You're the best lawyer in the state and everybody knows it. I expect to see the governor again in a few days. What shall I tell him?"

"Why, tell him I shall be honored. It's a great responsibility, and I'd give it my best."

"Fine! Must run along now. Helen's waiting dinner."

Five minutes later Jenny entered the library to find that he had thrown aside the covers in which she had wrapped him and was pacing the floor in his bath robe.

"Now, father ——" she began.

"Jenny!" he cried. "Big news! Fred Perkins was just here. The governor is going to appoint me to the supreme court."

"Is he really? Well, that's nice, I'm sure. Now come back here and cover up."

He permitted her to restore him to the chair.

"Jenny, I'm a proud man," he told her. "I won't try to conceal it. The crowning honor of my life. The thing every lawyer secretly longs for, and just when I thought I was about finished. But I'm not. I tell you, my dear, I've got years of usefulness ahead of me."

"Of course you have, father," Jenny answered. "Would you like another glass of milk?"

Before she sent him off to bed she allowed him a moment at his desk. In the top drawer he found a sealed envelope with the name Daniel Nelson, Esq., written on it. Ah, yes, his letter to Dan—the letter with which he was not quite satisfied. A sort of anticlimax. But now—the supreme-court bench ——

"It's a matter of only a few weeks," thought the Honorable Thomas Meade. "Yes, I'll wait until that comes along."

It came along three weeks later, but it looked trivial and unimportant when it came, for Jenny was lying desperately ill in the big front room upstairs and a dreadful fear was gripping Tom Meade's heart.

III

WINTER, as the Maysboro Enterprise remarked, had not seen fit to linger in the lap of spring. This was in the year 1921. He had been a timid, impotent fellow, anyhow, and he vanished, terrified, when April arrived with the earliest consignment of warm breezes from the South. By the first of May summer, too prompt to be entirely welcome, held the stage.

On the fifteenth of the month—early enough to constitute a record, as all golfers will recognize—winter greens were abandoned at the Maysboro Country Club. Three days later, just as the noon whistles were blowing in the smoky town, Tom Meade stood on the tee of the eighteenth hole ready to drive off.

Solemnly, as befits such occasions, he took a practice swing. He seemed, if anything, younger than he had been on that Thanksgiving when he had last attempted a letter to Australia. True, his hair was now almost entirely white, but his figure had improved greatly and his cheeks glowed with health. Golf is a grand institution.

He approached the ball as one who has received that inner message that the hour is ripe to strike.

"Don't forget the brook," said his caddie suddenly. He glared at the boy with an expression of acute disfavor. Surely the child should have known that the brook was the one thing in all the world he had no wish to remember now.

He drew his club back slowly and drove straight and far. The ball bounded on toward the water hazard that traversed the fairway about a hundred and seventy-five yards away.

"In the brook!" shouted the boy, with no attempt to conceal his satisfaction. He had the caddie temperament.

"Nonsense!" said Tom Meade. "Something wrong with your eyes, son. It stopped this side."

An unwonted excitement shone in his face, for he was on the verge of a big moment. In the ten years during which he had been devoted to golf he had never gone round the course in less than a hundred strokes. But this morning, counting his drive in the final hole, his score was a beautiful ninety-six. If he made the cup in three his record would be smashed. He said a golfer's prayer as he went towards his drive.

The prayer was answered—his ball lay a good two feet from the brook. Pointing out to his caddie the error of going through this world a pessimist, he took his mashie and accomplished a magnificent shot to the green. His heart sang; it was his morning, beyond dispute his morning of glory. He would have something to tell his fellow judges when the supreme court met again.

The brook being safely out of his way, he stood for a moment regarding it kindly. His eyes followed it as it crept out of bounds under a rail fence, across a field and disappeared amid a clump of trees. Old memories assailed him.

"Used to go swimming in this brook when I was a boy," he told the caddie.

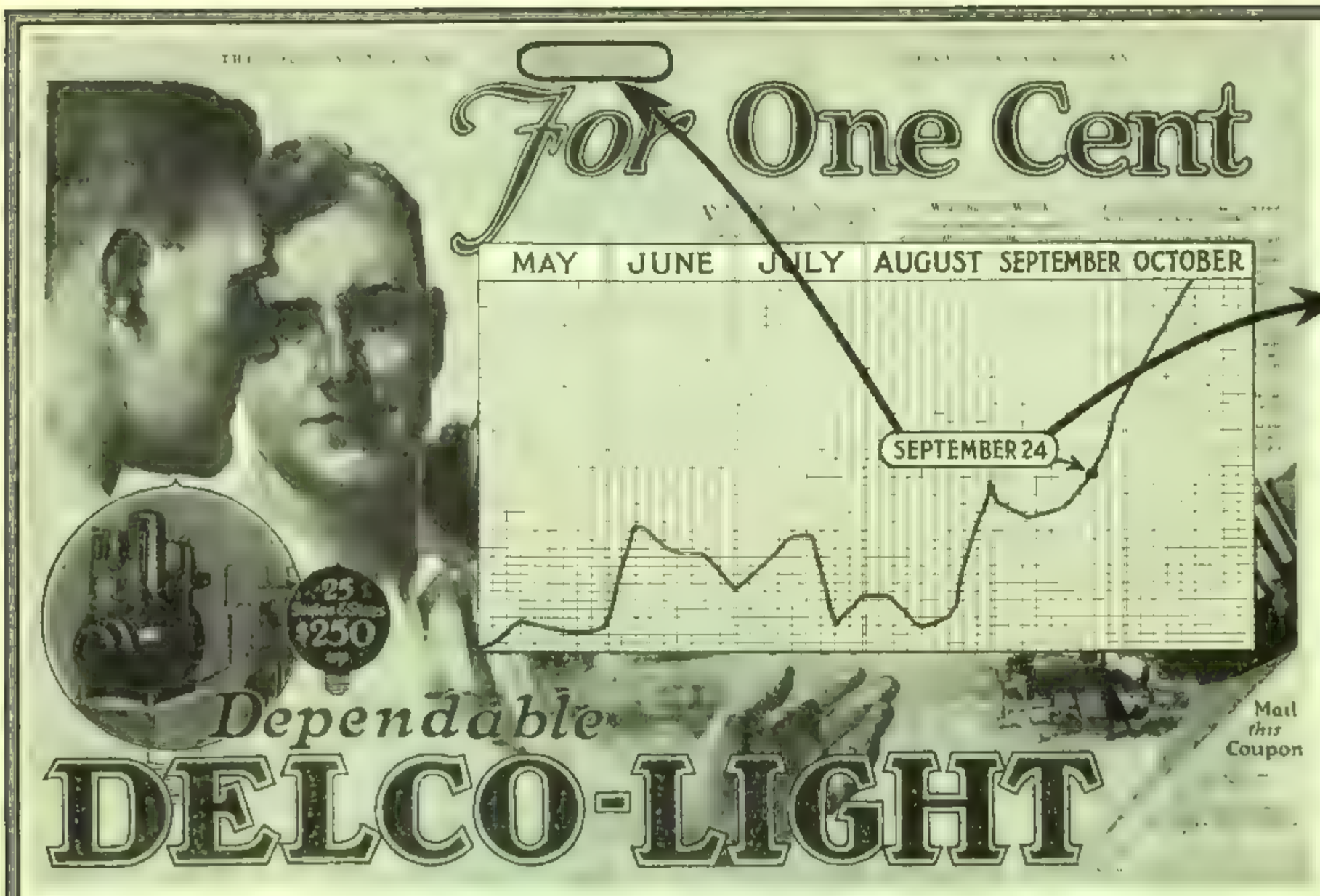
"Tha's so?" said the caddie.

"Yes, sir. Over there under those trees—only cool place round here in July and August. We used to come tearing up from town, running across the fields, undressing as we ran."

"Get arrested fer that," the boy warned him.

"Yes, I guess we would nowadays. There were five fellows in my gang—Spider Griffiths, Mike Forrester, Dan Nelson ——" He walked on for a moment in silence. "Remember once Dan Nelson thought he'd be smart. Hid my clothes, and I had to

(Continued on Page 56)


For One Cent
MAY JUNE JULY AUGUST SEPTEMBER OCTOBER
SEPTEMBER 24
Note how Delco-Light inquiries jumped following this advertisement in The Country Gentleman
25 Gallon Capacity $250
Dependable
DELCO-LIGHT
Mail this Coupon

"90% of Our Business is With Farmers"

writes the Delco-Light Company of Dayton, Ohio. *"And our business is good.* Both inquiries and sales are increasing.

"The rising standard of the farm home makes it one of the greatest new markets of this generation.

"Delco-Light advertises regularly in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN *because it reaches farm families in all parts of the country who are likely to require modern home equipment. It is our leading producer of inquiries."*

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

(Continued from Page 54)

hang round those woods until dark. Anybody ever hide your clothes, son?"

"Naw," responded the bored younger generation. "Here's yer ball."

It was ticklish business, those last two strokes. His heart almost stopped beating, but he managed them safely.

"Ninety-nine!" he cried. "Not bad for a man my age, eh, boy?"

"I seen the professional ——" began the boy.

"Yes, but I'm no professional. Here, give me the bag. I'm just happy enough to mark you 'excellent,' though you know mighty well you don't deserve it."

He went exultantly into the locker room. Passing cronies heard the news. The club steward heard it and was properly impressed. His chauffeur, waiting to take him back to Center Avenue, also heard it.

"Under a hundred—the first time in my life!"

He rolled away from the club, over the bridge that spanned the brook. The boards rattled beneath his heavy limousine. Back into the sprawling city, down Center Avenue, through the big gates and up to his house. Somewhat old-fashioned now, his house, but still imposing and dignified.

Clara was waiting for him in the big hall. She managed his house, now that Jenny was gone. Thirty-eight and unmarried, Clara. Once she would have been that creature scorned in Maysboro, an old maid. But the world was changing, even Maysboro, and the unmarried woman was no longer looked down upon. Clara was finding life not so bad, after all.

"Hello," she said. "Lunch is ready if you are. Have a good time?"

"Did I?" her father cried. "Clara, went round in ninety-nine! What do you think of that?"

"Splendid!" she answered. "I'm so happy for your sake. I know it's been your great ambition."

"It was," he corrected. "Got a new one now—ninety-five or better by September."

After lunch he went into his library. The efficient Clara had a cheerful fire crackling on the hearth. He lighted a cigar and sat for a time in his favorite chair, at peace with the world. The cigar finished, he went over to his desk. Great piles of legal-looking documents awaited him. Ignoring them, he sat for a long moment staring into space. Then he began to rummage through the drawers of his desk. For about ten minutes he continued to search, then he abandoned the project—whatever it was. He laid out a blank sheet of paper and took up his fountain pen. He wrote:

Dear Dan: [Pity he couldn't find that old letter of Dan's, but no matter, he didn't need it.] Well, Dan, here I am again after all these years. Thought I'd dropped off the earth, didn't you? And no wonder. I certainly have been a failure as a correspondent, haven't I, old man?

However, I know it's all right with you. I've been busy, Dan, busy as the devil with a lot of little things that, as I look back on them now, didn't matter much after all. Every day now—I wonder if you find it that way, too—every day the memory of those middle years grows fainter and fainter, and the old times, the days of my youth, seem more distinct and nearer.

I was out playing golf this morning, Dan. Oh, yes, we have a golf links here now—you wouldn't know the old town. As I say, I was out on the links. They're north of town, on what you may recall as the old Marvin tract. Across the fairway of the eighteenth hole runs a brook the sight of which would stir memories in you, Dan, as it always does in me. It's the brook where we went swimming together as boys.

Remember, Dan, that time you hid my clothes in the crotch of a tree and left me shivering half the evening in the woods? Pretty mean trick, my lad. I always swore I'd get even with you, but I don't know that I ever did. Remember the time we held Spider Griffiths' head under water because he said Republicans were skunks, and he almost strangled and scared us half to death? And the night Mike Forrester's mother came for him with a switch, and got hold of you by mistake in the dark and caned you good? And said, when she discovered her error, that she wasn't sorry, as she guessed you needed it. Maybe you did, eh, Dan?

It's the truth, Dan, you wouldn't know Maysboro. It's big and dirty and prosperous; full of strangers too. There's a tire factory on the field where we played ball. Green Hill, where you and I went coasting, is now our most exclusive suburb, dotted with Italian villas and handsome colonial mansions somewhat the worse for soft-coal smoke. I was out there the other day and it reminded me of the time you broke your sled—your new one—and I could see you standing there in the snow with the tears frozen on your face and the red muffler round your neck, just as plain as though it was yesterday.

I've got a colored man named Cuffy—he's over ninety, I guess. He was in here the other day complaining about the weather. "We don't have weather like it was in the olden times," he said. And he added, in a voice that brought a lump into my throat, "Oh, jedge, Ise sholy longin' fo' olden times to come back."

I'm like Cuffy, Dan. I'm sholy longin' fo' olden times to come back.

Why not come home for a visit, Dan? Nothing would delight me more. We'd tear down this town as it is to-day and build it up as it used to be. I'd take you over our golf course. It's a mighty sporty little eighteen-hole affair of more than six thousand yards. People tell us there's nothing in Chicago can beat it. I go round in just under a hundred—not bad for an old fellow, eh, Dan?

Dan, I'd love to see you. Jenny would have liked it, too, but she's no longer here. She thought a lot of you, old man. She was always after me to answer that letter you wrote congratulating us on our engagement. I may be a little late now, but I want to tell you that we appreciated your good wishes. I guess your letter brought us luck and happiness. Certainly we had both. Thirty years together, Jenny and I—two children—life mighty kind. That's about all there is to tell.

Well, Dan, excuse the delay, and write me all about yourself. Do you play golf? Got a course in Melbourne, I suppose. What do you make it in? Don't forget to tell me. Are you under a hundred too?

Don't wait as long as I did. And, if you can possibly arrange it, come home, Dan, come on home. You've been wandering long enough.

Your old pal, TOM MEADE.

He was smiling softly to himself as he put the letter into an envelope and wrote Dan's name on the outside. A keen satisfaction filled his heart. Here was a matter that had long demanded his attention; it was attended to at last. Pretty good letter, too. Covered the ground thoroughly. Only dimly was he conscious of the forty-one years he had delayed; it didn't seem so long. Why, it seemed only yesterday that Dan was here!

He put the letter into his pocket, went into the hall and donned his overcoat. This time he would not delay an instant. He would go at once to Charley Nelson's hardware store and find out Dan's latest address.

"Mr. Nelson's out, judge," said Phil Barclay, the clerk. "Be back in a minute, I expect."

"I'll wait," said Tom Meade. He sat down on a keg of nails.

"Say, judge, have you seen these new golf balls?" inquired the enterprising Phil. Charley carried a side line of sporting goods. He came over with a box of balls. "The Green Flyer. Liveliest ball made. Guaranteed to carry ten yards farther than any other. Permitted by the golf authorities too."

"You don't tell me!" Tom Meade replied. He took up one of the balls and examined it critically.

"Better buy a box, judge," Phil went on. "Cut ten strokes from your score as sure as fate."

Tom Meade restored the ball to its place.

"No, I guess not, Phil," he smiled. "I'm doing pretty well as it is. Went round in ninety-nine this morning. Not so bad for a man my age, eh?"

"Not bad at all," answered Phil, his enthusiasm tempered by his failure to make a sale.

Clara Was In Love With a Young Man Who Worked in a Store at Home, an Utterly Commonplace Boy Whose Reputation Was Not of the Best

The front door slammed. Tom Meade saw Charley Nelson coming toward him. A thin wraith of a man, Charley; transparent, almost, a man who seemed not at all well.

How many years had it been, Meade wondered, since Jenny told him how worried Mary was about her husband. Long, long ago. Now Mary was gone, and Jenny, too, and Charley was still abroad amid his hardware

"Want to see me, judge?" he inquired.

"Just a minute," Meade answered.

"Come into the office," Charley said.

He led the way into a little cubby-hole at the rear, just big enough to accommodate an aged roll-top desk and a fat, tipsy stove. Mild as the day was, the latter held a rousing fire. Charley Nelson had always found the world a mighty chilly place.

"What can I do for you, judge?" he asked.

Tom Meade took the letter to Australia from his pocket.

"I've written to Dan, Charley," he said. "I've written that letter at last. Here it is, sealed and stamped. I didn't have his address, though, so I thought I'd drop in and ask you ——"

He stopped. Charley was staring at him solemnly.

"You can't send that letter, judge," he said.

"Can't send it? Why not? What's happened? Dan isn't ——"

"Dan's left Australia," Charley said. "He's somewhere in California now. I expect him here in about two weeks."

"Here? In Maysboro? Say, that'll be great!" Tom Meade's face was beaming. "Funny too. I was telling him he'd better come home—in this letter I wrote to-day."

Charley stared owlishly at the envelope.

"Well, you was a little late," he said. "Dan sailed from Melbourne last October. He's been spending the winter on the Coast."

"A little late," Tom Meade smiled. "Forty-one years. Yes, Charley, I guess I was a little late."

"I ain't sure that Dan won't settle down here," Charley went on. "He's alone in the world—wife gone, children married. He sold out all his interests over there. Yes, he spoke as if he might end his days right here in Maysboro."

"Where he belongs," answered Tom Meade. He sat staring dubiously at the letter in his hand. "Well, Charley, I guess I haven't any use for this, after all. Forty-one years to get it finished, and now ——"

He opened the door of the fat old stove. Live coals glowed within. Slowly he tore the letter across and laid the pieces on the fire. He closed the door.

"Judge," Charley was saying, "you'll be glad to know that Dan has done real well out there. I guess he's worth a million or more. From what I hear ——"

"There's just one thing I want to know," Meade said. "This is important, Charley, try to remember. Does he play golf?"

"I don't recollect," Charley answered. "He's a wool merchant, you know—the biggest in Australia ——"

"You don't recollect! Think, man, think!"

"Well, I guess he did say something in one letter—oh, yes, he stopped in California to play golf. I remember now. Of course Dan never says much about the big success he's made. But in a roundabout way ——"

"I wonder what he goes round in?" Tom Meade cut in on him again.

"Round what?" asked Charley, who was no golfer.

"Round the golf course—his score."

"Oh, his score. Land sakes, I wouldn't know that, judge! But I guess anything Dan does he does well. He built that business of his up out of nothing. On the day he left Australia they gave him a dinner in Melbourne, and the leading men of the place ——"

"Well, he ought to be good," said Tom Meade. "He's been at it all winter." He stood up. "You let me know when he's due, Charley, and I'll be at the station to meet him. I'll have him up at the club before he gets his breath." He smiled gently. "Dan and I me playing round the old Marvin place once more," he added. "Life sort of moves in a circle, don't it, Charley?"

"I guess it does," said Charley Nelson.

Tom Meade returned to the front of the store and summoned the clerk to his side.

"What was the name of that ball?" he asked.

"The Green Flyer," said Phil. "Do you want ——"

"Wrap me up a box of 'em," he ordered.

Phil smiled as he handed them over.

"Not quite satisfied with your score, after all?" he ventured.

"Not yet," said the Honorable Thomas Meade.

He had a number of errands in the town, and dusk was falling when at last he swung up Center Avenue on his way home. The box of golf balls was clutched firmly under his arm, his heels clicked a youthful tattoo on the stone sidewalk, his shoulders were thrown back, there was fire in his eye. Now and then he glanced up at the soft spring sky; he hoped to-morrow would be fine.

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow! Looking forward still!

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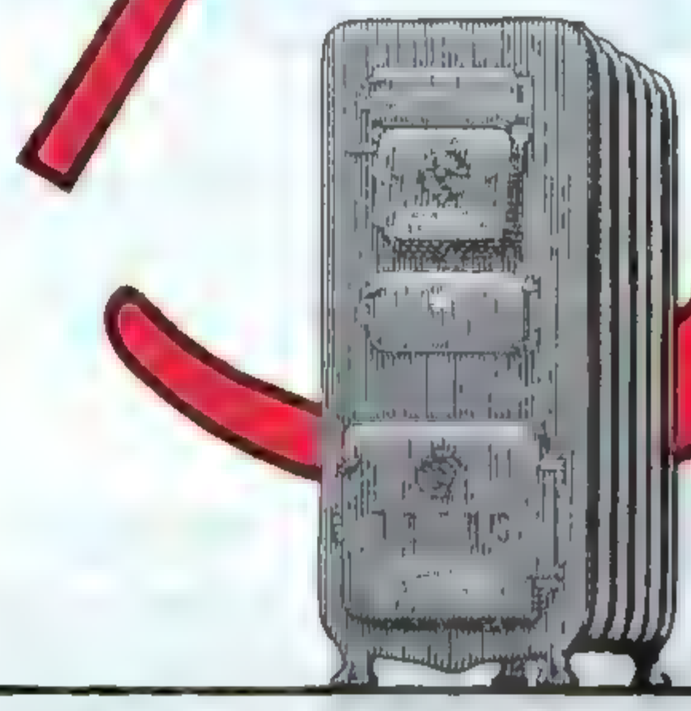

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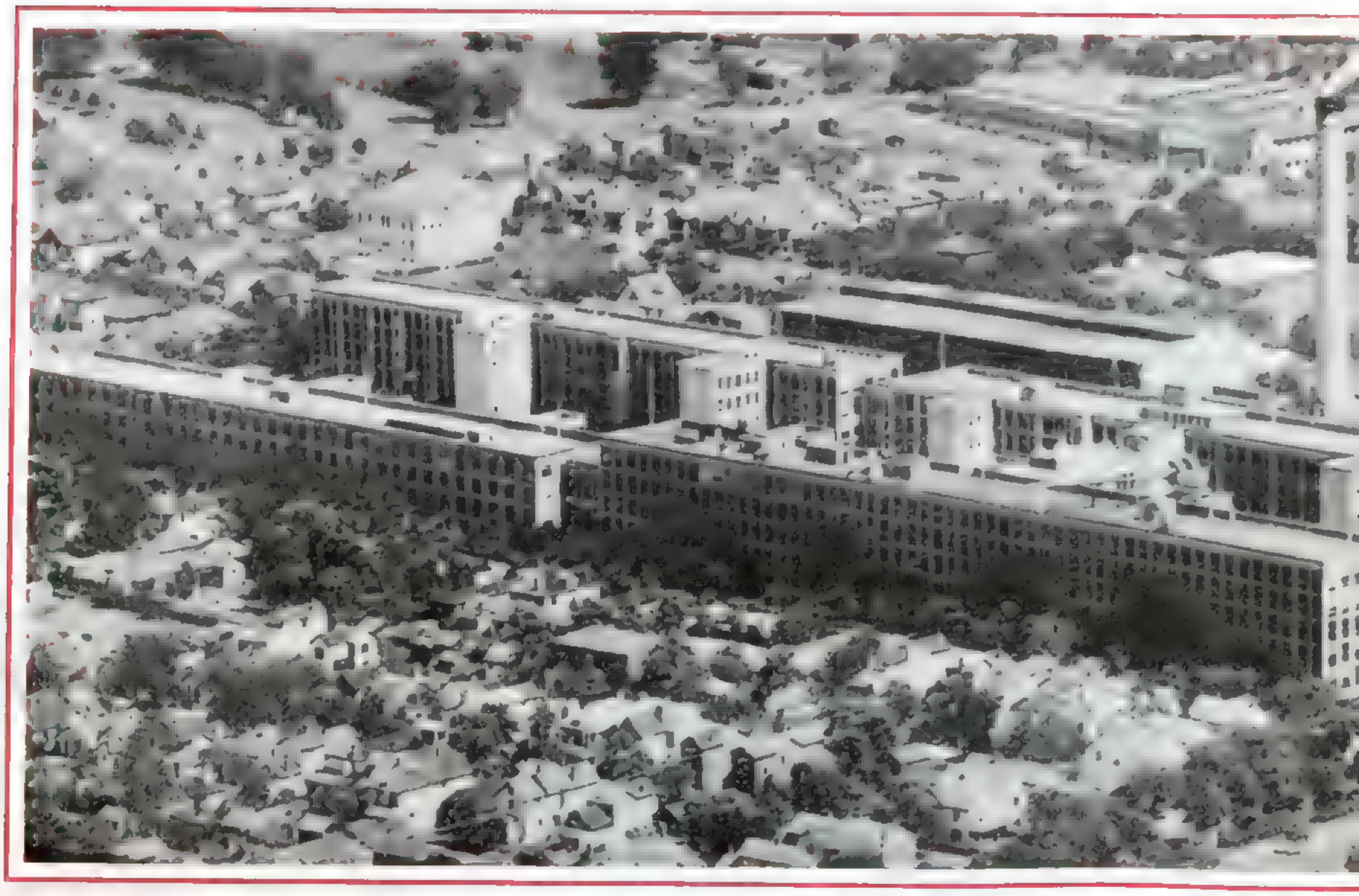

Airplane view of the National Cash Register factory at Dayton, Ohio

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Facts about the National Cash Register Co.

37 years' experience in making one product.	2,512 patents, covering 36,500 claims.
23 buildings.	515 models.
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A National Cash Register is the only machine that issues a receipt, adds, prints, classifies, and distributes records all in one operation, at the time of the sale. No figure work. No delays. No mistakes.

Considering what it does for the merchant, a National Cash Register is the lowest-priced machine in the world.

New models have been specially designed to meet new business conditions. Priced as low as $75 in U.S.A.

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Issues a receipt, gives separate clerks' totals, departmental totals, Cash, Charge, Rec'd on Acc't, and Paid Out totals. It classifies and protects all records and has many new features of value to merchant, clerk, and customer.

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COMPANY - DAYTON - OHIO

principal cities in the world.

Listen, neighbor–

DOWN in Kentucky, where I come from, they grow Burley leaf. Nature sure gives that tobacco a good start, an', by rights, Nature should finish the job.

That's jus' what happens with Velvet. The pick of the Burley crop is stored away in big wooden hogsheads where it ages for two solid years.

You can't hurry Nature! Jus' let her alone—an' you'll get mellowness an' mildness in every pipe-load of Velvet.

But a whole page of argufyin' can't talk pipe-sense like *your* old pipe, filled with aged in the wood Velvet.

Velvet Joe

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

THE WINTER BELL

(Continued from Page 21)

"James Rice, there I go both feet!" he cried. "The last mortal thing that ought to come into my all-fired old jackass of a mouthtrap! You'll have to excuse me, son," he stammered in painful distress. "I always go hurtin' folks' feelin's this way."

Salem, when he began to understand, laughed.

"All right, sir. Don't you fret," said he. "I never did it, ye know. All that's over with, and no feelings to injure."

Captain Constantine gradually took heart.

"Guess you're right," he murmured. "Guess you're right." Subsiding, he lay thoughtful, and when at last he spoke again it was to the four Evangelists. "A good, well-bred boy. Said so, fust time ever I laid eye on him."

Their odd contest, the captain's large, careless method of discourse and his abrupt fall from boasting to humility had won Salem's good will. He felt at home in the room. This praise confounded him again, but not for long; it was the first word of any such kind in years; and as no more followed, its effect was warming. He watched the massive figure of meditation, the big worn face, promontory nose and hooded eyes, all as rudely carved as the bedpost heads, yet like them strong, alive with droll benignity. The mop of hair billowed outward above the ears, rejoicing to escape as it were from a ring of permanent pressure. Another man could have worn this only for what it was, the mark left by a tight hat; but the captain's head might have been bearing a crown, and not unworthily. So at any rate Salem fancied. He liked that head.

"No feelin's to hurt, hey?" rumbled the deep voice. "Good. Fust-rate. The clear thing. A haley old time you must 'a' had though, son." Captain Constantine opened his eyes to fix them on Salem with a look friendly but doubtful.

"Don't you mind me," he said. "An old codger with his brain a little mite cracked, that knows it when she takes to cuttin' up didos. Ye see, it's like this way: At your age I'd gone deep water many's the voyage. Forty-two years at sea. Twenty-eight of 'em in command. Married late. Two child'n.

Fust a daughter, then a son;
Then the world is well begun.

So they say, and by Godfrey, so it does appear to hold true at the time, no mistake. My little girl and my wife, looked —— H'm! Yes. They did so. I can see 'em well, with the sun on their hair and dresses, like, in the garden. Not this devilish big shebang here. The small one, our own garden. The baby, he'd 'a' been about your size by now.

"Well, come to my last voyage. I was the kind of man—there's a lot like me—could make money for the owners but not himself. I worked like a good one too. We'd always figgered to buy us a little resting place and be together, which if it's askin' a favor don't seem greedy, but somehow we never got enough ahead. Then one day, when I was in Chiny, master of the Moonglade, come news my wife was left house and land and slats of money. Some old aunty she'd never more'n seen up and willed it to her out of a clear sky. Good forch'n's thunderbolt. My wife writes it all, and s'she 'Better come home, John.' A happy letter, 'twas, about us and the child'n. I had the Moonglade packed with cargo tighter'n a Bolony skin, and we cleared and put for home. She was a long-laigged ship, more wind the better; it blowed your hair off most o' the way, and we walked her along like sixty, boy. My last voyage, I kept thinkin'. All went as smooth as the cat's tongue round a saucer. 'Twas great days, my last at sea."

In this narrative the captain showed his only sign of age; he paused from time to time so long and with an air so final that Salem thought he had ended. Now he fell silent and gazed at the window, as if alone.

"I come ashore here," he broke out suddenly, "to enjoy our blessings with 'em, the gift o' the gods. And lo you, they was gone, all three gone. A month afore, my wife and girl died the same week of the same trouble. And while they was down, the household on its beam ends, what does my little son do but —— Ye see, the hired sick-nurse heard him talk about going to meet his daddy. She thought it was jest talk, but the poor infant went and clumb in a bo't, to row out to Chiny, with them hands of his which their clasp couldn't more'n meet round your thumb. She upsot. They found the bo't and oars.

"There. Ye see. Don't know why you sh'd get this outpourin'. The's men would have let go all holts, dropped flat down, and when 'twas past, come up whol' and sound. But these doin's—call 'em the Lord's or call 'em the Old Boy's—I fought 'em; fought 'em hard, like a hard man, and my brain cracked right there. I know it as well as you, and humor it along. So don't take no offense at what an old sculpin like me says or does. A man that hath great riches, settin' soul alon' in a houseful of jooby-joos. They come yisterday and tried to sell me some dollies, I hear." Captain Constantine laughed, and reached out a muscle-bound arm for another apple. "Now let's hear something," said he, "about your own troubles."

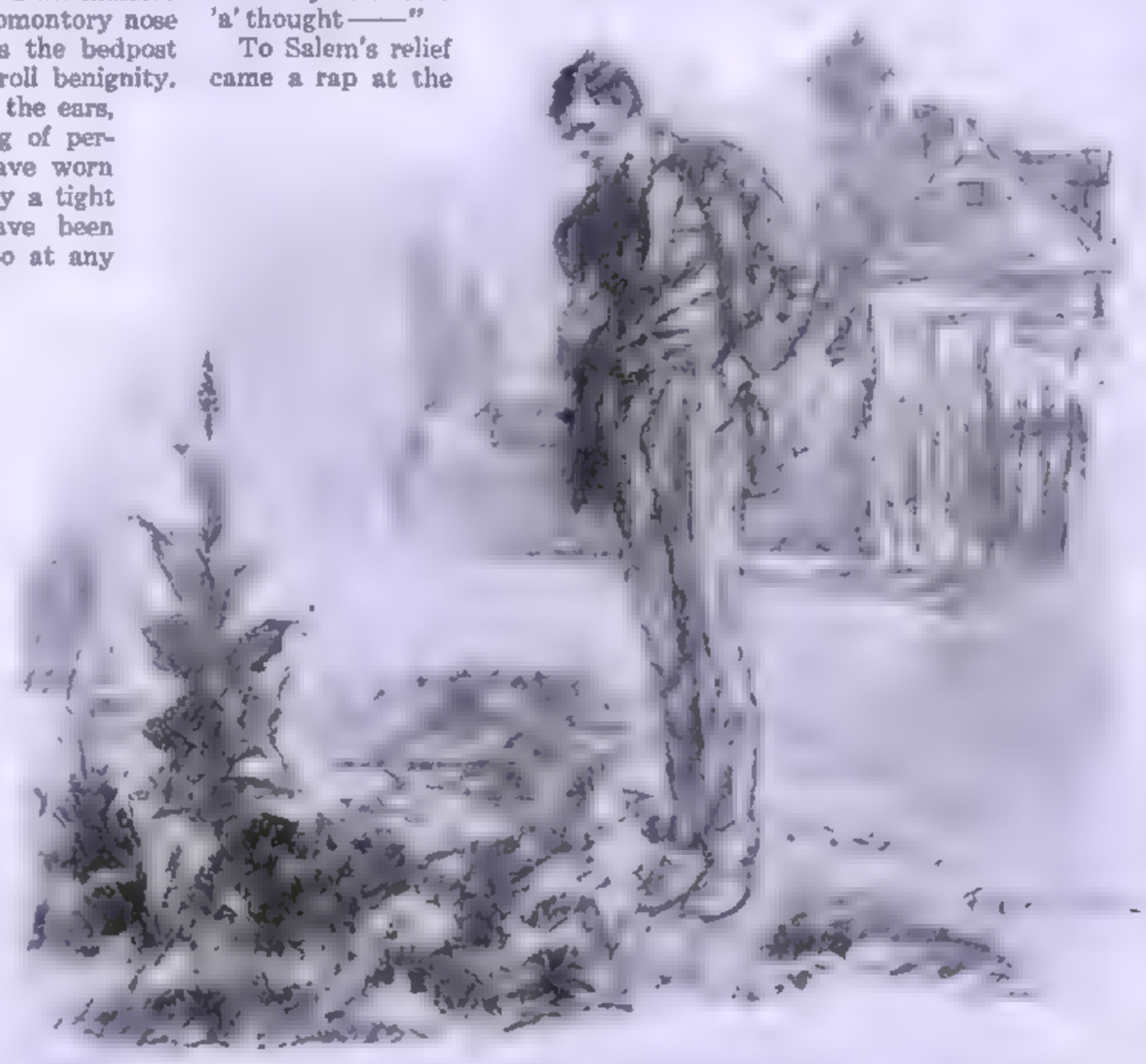
It was a fair exchange; but Salem sat pondering and discovered that he had none. This tale out of the past drove away his own troubles, put them to shame.

"How'd they treat ye down there to prison?"

Five minutes ago Salem would have thought the question impertinent. He tried hard to answer it now, but gave a lame account, chiefly of the man who had come to let him out, and of that man's great unexpected kindness.

"A tough old customer as ever was, yes, sir, and scared, for fear I'd lay hands on him and get kept in longer. By his face you'd never 'a' thought ——"

To Salem's relief came a rap at the door, and Mr. Cook, bending backward, overladen to the eyebrows, drifted in with a huge tray of dishes.



"Red Cow's Hair in the Lime," Thought Salem. "Must Have Been About Here, My Room"

"Here, here, Orin Seacook, what's all this?" bellowed the captain. "Think a young gentleman would want his victuals in my bedroom? You take him downstair. Mr. Delaforce, you'll have to excuse me, but the stewart'll feed you right, or ——"

"These are yourn, cap'n," said his little retainer meekly. "Them of his is below."

"What? Hey? Humph!" The captain's wrath went off rumbling. "Why couldn't ye say so?" He knocked a layer of books to the floor. "All right. After you've et, young man, come on up and have our talk out."

Thus it happened that Salem took his noonday meal in a large and rather somber dining room. He sat alone, but from a tall sideboard under the lee of much silver Mr. Cook stood watching him. The food was more than good. He did it justice whenever the little man slipped away.

"Cook!" sounded a roar from above. "Cook, bring on the dessart!"

"Cap'n," shouted the watcher in a high voice, with a prompt, serious air, "there hain't no dessart!"

"Then, Cook, bring back the beans!"

Not a line moved in Mr. Cook's withered face, but plainly he was enacting some old stand-by jest; for when he drifted sadly out he bore a delicacy that seemed to float upstairs before him.

Salem again did the meal justice. Over the fireplace a black marble clock, like a costly tomb of time, stifled the minutes trying to hammer their way free. Woodbine leaves flickered at the edges of a window, where against the sunlight a full-rigged ship, berthed on a writing desk, lifted her spars and cordage, pennant and dogvane higher than a man's head. Her gilded scroll contained the name Cathance. Another ship filled an area of oil painting on the wall, the Raven's Head, flying signals to a diminutive Peak of Hong-Kong behind her. While Salem viewed these objects he encountered the gaze of Mr. Cook. It was an altered gaze. It seemed friendly. In fact, the little man stood eying him now with favor, and spoke.

"Cap'n's better," he said. "You done him a heap o' good. Al'ays does, anyone he takes a shine to."

This news had a welcome sound. "I took one to him," declared Salem heartily. "You bet you! He's a ——"

Epithet failed him, but the other caught his meaning, and suddenly broke in, whispering fiercely, reddening with the joy of one who shares a pent-up secret.

"You no need to tell me! Not a word!" hissed the little man. "Many's the year I sailed with John Constantine. By jibbers, I know him to sea, and I know him ashore!" Mr. Cook drew near the table, clung to it, and made it tremble as in vehement undertone he sang the captain's praise. "Only fault is, he don't take no care of himself no more, body nor goods. Haf to guard him like a hen with one chick, I do. Money? Boys-oh-boys! He'd throw her to the birds. Why, Mr. Delaforce, ye know, I'll tell ye somep'n. I go round this house on dustin' days and pick money f'm under the clock, behind the books, off the carpet, everywheres, yes, sir; out the salt box one time. Lucky I'm honest. So fur. He's a holy caution. Every other way, he wants house kep' so neat a man has to go to Halifax to spit. But money? Any old gype in trouble, good or bad, he'd take hold and heave the whol' ship overboard for 'em! Why, Land of Izrul ——"

A voice overhead checked the enthusiast, with his mouth open and hand uplifted.

"Below there! More!"

Mr. Cook so far forgot himself as to wink, and hurried out grinning.

He had been gone some time when Salem, who sat thinking, raised his head with a jerk and stared as if down the long dusky room he saw an alarming presence. He moved his chair quietly back, rose and listened. Then, going without a sound, he crossed to the door of the hall, dodged out, and waited with one hand on the newel post. Like a thief escaping, he tried the front door, swung it ajar and slid through.

On the doorstep he paused long enough to study the written card above the holy-water clam shell: Keep Full for Birds. Per Order, J. C.

From his shirt pocket Salem took the wad of envelope, unfolding it to read through smudge and stain the words written there. Again he looked down at the card.

A moment later Mr. Cook, returning silently downstairs, found him seated as before, alone at the head of the table.

XII

HE CLIMBED upstairs, afterward, with reluctance and doubt. At the bedroom door he stood still, wondering what to do, what to say. But when at last he went in he found these questions taken from him and set aside, his judgment called elsewhere.

"What d'ye think of them for whiskers?" The captain, sitting up among his bodyguard of the four Evangelists, frowned at his own face on the back of a large spoon. "Redder'n sin and twice as ugly. Like a brindle cat's hair glued on. If I had me some wire-coil ribs, and a len'th of spotted calica, you could stick me on top a Christmas stockin' for Jack-in-the-Box. Couldn't ye? What? Couldn't ye? Go look in that chist o'drawers, young man, fetch me the shears and I'll spread the glitterin' forfex wide, hey?"

Luckily for the captain's beard Salem rummaged the drawers in vain, and was soon recalled.

"Never mind. Come si' down. Tell me. You said they larned you to read, in there. How's that?"

Salem tried to explain.

"I mean, sir, it came over me," he replied, "that books were like a man talking to you, say."

Captain Constantine put away his convex mirror, and grunted.

"Some is. Some hain't," he declared. "Some's more like a infant teethin', and others like a spoilt monkey that needs him a dose o' physic. Good ones, yes; good ones is men. And what was that, about larnin' you to speak right?"

"Well, I studied to," Salem admitted, "but the minute Trapper and me—and I—got to going it, we slid right back into the old way."

(Continued on Page 64)

WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC

Snow on the Mountain Makes Power in the Valley

When everything that will burn—the coal and the wood, the oil and the gas—has been consumed, and the energy so released has been dissipated, there will still remain for mankind an inexhaustible source of power in the endless cycle of moisture moving from cloud to mountain-top in snow or rain, thence to the valleys in little streams and great rivers, and so, finally, back again in vapor to the clouds.

And this potential energy, utilized to do such a simple thing as the turning of wheels, will provide the people with ample supplies of light and heat and power for all their needs.

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Employed today in the public service, in industry, and in homes, as a manufacturer and distributor of electrical and mechanical apparatus necessary for convenience, for economy and for progress, Westinghouse tomorrow will be the supplier of equipment that will be necessary for life itself.

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MOTORS SERVICE

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
INCORPORATED
General Offices: Detroit, Michigan
21 Branches in Principal Cities

(Continued from Page 61)

His examiner gave a nod and a chuckle, as if well pleased.

"Nature," said he. "Nature. But come, I told you my worst trouble. What was yourn?"

The young man's face turned grave, and his answer was long in coming.

"Bad dreams." He did not know that he used the words of Hamlet, but he did know that for nothing in the world would he ever say more to any man. "Have 'em yet. Bad dreams."

"Poh! Them?" said the captain cheerfully. "Most every night I turn to and dream all my teeth has fell out. They say it's a sign you'll go on outlivin' everybody belongs to ye. How's that for bad?" He sat thinking, then added: "Well, guess you're glad to be free, all one same. Trapper told ye, s'pose, how he got ye out?"

"Him?" cried Salem, and started. "Trapper? Why, Trapper couldn't recall nothing about it! Sent me to you."

Captain Constantine enjoyed a silent laugh which made the bed quiver. His eyes became hooded again, but between their wrinkled lids two points of light seemed to perform a wicked, squinting dance.

"Couldn't recall nothing, hey? Well, well! That young hogset o' falsehood run dry, has he?" The bed continued to tremble. "Why, Trapper'd ought to be shot in the neck with a pickax. He can remember all he hears, and he hears more'n a preacher at a tea-canteloo."

Mirth gradually made the speaker slide under his counterpane, where he lay still, with his beard rumpled over his fists, and head on shoulder like one who might drop asleep weighing some pleasantry. When he roused a moment later it was to hoist his body upward and sit against the pillows erect. The look which he bent on Salem contained nothing of oddity.

"My boy, you got a big freckled lummox of a friend there who's worth revealin' to ye." He spoke with quiet satisfaction. "That young red-headed rogue el'phant, he'd never let on. So I will. When you was took up first, for a spell Trapper he did think you done the deed. That never changed him to-wards you, not a mite. 'I don't care,' s'e, 'what a man's done!' Kind of extreme, till you know how to take the sayin'. Well, meantime, you in the lockup house breathin' fire, atop of all comes to Trapper the sartain knowledge that old man Voe, Frizzly Obadiah, had off with your ax and dealt the stroke. On accounts of a daughter of his—Hannah, the pretty dark one, all red and brown and full of the Old Scratch. Or she was then. Poor Frizzly had so many child'n, thicker'n a run of alewives, nobody'd thought he could single out any one of 'em to care for that much. A widow man, too, so busy earnin' bread and shoe luther all round; but 'pears he did. Your ax he borrowed for to chop some pickerel holes, while carrying which on the ice he met Asy Beard and asked him like a man what he meant to do. Beard wa'n't a man, but a skunk, and answered accordin'; so to it they went in the snowstorm."

Salem nodded.

"Two days before I found it, then," said he. "Wind hauled round afterward, and swept out Asy's head for me."

"Jes'-so," agreed the captain. "And here was Trapper in a clove hitch with all this knowledge. One friend's life in danger, yourn; another, old Frizzly, would leave a herd of orphans; between ye, poor Trapper he was tore in two. What's more, he'd been fond of Obadiah's girl. I tell you, that boy suffered! Choose he must, alon', without help. Who's to judge him?"

Salem listened, with head hung down. Shame overpowered all other feeling as he replied, "Not me."

"Nor me," the captain chimed in promptly. "Cut short, what Trapper done was to leave all and follow him. Wherever Frizzly went Trapper'd go. Whatever he worked at Trapper'd git a job alongside if he could, or else hang round. Each man knowed the other knowed, but kep' his head shut, and they stayed friends. No tellin' where they might ha' fetched up. But come last spring, when the snow hankered on late as if to stay on the ground all summer, four of 'em was comin' out the woods, a sled and two hosses, Frizzly settin' aft on the lo'd. They crossed a cradle knoll, the so'd made a bend on glary ice, down she slewed, whang, like a beetle on a waidge, and there was poor old Obadiah Voe for ye, mashed again' a rock maple, pinned between hardwood and hardwood.

"Dark was comin' on. They got him clear, and did what they could, but saw they was goin' to lose their man. He'd turned blue as a whetston', Trapper says. The pair give each other one look.

"'I'll tell ye now,' the old fellow whispers. 'Take her down quick.'

"So they did. Couldn't hardly see to write under the trees, nor hear what was left of his poor stove-in voice; but they did, and all signed with their hands numb.

"Then lawyers took holt of the plain fact, so you was lucky to git out by summer. Out at all."

A long silence fell in the room. From downstairs through open windows came the voice of Mr. Cook, chanting interminable words to the air of Villikins and His Dinah. Salem was the first to speak.

"Who's taking care of all those children, sir?" Yesterday he had put the same question. He now got almost the same answer.

"Obadiah's? Oh, they're bein' well looked after." The captain glanced away, fidgeted, and pawing roundabout, recovered the spoon. He took refuge in its mirror, with a set frown. "I can't jes' think, somehow. But they made Obadiah's mind easy, Trapper and 'mongst 'em did, before he went. His child'n are doin' all right."

Salem waited. No more being vouchsafed, he tried again.

"Don't see how Trapper could afford," said he, "to give up all his own affairs for mine so long. Trapper's got a mother to support."

This drew no reply whatever, but needed none, for the captain flung down his toy and sat glowering, a bearded image of distress, guile and confusion.

"Better ask him. Git me an apple. I've talked my thro't as dry as a last year wossip's nest. What!" cried Constantine angrily. "Can't ye choose better'n a powder-posted apple? Here, this one. Take it and meller it for me. Not there!" he roared. "Not on Mark, his jib was cut too p'inted. Meller it on Matthew."

Salem did as he was told, and bashed the apple against Matthew's glossy archaic hair. The captain's wrath subsided; he ate and grumbled apology. They sat talking at random till Salem got up to go.

"Where next after here?" inquired his host.

"To see a little girl. A child that lives down where the lockup was."

"Child? Ho. So she was. So she was." Salem took alarm.

"Was? Ain't she alive now?"

The captain's eyes began to twinkle, then suddenly grew rounder and more goatlike than ever.

"'Course she is; 'course she is. Alive?" he echoed. "Mary Prior? They don't build 'em any livelier, hull, riggin' or ground tackle. Do. A good idee. Go see the child."

As the door was closing he shouted: "And come see me again too. Maybe to-morrer I'll git me my britches on, and go pestering the neighborhood some more. But come again, boy."

Salem promised and went out. On his way downstairs alone he paused, and stood with face lifted toward the shadows of the upper hall, where the glimmering hand rail vanished in a cool high dusk that smelled of cedar. Contempt for himself, who had brooded on his own part in the sum of what men suffer, likewise faded into a region obscure and tranquil. It was neither happiness nor grief, but something composed of both, fleeting yet perpetual, that poured through his mind with a cleansing wonder. Salem felt it, could almost hear it like music, passing upward in the twilight. He stood a long time; then went down, content. To a whim of this old man above—no, he thought; to a pair of friends, who would never tell him so, but bandied him back and forth, he owed this moment of more than bodily freedom.

"I can't owe nothing smaller."

Again at the newel post he halted to give ear. Muffled behind some closed door, and mingling with a rattle of pans, the voice of the captain's "stewart" plaintively took up another verse:

A bold grenadier with the great Marshal Saxe
Had his head chopped clean off by a Lochaber ax,
But the sergeant replaced it so neat ere it fell,
That a handkerchief tied round his neck made all well.
Teary eye, teary eye, teary idle eye yea.

(Continued on Page 67)

Drawn from photograph

Protecting the Tax-payers' Purse!

The "Caterpillar's" field of usefulness is by no means limited to road making. On farm or ranch, in the mining, oil and lumber industries, for snow removal and other civic work —wherever power and endurance are at a premium, the "Caterpillar"* has no real competitor*

By using a fleet of "Caterpillar"* Tractors, Travis County, Texas, is building a system of dirt and gravel roads with striking reductions in cost to the tax-payers. After the purchase of its first three "Caterpillars,"* a year ago, the economies gained were so obvious that the County did away with all other methods and equipment. As its road program expanded additional "Caterpillars"* were bought from time to time, so that Travis County now operates a fleet of eight of these tractors.

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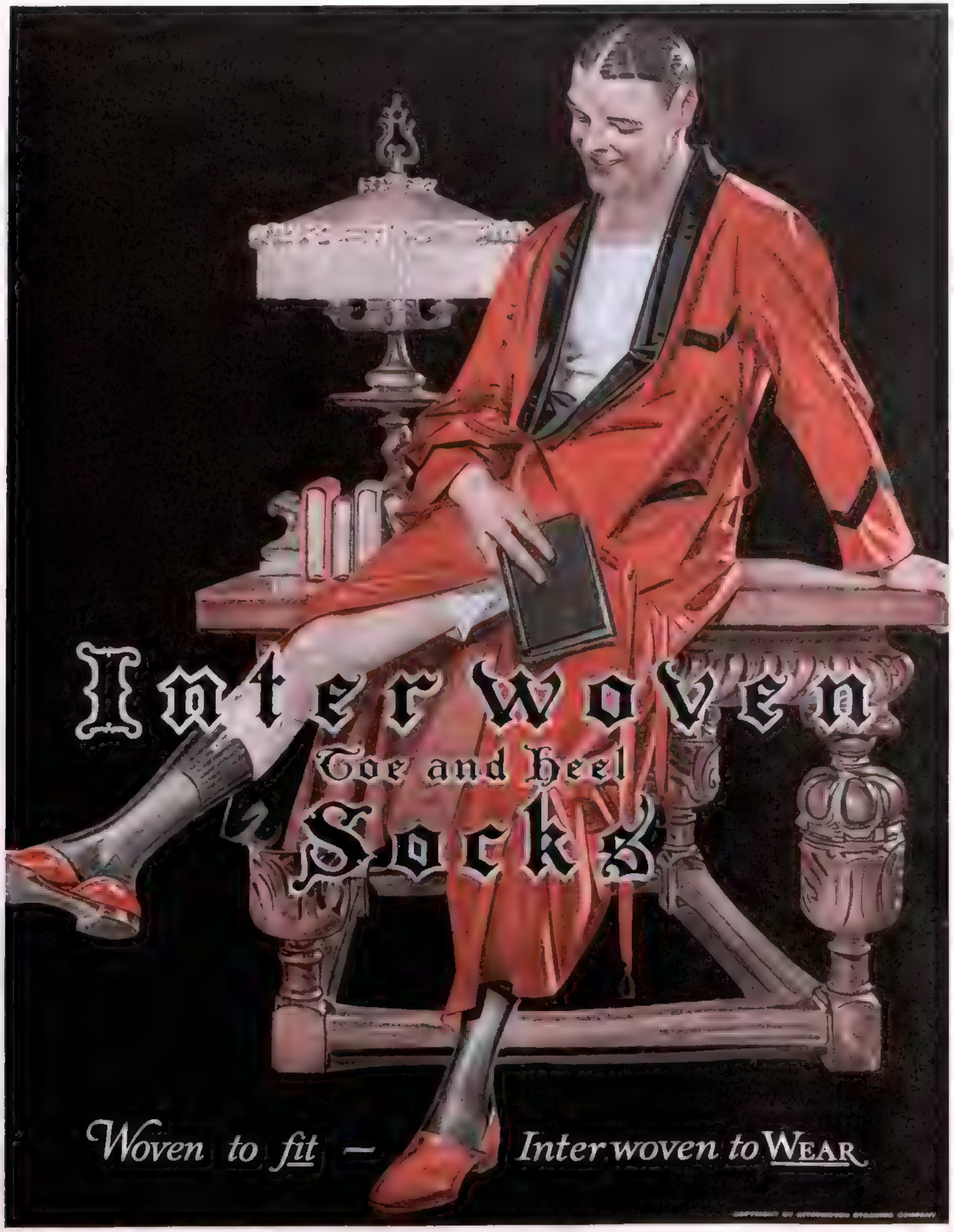
Interwoven
Toe and Heel
Socks
Woven to fit — Interwoven to WEAR

(Continued from Page 64)

Before this miracle was over, Salem slipped into the dining room. His moccasins made no sound on the floor. He moved quickly, dividing as he went a packet of clean bank notes into little sheaves. One he had poked under time's black mausoleum, the marble clock, another beneath a silver trivet on the sideboard, when footsteps made him give back. They were the steps of Mr. Orin C. Cook; but he only crossed his kitchen and began, above a plash of running water, to sing the great mythical hero who dared leap from a church spire into a bag of shavings:

Halfway down, his boy shouted, "There's glass in the sack!"
So he turned right around in the air and jumped back.
Teary eye, teary idle ——

Salem, grinning, darted to the model of the ship Cathance. He lifted her forward hatch, ran his third sheaf into her hold, and covered all but a green dog's-ear which he bent down over the coaming.

"That," he thought, in the sunny garden path, "leaves nothing but what's the right size."

XIII

THROUGH Salem's head that evening ran the old story of the man who set out to make a broadax, and ended by making a sizz. Of him the fable might have been told; for as he walked by sunset light down toward the alley of the jail and the wharves he was laughing at his own purposes, their fallen grandeur. He had imagined a vain thing: To return here like some storybook fellow, to make a speech, and to startle a child with his lordly mysterious gift; and now he was humbled, nothing remained but his purse, three soiled green rags won by playing the clown in public.

Salem entered a shop on the way and exchanged them for cleaner money.

"Enough to buy her a dress," he thought. "Maybe something over for a doll."

He passed on, still thinking of the bungler with the broadax. Yes, that fable was of one Salem Delaforce, a born fool. In his ignorance he had tried to make something beyond his power, designing a great return for a little kindness, when lo, it was the other way about, the kindness great, his return pitiful. The child—he could see her in his mind's eye, looking down through the jail window, removing a dandelion from her lips, to speak a word that raised him out of blackness toward her sunlight for a moment and kept him from sinking back a wild beast—the child had been a symbol. He had gone on believing in her, in it whatever it was, the justice of the kingdom of children, when there was nothing else and even that seemed idle. Now his sight was unbound; like the young man at Dothan, he saw what a host had been for him in secret.

"And she can buy her a doll." He laughed. "We'll make a good sizz."

Sunset poured down the road, turning dust to gold, blinding him with hot splendor full in the face. Black against it rose a pattern of intricate silhouette, gables, chimneys, drooping elms, little plateaus of piled lumber, aspiring topmasts. He had all the scene to himself, work for the day being over, the alley and wharves deserted. It was an evening hour so still that from miles away, in high pastures overlooking the river, a muted clank of cowbells faintly descended.

Their slow-stepping music accompanied his thought, half heard at most. Salem knew only that something made him uneasy, perhaps a sound, perhaps the nature of his errand.

The green schooner Galilee had sunk deep at the wharf and waited in her oozy bed for the returning tide. A Maltese cat, curled asleep on her deck load, was the only living creature in sight. Mud flats filled the air with an evil smell.

Salem raised his hand and made a motion to knock, while watching the Galilee's cat below. His knuckles encountered empty air. He woke out of musing, turned and looked.

Her doorstep and the whole house front lay just in shadow, at the edge of all the light and heat streaming by. Her door stood a little way ajar, inward, so that his hand by chance had found the opening. Blinds were drawn tightly down in both windows, but he caught a glimpse within of what might be subdued sunlight. Salem was about to knock with better aim, when something stayed his hand.

Beyond the door a play of shadow and a scuffling movement ceased or paused, then someone drew breath quickly as if in pain. At the same time he saw why the door was not shut, and could not be, to stay. Above its knob projected a bolt, shot home and left so, while on the floor lay an iron socket burst from the jamb, with rusty screws and crumbs of rotten wood.

"No! No!" cried a voice. "Leave this room, I tell you! Leave this house!"

It was a woman's voice, angry but not shrill, rather deepening than rising with indignation.

"You can't git away, my dear," replied another voice, a man's, rough, hoarse, cajoling, with a twang that Salem could almost remember. "Now don't take on so. I like ye, that's all. W'oa! See, you couldn't git away, didn't I tell ye?"

The woman spoke again, her scorn wavering closer and closer to tears.

"I know I can't. You're stronger than I am. Oh, it's cowardly ——"

Then came a whistle, repeated twice—a girl's whistle, thought Salem—after which a dog shut in somewhere began barking with ineffectual fury.

"He don't scare me non'. Look here ——"

"Go, before I call for help and put you to shame! Oh!"

Salem quickly and quietly slipped into the house. It was like passing at one step from full day to night, for the curtained room held only the glow of a lamp in one corner. White cloth, a mound of needlework on the table, enhanced this glow and cast it upward, so that what he saw chiefly was a girl's head and shoulders lighted from beneath. She had broken free, put the table between her and some object of loathing.

Over the lamp her eyes met Salem's at once, in a flash, a look that outran words to welcome him like one expected.

Unconscious of this meeting, a big raw-boned young fellow made another step toward her. The room resounded with imprisoned barking, above which he raised his voice and laughed loud:

"Git out! Call? What fur? Little noise more or less don't worry this neighborhood."

Salem advanced behind him, to speak. His words were lost in the din. With that the girl nodded, turned her head away and called "Be still!"

The barking stopped. Both men remained facing her as if she had commanded them also to silence, while her eyes again rested their welcoming light on Salem. Wonder, incredulity, joy struggled in his heart with dismay.

This young loveliness, tall as himself or nearly, was the child. He knew it only by her eyes, the same dark blue regarding him steadily but with an inward sparkle, and by the mingling of bronze light and dusk in her hair. Time had robbed him, a few years had cheated. He had lost even his symbol. But if she herself were real he did not care.

"This man troubling you?"

"Yes. Always." Her voice was calmer now, and it thrilled in Salem's ear like music. "He knows I live here alone. I sat working by the lamp so that the house would look as if nobody —— And he came and ——"

She pointed toward the door with the broken fastening. It had swung open when Salem came through. He nodded, and turned to the other man, who stood grinning at him.

"Come outside with me," said Salem.

This ugly red face displayed anger, surprise, but neither fear nor shame. While awaiting reply Salem knew the fellow; it was the same who had been loading planks aboard the Galilee that forenoon, and stopped to watch him like an enemy on her doorstep.

"Who in hell are you?" said the man. "And who ast you to come a-meddlin'?"

The harsh voice, and now at closer quarters the flat nose and coarse thick mouth seen more closely, brought further knowledge racing back through Salem's recollection. He and the speaker were old acquaintances. Grown somewhat heavier, this was the green-eyed lout who had mocked him, staring in at the jail window, and bringing that horror of a woman who laughed.

Salem only repeated his invitation:

"Come outside."

He spoke so mildly that the other no doubt thought him afraid. Salem's air of

(Continued on Page 69)

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For Economy and Utility

When accident breaks your windshield or the glass in your doors, replace it with plate glass—for economy and utility. It stands vibration better than ordinary glass. It isn't sagged like ordinary glass, so it is easily placed without breaking.

Plate glass is smooth, even and uniform in thickness. It hasn't any waves or valleys like common glass. It is free from curlicues and blisters. It hasn't any accidental streaks or lines. So you see things as they are—and not repeated in fanciful array.

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THERE is a danger line, in the lowering of prices, below which no conscientious manufacturer will go; because, if he does, he knows that the public will not get its money's worth.

A cheap suit of clothes is an abomination and utterly worthless. The money one puts into it is lost.

One good, hand-tailored suit, made to fit you, with an extra pair of trousers, will, in a pinch, keep you well dressed for a year—even longer.

A CHEAP suit of clothes can not maintain its deception for more than a month or so. It soon loses its style. Its ironed-on shape is gone in no time. The collar pulls away from the neck; the coat sags; the trousers flop around your legs. It is—just a cheap suit, and the world knows it.

GOOD clothes have their goodness built into them. Their shape is abiding. A year from today they are still *good clothes*.

Whether you buy Kahn clothes or not, if you really mean to practice economy—BUY GOOD CLOTHES.

WE ARE proud to say that, in the thirty-six years of its history, the Kahn Tailoring Company has never made a poor garment of any kind. *We never will*. Our clothes are, today, almost as low in price as they ever were, at any time—$35 to $75 for a pure wool, tailored-to-measure suit of the finest materials throughout. And yet we have never crossed that danger line to a false economy wherein the public pays for a temporary saving in permanent loss.

AFTER all, real quality, wherever you find it, is usually internal and unseen. It comes out and is apparent only under *stress of service*. The old Kahn suits in use have made us our reputation—not the new ones. All new suits look pretty much alike. An old Kahn suit is a thoroughbred to the end. It is shabby-proof. It is a mechanical impossibility for it ever to lose its character and gentility. Kahn clothes give you the mileage.

AND THIS idea of having your clothes made *just for you* and for no one else is sound clear to the core. No two men alive are exactly the same size and shape. There is only one kind of suit fit for you—and that's the one that fits. You can get that kind of a suit from a good merchant tailor, who makes so few suits that he has to get a whale of a price for them to pay his overhead—or you can get it from the Kahn Tailoring Company—the biggest makers of fine, tailored-to-measure clothes in the world. Your local merchant tailor couldn't exist on our narrow margin of profit—we couldn't either, if we didn't make thousands of suits to his one.

ALL TAPE lines are alike, and the measurement the Kahn dealer in your community takes is just as accurate and careful as the measurement of the most expensive tailor on Fifth Avenue. You don't have to be extravagant to be perfectly groomed—neither do you have to buy a cheap, short-lived suit to be economical. Somewhere between, you will find the Kahn-tailored gentleman—the good, sound-headed American who always gets his money's worth.

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TAILORING CO.
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youthful slenderness, moreover, had deceived many a keener eye by day in the open. Now by lamplight, at all events, a great admirer of the ladies and not a bad judge of rough-and-ready fighting made a mistake which he was long to remember.

"You trot home, boy. We're busy." He gave a contemptuous laugh; then, finding his advice not taken, began an effort to stare Salem down, and made a discovery. "Why!" he jeered. "I know this thing! Delaforce, the murderer. Then it's true what they tolt me." He swung round toward the girl. "Some rich fo'ks took and hired a sick man to lie him out o' prison."

She looked only at Salem, over the lamp, but her quick changing smile parted something between the men, disdain for one, kindness for the other.

"I know Mr. Delaforce better than that," she said. "We were friends when I was a little girl. You'll do well to go with him."

The green-eyed one could not flush deeper, but the unclean emotion with which his face was already burning altered for the worse.

"Ho! Friends, be ye? The jailbird! I seen him lurkin' round this forenoon, sneakin' after ye like a ——".

The simile which he employed might not bear repetition. To Salem—transfixed by a starry glance, his heart beating loud, his head swimming with the word she had granted—it came like something monstrous, not to be borne once. He drowned it with a roar, and choked. The room swayed like a ship, the walls melted, grew black, came closing in a circle that glimmered and went out as he caught the man blindly.

It would have dropped outdoors like an empty sack or a scarecrow, but it squirmed in the air, flew awry, and pitched down with a crash that made the house tremble.

"You talk like that," cried Salem, drawing his fists up to his head, "and I'll kill ye!"

The man lay still, crumpled against the door jamb. Salem turned from him. The girl had caught her lamp as it reeled, and steadied it without knowing. They looked at each other.

And then, in the stillness, not far away a bell began to ring. It jangled slowly, as if rung by an aimless hand, but all the while came nearer.

Salem let his arms drop, stared at the body on the floor and, with head hanging, cast a furtive glance behind him, past one shoulder, then the other. He listened. It was no trick of the brain. In this phantasmal blending of lamplight and reflected sunshine he stood awake, and as plainly as his own breathing heard the bell ring.

What the girl saw next was a transformation that drove out of mind even what she had seen. Her deliverer—this calm, tall, dark young column of strength—began to totter before her. His eyes, questioning, burned out in despair and grew hollow; his face withered as if with age; and his limbs moved like those of an old man while he retreated, groped behind him, struck the arm of a chair by accident, and fell into it.

"Is there snow on the ground?"

She shook her head. Though her eyes had no power or wish to forsake his blank entreaty, she was aware that the body by the door moved, groaned, lifted its head and, crawling over the threshold, got up dizzily and fled or staggered away with one arm dangling. Afterward she knew, rather than saw, that down the hill passed a lumber wagon—a team of six horses going home to stable, bay horses, the leaders with a brass bell winking between them, and dirty blood-red ear tassels nodding from their bridles.

"Don't let it come in!"

She ran to the door and, having closed it, stopped there in terror. This broken figure of a man sat watching her with eyes that looked out from another world.

As for Salem, he dared see nothing but her face. In the room, which had grown dim after the door swung to, something white moved toward him, and the dead Sagamore, his own dog whom he had buried long ago in winter, came and touched his knee with a pink muzzle that sniffed as though alive. He would not look away from her.

"Don't you go!"

She saw in his eyes the dread that all things were about to vanish.

"No," she said. "I am with you."

It took bravery, but she crossed the room and laid her hand on his arm. Then, her terror giving place to pity, she knelt by the chair.

"Don't go. If it passes—the winter bell. Stay long as you can."

His head fell on her shoulder. She let it rest there, as if she had been his mother. In a storm of weeping, like a great wind which tosses and strains to uproot a tree, he heard himself telling her all that no one was ever to hear.

XIV

A FORTNIGHT later day was breaking in the woods heavily, slowly, coming with effort through a chill smother of damp. It made itself felt more as darkness withdrawn than as light increased; morning seemed to have lost the way; and except for the sleepy chirping of a bird or two and a drip hardly begun among unseen branches, nothing promised that the world should ever wake again. A smell of last year's moldering leaves weighed down the wet obscurity. Not by sight but by the slope underfoot and a guess that a white-birch phantom was leaning where it ought to lean, Salem knew his ground. He was descending the northern side of Rum-Time Hill.

Halfway down a sudden return of night overspread and told him that here stood the old hemlock. Salem halted and dropped on the grass his burden, a canvas bag holding load enough for a horse. He parted the bushes on his right, walked straight in through black undergrowth for half a dozen paces, then stopped and took from his pocket a candle end, which he lighted.

"Still here."

At his feet shone a dark pool no wider or deeper than a bucket, reflecting the pointed flame and his finger tips, until a baby frog hopped in and went kicking down.

"All choked with leaves," thought Salem. "Used to be big as a barrel."

He placed the candle in a socket of moss and himself on a rock. Beside him on a withered sapling butt hung a ragged film of iron rust. This, when Salem put it there last, had been a tin cup.

"Nobody come since prob'ly."

The pool, a spring known to Indians dead and gone, had given the hill its name when river drivers halted there to mix grog of Santa Cruz rum or Medford. Salem found it a pleasant thought, for the moment, that he could go in the dark to places which, now the old-time people were no more, other men could not find by daylight.

"Nobody here since."

He made a birch-bark dipper and drank. The water was cold, clear, living as ever. He sighed, in part with satisfaction, in part with regret.

The spring grew quiet. The frog later reappeared and clung to its margin, like a tiny scrap of puckered leather watching him with eyes. The candle burned steady and wore a faint halo in the mist. By its light Salem's face was that of a man who feared nothing behind him any more.

"Maybe I'll see her once or twice a year, when I go down."

For two weeks he had worked hard, earning money toward the supplies, the horseload in the bag. He had lacked time, ran his excuse—lacked courage, he knew in his heart—to return to her door until the day before yesterday, when no one answered his knock. He had not seen her after that night.

"Bawled like a baby," he thought.

But no, he was not ashamed. Doubt, ignorance or doubt, had kept him away. What could a man tell her, what could he have stammered to one who twice in his life had preserved his soul, reason, what you call it, from destruction?

"Round Christmas time, say, I'll try again."

He smiled, knowing well that he could not go without her so long.

"A lon'ly way of coming home, this is."

He had missed his other friends. A call at the captain's had brought forth only Mr. Cook, short-spoken, fidgety and secretive; Captain Constantine was got up and traipsed off a-fishin' somewheres, when he ought to known better. Kingcome, too, was gone from mill and boarding house without word left. Salem's good-bys had failed on every hand. He sat here very much alone in the night mist, by a forgotten well among rocks and trees.

"No good," he said aloud.

There was no pleasure, after all, in the things he knew best, in a gift like this of homing straight to places the most beloved. A choked spring; he would come with a spade one day and clear it. But a choked spring and a wafer of iron rust eaten through with holes warned him what to expect. His cabin by the lake would be a dreary sight. He smelled the mustiness from here, felt in advance the peculiar melancholy that hovers in a dwelling retaken by weeds and forest growth.

He rose. His fellow thinker, the infant frog, at once deserted him and went down quite cheerful, swimming with hind legs only. Salem blew the candle out and waded through leaves to his bag. It seemed heavier than before, the mist darker. At the foot of the hill he went stumbling, now in moss-grown corduroy road, now in stale water or cold, drenching grass that lined the hollows of thank-you-marms.

He made good speed, however, for Lambkill Heath, seen from another hilltop, stretched gray without form under a border of black woods, these in turn under starlight filling a sky the darkness of which had as yet no more than a greenish tinge. The lower stars quivered and shook, all but the morning star, hung aloft like a tiny though intenser moon.

"Getting nigh home."

Salem crossed the heath in a brightening vapor. When fir woods again solemnly inclosed him he could see the grass of the winter sled road which he followed.

"Here 'tis."

He had reached the lake near his own cove before sunrise. Dropping the bag he sat down. Blackened granite rocks, their bases faintly striped with paler bleaching, huddled among reeds at a margin of brown water. Beyond lay nothing but mist, as far as the hills now edged with radiance where the great star dissolved. It was a cold scene to look upon, the air biting.

"A poor time to visit your house in ruin. For old time's sake, better start the day with a swim. Rouse your blood too."

Salem stripped, and climbed down to a flat rock from which he had often plunged. That icy-looking smoke made a man blench, but he gathered himself, set his teeth and dove.

He came up laughing, for the water was warm as new milk.

"I'd forgotten."

The smell of it, too, overcame him with remembrance, a frail sweetness blended of many hints—like green leaves crushed, or live trout, or willow bark just peeled—yet unlike them and without name, an exhalation from all forest roots and inland waters. He swam lazily, then floated on his back, watching the smoke curl upward, melt and drift with patches of blue sky. A loon far away began to laugh.

From near by came a rippling sound as of some animal that swam quietly; a deer, perhaps, crossing the lake before sunrise. Treading water, Salem looked about; but he could see nothing and lay back to float. The smell of water lilies, fresh and clean as rain, drew by on the surface.

Afterward, rolling over with a splash, Salem buried his face, then raised it, to swim out. For a moment, while his eyes were dripping, he thought he saw in the mist a shadow likeness of Mary Prior's face pass in profile toward shore. It faded slowly as a cloud picture. Although Salem's eyes did not often play false, the illusion failed to startle him, for she had been in his head all the while. He buried his face again, went racing toward the farther shore, across deep water, turned at the edge of lily pads and came racing back.

The sun warmed the grass and dried him when at last he sat on shore by his bag. Dressing, he thought there came voices behind him, but listened and heard no more. A crow cawed somewhere among bright fluttering tops of poplar.

"Cook breakfast here and make tea?" Salem debated the question. "Or go up now and see the worst?"

It was better, he concluded, to have this forlorn part over with, and do his homecoming while still in a glow. Salem jumped up and mounted the bank.

His house looked out at him from the deepest bend of the fir wall. It was not a ruin or overgrown, but stood there low and brown as ever, the door open, the chimney smoking. A yellow tent rose behind it.

"Someone's moved in. Some rascal's taken her over."

Salem drew near slowly. This might prove worse than what he had imagined. A hungry scent of bacon and coffee came out to greet him. And then, white, glossy, half awake, out came Sagamore—the Second, but like the First alive again—to yawn and stretch on his doorstep. The dog's collar shone in the sun.

(Continued on Page 72)

Shoes that *Don't* wear out the feet

CROWDED into unnatural shoes—the pointed, bone-bending kind—your feet are "all worn out" most of the time, with the sufferings caused by corns, bunions, fallen arches, ingrowing nails.

In Educators, the shoes made to "let the feet grow as they should," your feet are healthy and pain-free, *all* the time. For Educators never "wear out" the feet.

Furthermore they are long-wearing shoes. Get the whole family into them, especially the growing youngsters—you can spare them foot-torture for a life-time.

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EDUCATOR SHOE

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Why Feet Wear Out
Told in "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" a free booklet [illegible] WHERE Educators are sold and the name of the nearest dealer.

Boy's Dull Calf Educator

Rice & Hutchins, Inc.
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STEP into your car on a winter day—turn on the ignition, and in a second you've stepped on the starter and thrown the load of a cold motor on the battery. There's a hum of gears, a purr of exhaust—and you're off. It seems easy enough, but there's a lot to be thankful for when your battery works and keeps on working under a strain like that. Even if you live in a climate where the thermometer never drops below freezing it pays to be sure beforehand that your battery is capable of standing such a test.

The Willard is Able! Powerful! Tough! —and Cold Weather Proves It!

It's a severe test of battery ability to spin a motor against the pull of heavy, cold-thickened oil, and under the handicap of sluggish carburation. But it takes just such tests as this to show what a tough, capable, competent servant the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery really is.

There's ability, power and toughness aplenty —because of the careful working out of each and every detail of battery design—because of unusually painstaking workmanship—and finally, because of the Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation that protects the plates and guards you, the user, against the annoyance of having your battery reinsulated.

These things, all direct results of Willard's high standards of production and long years of experience, enable you today to assure yourself of uninterrupted battery service at lowest cost per month or mile; an assurance impossible with a battery less able than Willard, or service less conscientious than Willard Standards provide.

The best indication of Willard excellence you could have in advance of actual use is the list of the builders of 191 makes of cars and trucks who use Willard Batteries as original equipment, and all of whom have standardized on the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery, paying an additional price for the additional value.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

These 191 car builders use Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries

Acason
Acme
Advance-Rumely
Ahrens-Fox
All-American
Allis-Chalmers
American
American Beauty
American LaFrance
American LaFrance *of Canada*
Anderson
Apex
Armleder
Atco
Atterbury
Austin
Avery
Bell
Belmont
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Betz
Biddle-Crane
Bollstrom
Buffalo
Canadian Briscoe
Cannon Ball
Capitol
Carroll
Case
Chevrolet
Citroen
Clydesdale
Cole
Collier
Comet
Commerce
Commodore
Consolidated
Corliss
Crawford
Cunningham
Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Dearborn
Denby
Dependable
Diamond T
Dixie Flyer
Dodge
Dorris
Dragon
Drake
Elcar
Elgin
F W D
Fargo
Fergus
Ferris
Franklin
Fulton
G. & J.
G M C
Gardner
Garford
Gary
Giant
Glide
Goodman
Great Western
H C S
Hahn
Halladay
Hatfield
Hawkeye
Haynes
Henney
Highway
Holmes
Holt
Huffman
Hupmobile
Hurlburt
Huron
Independent
Indiana
Jordan
Kissel
Koehler
Lancia
Landa
Lease
Lewis-Hall
Lexington
M H C
Maibohm
Marmon
Master
McFarlan
Menges
Menominee
Mercedes
Merit
Meteor (Piqua)
Metz
Miller
Mitchell
Mor Powr
Mueller
Mulford
Napoleon
Nash
Nash Six
Nelson
Nelson & Le Moon
Noma
Norwalk
Ogren
Old Hickory
Oldsmobile
Oneida
Oshkosh
Packard
Paige
Panhard
Parker
Parrett
Paterson
Peerless
Peugeot
Phianna
Piedmont
Prado
Premier
R & V Knight
Rainier
Raleigh
Renault
Reo
Re Vere
Richelieu
Riddle
Romer
Robinson
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Stanley
Stanwood
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Traffic
Transport
Traylor
Twin City
Ultimate
United Motor
Ursus
Velie
Vim
Vulcan
Waltham
Ward-LaFrance
Ware
Werner
Westcott
White
Wills Sainte Claire
Wilson
Winther
Winton
Wolverine

Willard THREADED RUBBER BATTERY

"Hurry up with that coconut fudge!"

Real home-made candy with all its buttery richness is made more tempting by using Baker's fresh, ripe coconut. The coconut adds its own delicate flavor—a flavor that everybody knows and likes.

Baker's Coconut in cans is the only ready-to-use coconut in which the natural moisture is retained. All the wholesome goodness which Nature stores in the coconut—the goodness of the luxuriant, tropic sunshine—comes to you in the Baker can.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

Recipe for Coconut Fudge

Put two cups sugar, one-half square chocolate, one cup coconut milk or milk and pinch of salt in pan, boil until a small quantity, when dropped in cold water, forms a soft ball. Just before taking from fire add one tablespoon butter and one teaspoon vanilla. Remove from fire and beat until creamy. Add one can Baker's Coconut—continue beating until thick, pour into buttered tin and cut into squares before it hardens. (If Baker's Coconut in the blue can is used, thoroughly press out the coconut milk.)

Three Kinds

In Baker's blue can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts grated and sealed up in the wholesome, natural coconut milk.

In Baker's yellow can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts grated and sweetened, sealed up with wholesome natural juices.

In Baker's blue cardboard container—the dry shredded meat of selected coconuts, carefully prepared for those who still prefer the old-fashioned, sugar-cured kind.

BAKER'S COCONUT

(Continued from Page 69)

"We thought you'd like to find your house ready," said a voice that he knew. "So we came and pitched our tent."

Mary Prior had followed her dog to the threshold. She stood there smiling down at the wanderer. Indoors—beyond her—Salem caught a glimpse of Trapper's mother, Mrs. Kingcome, the little mother of a giant, who turned long enough from her cooking to throw him a bright-eyed welcome and a wave of her fork.

"The men," said Mary, "are camping above, in the next cove. There they come now."

A birch canoe gilded with sunlight stole in through the reeds, two weighty figures ballasting her. Trapper flourished his paddle. Captain John Constantine held in air a pickerel that seemed longer than his arm, and bellowed so that the woods rang, "How's that for breakfast?"

Salem called back an inarticulate hail, and turned.

"You don't object?" said the girl.

His face shone.

"Object? I—I want to break something!" he cried. "You folks ——" He could not finish. "Why, then, we were! We were swimming in the lake together before sunrise!"

She was not so pale as he remembered her.

"Are you sorry," she asked, "not to have it all to yourself alone?"

(THE END)

SLACK WIRE

(Continued from Page 15)

"Nothing." She took up her pen and signed the document. "There, it's done, Perce. I'll take it right over to papa. He's handling the sale."

He caught his breath. His eyes were alight with excitement. "Yes," he repeated fervently, "it's done!" And went softly out on his rubber heels.

So that was why he had wanted the car! It was rather a relief that they hadn't had to speak of it.

VI

ON HER return from the real-estate office she stepped into the cubby-hole that was P. Heigham's place of business, to report the commitment. Finding it empty she stood considering it and him. The desk was clear of papers. The leather-bound blotter was white with not a spot of ink. Pens and pencils lay in a precise row on their bronze tray. The lacquered stamp box that she recalled giving him for Christmas once upon a time, and the little glass bowls that contained wire clips and rubber bands, were arranged in a line just back of the inkstands—two inkstands, one for black ink and one for red. And over the desk were his mottoes—printed placards all neatly framed at home in passe partout and hung where his eyes must rest on them the first thing every morning and the last thing every evening. "It's what you get done that counts," was one. Another, that she knew he prized, was "Time is all there is." A third was the bold adjuration in a single word, "Think!" Most conspicuous of all was the trite "Do it now!" P. Heigham, however, didn't know that it was trite.

The only foreign object on the desk was a book, in the familiar red binding of the public library, that had been left open and face downward. It proved to be a collection of poems. She picked it up and looked at the opened pages. A faint pencil mark in the margin guided her to the lines:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole ——

She laid the book down again with a sense of guilt, as if she were prying into his soul. Perce was having a fight of it! Then her eye fell upon the end of a placard projecting from underneath the chair cushion. Curiosity surged high. It wasn't like Perce to hide anything in such a place. If nothing else, it would offend his sense of order.

She drew it out and read, "To thine own self be true." He was having a fight of it. She thrust it back under the cushion and hurried out toward her own office. In the foyer she saw him, coming with a tack hammer. The new motto, it would appear, was going up on the wall without so much as waiting for its modest frame.

And in the morning he laid aside the light check suit and the pearl pin. It was quite the old Perce that slipped in and out of her office, in modest dark suit, brows knit in his anxious desire to do the precisely right thing in his own humorless way. At home, that first morning of his renascence, she heard for the first time in a year a rhythmical thump-thumping from down the hall as he took up again his old setting-up exercises. And the picture it brought to mind was not unpleasing—Perce, in his union suit and slippers, bending and crouching and flexing arms and waist and neck, counting the rhythm under his breath and continuously frowning in that earnest way of his. She listened and smiled as she gathered up her abundant hair. And that very day he went back into the five-o'clock class at the Y. M. C. A. gym. Was enthusiastic about it; kept referring to his recent laxity and to the good this new activity was sure to do him.

It was pleasant to see him taking hold with so much fervor. In a way, pleasant. She couldn't help shrewdly wishing he wouldn't go at it quite so hard. He did swing from one extreme to the other; he seemed not quite to grasp the nature of this heroically practical business of living. His pin brain could see it only as a submission to precept. The more precocious Goldie believed that merely to live along with any success was like walking a wire over a Niagara of blind forces that exulted in tragedy; that your job was somehow, by hook or crook, through will power or even through patience alone, to stay up there on the wire. Just that. Somehow.

P. Heigham, on the other hand, when not preoccupied with intimate personal problems, was a bit of a reformer. He believed that you could change the forces. He could become almost vehement about that in a vaguely general way. And so he put aside little gayeties of costume, and talked about steadying down, and went grimly at his exercises. One, two, three, dip! One, two, three, turn! One, two, three, up! One, two, three, down! And his little sister smiled thoughtfully; and then as thoughtfully shook her head.

It was a few days after this that she came upon him writing feverishly at his desk. A letter, apparently, that he couldn't resist partially covering with his sleeve as he turned to her. He referred indirectly to the incident as they were riding home for supper. Goldie held the wheel. She drove a car, as she did every active thing, noticeably well.

"It's been"—his voice was unsteady, as it had been during his other little outburst—"it's been a rather tough job getting hold of myself, Goldie. You're hardly old enough to understand. I'm in love, you see. It's torn me all up."

"Are you sure she's worth it, Perce?"

"Well, I can't say. In a way I know she isn't, Goldie. But that doesn't seem to have anything to do with it. I've never felt this way before. Oh, there's been one or two little incidents."

Goldie, recalling a certain manicurist, could have chuckled aloud; but she didn't; she drove gravely on, with eyes fixed on the pavement of Simpson Street. Anyhow, he would have forgotten that. There never was room for much in his mind; never room for delicate balancing of contradictory impulses and memories. He was all one thing or the other.

He was talking on. It was one of those times when he had to:

"The fact is, Goldie, it's—it is love. Oh, that's the truth of it! It has torn me all up. It's a tragic sort of thing. I can stand it, of course. Oh, yes, I'll stand it! But it has changed me."

"I've seen that," said she, somewhat moved, and determined to handle him with sympathy.

"Have you, really?" He was eager about it. There was pathos in him. "I realize that I shan't be the same again. It has—well, aged me, Goldie. I hope you'll never have to go through what I'm going through. And there's a long dark road ahead. A long, long trail."

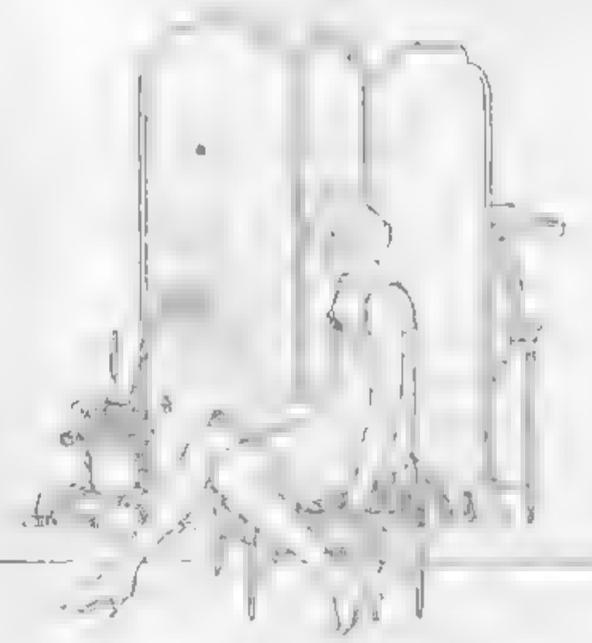
He smiled wistfully. And she found herself responding warmly to his mood.

"There won't be anybody else. Not that I can see now. Not until I change again, as I suppose I may, some day. It's one of those—those ——" His voice was choking now; and Goldie, fearing he might

(Continued on Page 74)

CONCERNING WOMEN ONLY

BY *Natalie Norris*



ONCE upon a time, although no one seems to know exactly why, it was nothing short of immodesty if a lady dared display a trim and shapely ankle in a public place. But that was very long ago in the mid-Victorian days when Madame Grundy held her *salon*, raising her pious hands in horror at the mere mention of the word, leg. Then, one always said limb, and blushed becomingly.

But, thank heaven, those false modesties have gone the way of the old strait-jacket corset and the hoop skirt. Today, women call a leg, a leg and display them frankly, even proudly.

Why mince matters? Shapely ankles are universally observed with approval. And correct stockings have ever so much to do with setting ankles off to advantage.

Come with me for a walk down any city boulevard when the wind is playful and you will observe there are two kinds of stockings most in evidence: stockings with old-fashioned seams up the back and,—Burson.

In the old days of long skirts a crooked seam, a run, or even, heaven help us, a hole, was not the serious matter it is today. But Fashion has decreed that dresses should be short. In fact she has raised them dangerously near the knee, with the result that stockings are as much in evidence as a man's cravat. Hence they must be faultless in every particular. Even if one would not be neat for neatness' sake, she must present a trim ankle to the public.

If your eye is at all critical it will tell you that stocking seams are frequently crooked. If that has never occurred to you before, just notice next time you are on the street. Wind-whipped skirts catch seams and pull them all awry until they run every-which-way in most unseemly disorder.

Once seams were necessary in shaped stockings and used in them exclusively. But now, mock seams are sewed into tubular stockings imitating real fashioning. Therefore, to assure fit, women are buying Bursons that are fashioned in the knitting. So, you see, really there is no longer any need for unsightly seams. Burson Hose follow the graceful contour of the leg perfectly. They have no ungraceful seams to pull awry. Consequently, they set off feminine ankles in a dainty, graceful fashion.

If you will note carefully you will see that women who are especially particular about their dress seem to prefer Burson Hose to any other kind.

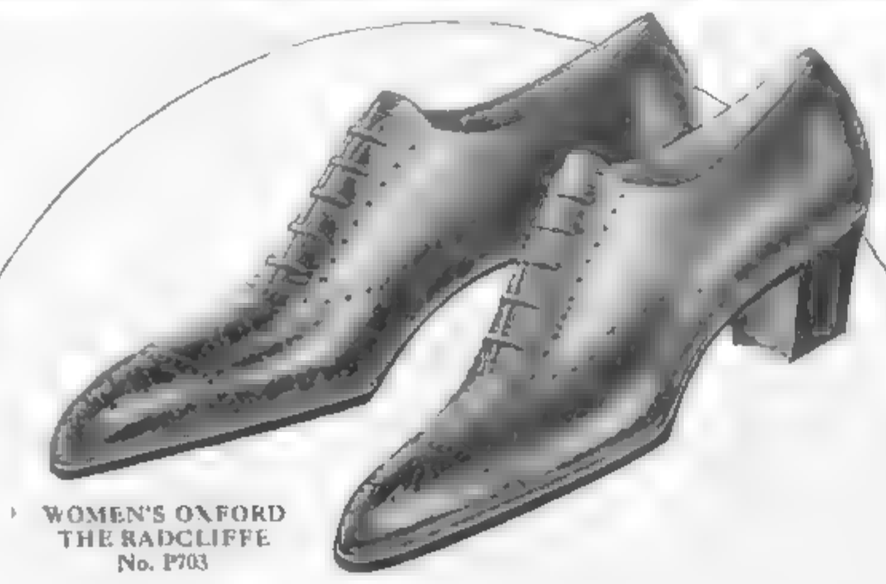
And in addition to the more stylish appearance of Burson stockings, they are infinitely more comfortable to wear because they have no seams to annoy the feet. That is a real relief to women, because it enables them to wear smaller shoes without discomfort.

Next time, ask for Burson stockings. Be sure you *do* ask for them by name, because Burson are unique in the style and comfort which they give. Important also, Burson stockings wear extremely long. They are made of the very finest materials and are made with the most minute care. Every pair is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Burson Hose come in sheerest silks, mercerized, lisle and cotton.

BURSON
Fashioned Hose

BURSON KNITTING COMPANY
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS



WOMEN'S OXFORD
THE RADCLIFFE
No. P703

Made *differently* to fit your feet

The glove grip construction—found *only* in Arnold Glove Grip Shoes—makes all the difference in the world. When you lace an Arnold Glove Grip Shoe, the arch of the foot is *raised* instead of being pushed down. The difference in comfort will astonish you.

So easy, so restful, are Arnold Glove Grip Shoes that you hardly know you have shoes on. They make you want to walk. The style of Arnold Glove Grip Shoes is crisp and trim. Their quality is rigidly held up.

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

No other shoe can be like them because the glove-grip principle is patented. They are for all normal feet and to be had in all styles and all leathers for men and women.

The Radcliffe, illustrated above, is a smart but sturdy oxford for women, made in a serviceable shade of brown calf.

A men's oxford of unusual distinction is the Stanton, shown below. Made of brown calf.

Be sure you get the genuine Glove Grip Shoes; there are many imitations. Send for descriptive booklet and the name of dealer nearest you.

Tel-U-Where

M. N. Arnold Shoe Company
North Abington, Massachusetts

MEN'S OXFORD
THE STANTON
No. P478

(Continued from Page 72)

really lose control, drove faster, believing that it would do him good to get home and wash up and eat his supper. "One of those heartbreaking memories that you just have to settle down with and live with the best you can. That's why I've welcomed this big responsibility of a real home. Because it'll take every bit of my energy. The sort of thing that's simply got to be gone through with. We've put our hand to the plow, Goldie."

But on the 12:22 train, next day, began a little emotional drama of which Goldie was to have only glimpses. He couldn't very well tell her, after what he had just said. And, anyway, his own bewilderment precluded thought.

VII

P. HEIGHAM paused on the platform between the cars and looked first into the one ahead, then into the other. Both were nearly full. They had a trick of filling up the 12:22 farther up the line. He found himself growing indignant about it. It was the train he had to catch two or three times a week. Half the time the aisles were full of Sunbury folk, standing. It was an imposition!

He decided to work toward the rear. There might be half a seat somewhere back there. Besides—though he was not himself aware of the force of this motive—he was so much more likely to be recognized as he moved slowly along the aisle from the front door with all the fortunate occupants of seats looking right up at him. Since the success of the New Parthenon he often found himself spoken to cordially by wealthy folk who had in the past ignored him. He was even pointed out by comparative strangers. Sunbury liked the New Parthenon. There was a genial light of publicity spreading from it that pleasantly bathed everyone associated with the enterprise. And this small indulgence seemed to mitigate his grief, as it in some measure restored his battered sense of self-importance. So he bowed with what he felt to be a rather impressive dignity to this person and that as he balanced along.

The last seat on the right had but one occupant. He noted this fact; noted, too, that a neat little blue turban crowned the head of whoever it was. She was leaning forward, chin on hand, gazing out the window.

His pulse beat faster than before he made the discovery; a fact on which he, wholly lacking the gift of self-criticism, placed no conscious effort.

More and more slowly he moved. There might be room enough in the two or three cars farther back; but still, here was a seat. The sensible thing would seem to be to take it. Under the blue hat appeared now a fringe of finely waved hair of a red-brown tinge, almost a deep copper color, and below the hair the outline of a soft cheek.

He stopped uncertainly. There was a traveling bag, two parcels, a vanity case, and one or two other feminine articles in the seat beside her. There could hardly be doubt that the formidable heap of belongings had been placed there for the purpose of holding all the seat. But aware of a hovering shadow she lifted her eyes. They were large and deeply blue; innocent eyes, he thought. Her cheeks were faintly pink, her mouth an almost perfect rosebud, like the mouth of any young picture star.

For an instant she seemed to be hesitating, as he was hesitating. He felt that she was taking him in. It was something that she should give him a thought, this stranger from somewhere up the line who couldn't possibly know him as a factor in the Parthenon success. It seemed to give him a new standing. Out of his pathetic self-abasement was rising swiftly, delightfully, a sense of well-being, of, really, a sort of power. He could, after all, impress strangers. The thought gave him a firmer set to the shoulders, gave him dignity.

She was gathering up her parcels. And he, unnecessarily now, was asking rather huskily, "This seat isn't taken?"

Her pretty girlish lips formed the word "No." She wasn't smiling, nor was he; yet she was, in a delicate way that found a response in his every sensitive nerve tip, welcoming him there.

She was tugging at the bag.

"I might put it up in the rack," said he, still huskily.

Her childlike eyes followed his upward. There did seem to be plenty of room up there. So she watched him while he yielded to the universal masculine desire to exhibit his easy strength. He wasn't particularly strong; yet no practiced disciple of Sandow or Strongfort could have performed the little feat with greater inward satisfaction.

"Wouldn't I better put those other things up too?" he asked, next; bending over so that the couple in the seat just ahead couldn't hear. He had taken of late to saying "would better" and "would rather," and to answering inquiries concerning his health with "I'm nicely, thanks." He had seemed to feel that this care in speech fitted better with his rising importance.

With only a slight hesitation she yielded the parcels; and he sank into the seat beside her. She was tapping the window sill with a pretty little hand. Covertly he watched it; then glanced up along the aisle. Here in the rear seat it was quite as if they were alone. Something cozy about it.

"I nearly missed the train," he heard himself saying. "I have to get in town for a preview of a picture. Sure to be a bore. But I have to keep up with the new releases."

With a pleasurable sensation he knew that the wide blue eyes were turned swiftly on him, then away.

"Oh," she asked, "are you in the picture business?"

"Oh, yes," said he, offhand.

She considered this; then remarked, "I've been on my vacation. Up in Wisconsin."

Then followed a long silence; which he broke, after a number of false starts, with this: "It's a lot pleasanter, having someone to visit with on the train."

"You get tired," she replied. "I've been riding since seven this morning."

"I should think you would be."

Another silence. She gazed out the window, he along the aisle. Midway of the car, by a window on the other side, he now saw the pleasantly plain profile of Emily Andrews. She lived on Hazel Avenue and worked in the Sunbury National Bank. She was about his own age, twenty-five; a good sort of girl. They had met first in church work. He had called on her a number of times. Just before he went on the road for the Vorse-Hibbard Company something near an attachment had grown between them; he used to take her to the theater and the orchestra concerts; but his long absence and his confusion in the matter of a certain manicurist had driven them apart. They met on occasions with a somewhat strained self-consciousness. Emily was good, through and through; not exciting, but the sort that would make somebody a wonderful wife if the years didn't get away from her. She mustn't see him now. Instinct hinted that she wouldn't approve of the piquant little person beside him.

One of the parcels slipped to the floor. He and the girl reached for it together. Their heads bumped lightly. Somehow his hand brushed and held hers; and despite a fear that she might struggle and denounce him before all these people, he continued holding it. He couldn't look at her. Nor could he bear to weigh soberly what she must be thinking of him. He was breathless. The situation was at once thrilling and terrible. And there was his lost love in Cedar Rapids! Thoughts of outlawed men and desperate deeds rose turbulently. Men who were misunderstood by the world. Emily would never understand. Even Goldie. He was, then, a man to live silently, gloomily, with bitter secrets in his heart.

"I was going to ride down in an automobile ——"

What was this? What on earth? His bewildered thoughts darted this way and that. Her voice was smooth, pleasant, casual, as if nothing had happened, while he had to find his mental way back through a tangled wilderness of wild masculine experience before he could pick up the lost trail of that earlier mood. The soft little hand lay passive in his.

"—— but the party had to come back yesterday."

Grimly, with the sensation of one plunging headlong into an abyss, he asked, "Doing anything this afternoon?"

"Why—no. I ought to get these things home. I don't go back to work until the morning."

"Better come along with me. See the picture." He was fierce about this; fierce because he was frightened. What would

(Continued on Page 77)

Are you in good company when you are alone?

CAN you pass an evening alone without boring yourself? Can you be your own companion for two or three hours and feel that you are a better man or woman afterwards?

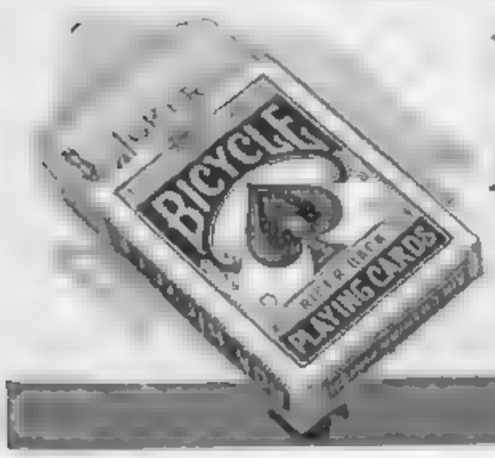
Play cards for wholesome recreation

and you will find yourself the most charming companion in the world. You'll be surprised the way the time will fly and, all the while, you'll be sharpening your memory, improving your mental concentration, strengthening your foresight. You'll sleep soundly after a game of solitaire and you'll be a keener man or woman the next day.

Send for this book:

"The Official Rules of Card Games," giving complete rules for 300 games and hints for better playing. Check this and other books wanted on coupon. Write name and address in margin below and mail with required amount to

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. A-5, Cincinnati, U. S. A., Manufacturers of



BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS

(Also Congress Playing Cards. Art Backs. Gold Edges.)

Solitaire at a Glance

Shuffle two entire packs of cards together and deal off onto the table, face up, four rows of ten cards each, from left to right—forty cards in all—called the *tableau*.

The object is to release the cards from the tableau and *talon* (see below), according to the following rules, so that they can be built up in eight suits, beginning with ace, then deuce, three, etc., to king.

In building, only the top card of the talon or a bottom card in the tableau can be used; the rule regarding the tableau being that no card can be used that has another card lying beneath it. Thus, at the beginning of the play, the cards in the bottom row of the tableau only are available, but as soon as one has been used the card which lies just above it can be used.

To play: If there are any aces in the bottom row of the tableau, release them, and lay them in a row beneath the tableau, the aces forming the *foundations* for building.

Then examine the tableau and endeavor to release cards so as to build up on the *foundations* (following suit, or to build down in sequence within the tableau itself, following suit). Thus if you have a king of hearts near the top of the tableau, and a queen of hearts which is available for use (no cards beneath it), the queen may be played on the king, and so on, playing available cards in descending sequence onto any card in the tableau. This should be done as long as such a play can be made, as it releases other cards desired for use. It is called *marriage*, and should be proceeded with with caution, as a sequence formed in a lower row may block a desired card above it, which might soon have been released.

As fast as aces are released place them in the foundation row.

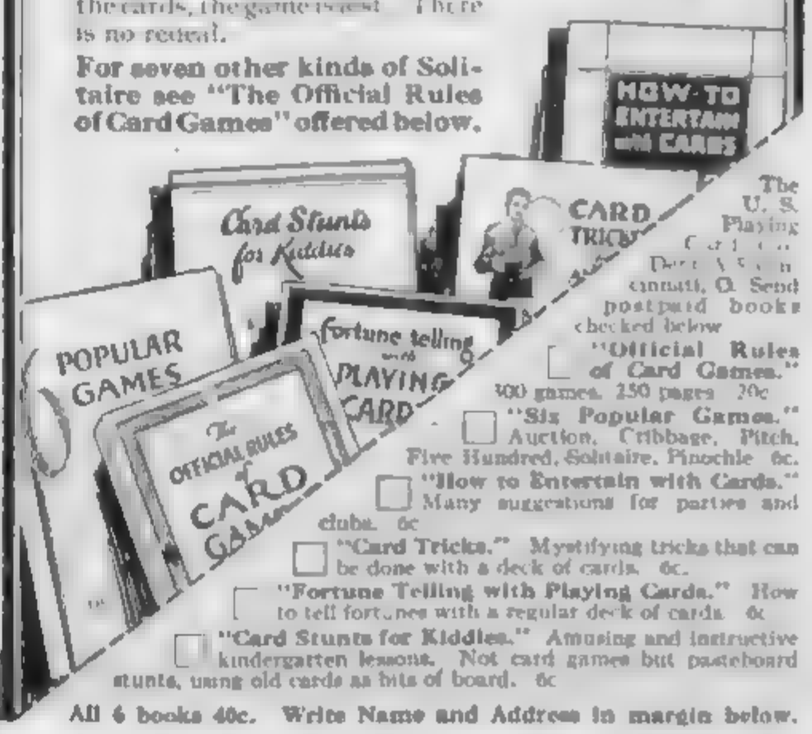
In plays in the tableau, create, if possible, a vacancy in a straight line in the top row. This space will be of great advantage in releasing other cards in the tableau or talon. Vacancies in the top row may be filled with any available card, either from the tableau or talon. The player will use his judgment about filling the vacancies as created, or wait for a more opportune time.

When all the available cards are played, deal out remainder of the pack one card at a time, playing all such cards in descending sequence on the tableau.

The cards that cannot be played, either on the foundations or tableau, are cast aside, one on top of the other, face up, forming the talon.

If the foundations cannot all be completed in the ascending sequence to the kings, thus consuming all the cards in the tableau and talon in one deal of the cards, the game is lost. There is no retrieval.

For seven other kinds of Solitaire see "The Official Rules of Card Games" offered below.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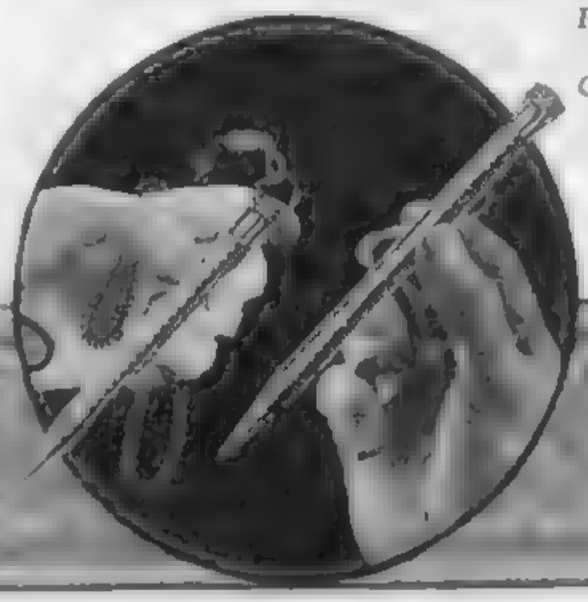

50¢ and Up

Continued from Page 74

the people at the exchange think? But his voice went amazingly on; of itself, apparently: "We can check your things at the station. Pick up some lunch."

"I don't mind," said she.

He couldn't get out of it now, though that wayward mind of his was rather frantically considering routes of retreat. The acute phase of the problem came when the train stopped. It seemed awfully conspicuous, helping her down and carrying her bag and parcels. Emily, fortunately, went out the other door. The best move seemed to be to send a porter to the parcel room with her things and have him bring the checks to the taxicab door. The Sunbury folk would all be walking over or using the busses and street cars. He accomplished this. And as he lavishly tipped the porter and took his seat in the dim interior of the cab beside this little beauty who took the most astonishing happenings innocently for granted, he wondered, with a bewildering uprush of nervous emotion, if he mightn't be regarded as a man about town.

VIII

ON A SUNDAY afternoon in late September Goldie and her father strolled about the wooded acre that within the week was to become the home of the Green family. The little sedan stood on the newly made gravel driveway before the portable garage. The twins, half-grown girls with yellow pigtails and thick legs, were playing in their new street. Within the house mamma, fat and somewhat excited, was standing by Somers van Horne as he hung chintz curtains of bright pattern in the living room.

"I don't think your mother suspects," observed Mr. Green guardedly.

Goldie was digging with a neatly shod toe. "It seems to be good loam," said she, "but I'm afraid we'll have to cut down a few of the trees."

Her father glanced at her, then away.

She went on, "There'll hardly be sun enough for your garden if we don't. I hate to, though. I've always wanted trees."

Mr. Green nerved himself; then rephrased his anxiety in question form: "Do you think she suspects?"

"Well"—Goldie balanced on one foot—"she did ask me. Just before breakfast."

"Oh, she did?"

"H'm-h'm. I—fibbed."

He was silent.

"I couldn't think what else to do. I said he phoned out that they were keeping him so late at the exchange he'd have to stay in at a hotel."

He sighed. "It's difficult sometimes to know just how to handle your mother."

He had never before put it into words. Tears rose in Goldie's eyes; she had to turn away. It was a day of high and turbulent emotions. Over this business of the new home papa and she had drawn close together.

"You"—he hesitated—"you've heard nothing at all, Goldie?"

"I don't know a thing beyond what we've both noticed. He quit his exercises a month ago; about the same time that he got out that check suit and the snappy hosiery. You can tell a lot from that. He hasn't kept up his gym classes, even."

"It's his being out so late nights. And the way he looks."

"It's a girl. He couldn't be so sly about anything else. I ran across him last week in the Sheridan House, waiting in the lobby. He pretended he didn't see me. I hate to see these wild girls get hold of Perce. He's a perfect mark for them."

Mr. Green was trying to follow her swift thoughts, knitting his brows. And she stole a glance at him, noting how the last iron-gray hairs in his close-cut mustache had faded to white; noting, too, the finely criss-crossed lines of care about his eyes.

"But he hasn't said a word about not being able to meet the payment," she went on reassuringly. "I think he'll come through all right. He'll have to, of course, or we just naturally can't move in."

Mr. Green glanced uncertainly toward the house; and then they strolled behind the garage, as if with a tacit agreement, where Mrs. Green couldn't by any chance observe their sober conference. It was certain that she'd be right out if she did.

"I wonder," said he, with the expression of vague unhappiness that Goldie had learned to dread, "if we're right in this."

"We've got to be." Goldie contrived a chuckle. "We've paid 'em three thousand and we pay two thousand more Tuesday."

"It must have meant a great deal more than that."

Goldie winced, in spite of her determined self-control. She knew at what cost to his long-repressed feelings her father spoke out so directly. It was an admission of defeat. Though, she thought, nervously alert, a few months back he wouldn't have been up to that directness. He'd have been vaguer; couldn't have faced it. He had been stunned then. Life had gone over him; rolled him under and left him there.

He continued: "All these extra furnishings. The unforeseen things. I know what it means to fit out a new house, dear. And with prices what they are nowadays ——"

That word "dear" moved her deeply. They were not a demonstrative family. But now she slipped her hand into his.

"Of course Perce has got to come through, papa. He will. He wouldn't fail us at a time like this."

"But the burden on you, my dear ——"

He couldn't get any farther with that; and she couldn't let him.

"I've got to get back to the office. You'd better drive me over, and bring the car back for the others."

"I'll speak to your mother first," said he.

He hadn't learned to drive until after the accident. Goldie quietly watched him as he maneuvered easily enough through the Sunday traffic. For the first time the thought came to her that perhaps, after all, he wasn't, as she phrased it, through. And into her keen young brain—in which was naturally much of the blind self-confidence and the heedlessness that can appear, to older tired folk, to be cruelty—crept now an almost adult understanding of what his long struggle must have been. He had been young, of course; had married in hope; had known his enthusiasms. "He's been out of luck, all along," she thought. "Getting nothing but bad breaks. Mamma laid down on him"—that was her phrase, "laid down"—"and the family came too fast. And he wasn't in the right kind of work. And then he got old, and the war hit him."

She pondered all this. It was, indeed, a sober day. Perce mightn't come through. She sensed that.

The car stopped before the theater. Simpson Street wore its gloomiest Sabbath air. The shops were closed. Nearly all the automobiles that crowded through were filled with pleasure riders and picnickers from Chicago.

She didn't get out at once; sat quietly thinking, finally rested a hand on his sleeve.

"I've got to be over at the hotel at 6:30, papa, for a little talk with Elsie Whitaker. You might call for me there about half past six."

She opened the door, hesitated, then suddenly all girlish impulse, said this: "I guess the truth is, papa, I wouldn't be happy without a good big scrap on my hands. I was blue before we went in on this house business. Do you know why? Because our fight seemed to be over at the theater. It looked like just a matter of settling down and taking care of the profits. Of course I've learned a little about myself these two years in business. I believe I've got some ability. Because I'm not happy unless I'm using it. Not really happy. You know—problems, struggles, scraps. I just eat trouble. When there isn't any I go soft and begin to want—other things. But they aren't what I really want. Now don't you worry. Perce'll be on hand all right. We're not going to lose that home. Not yet a while. Even if Perce shouldn't ——"

She clamped her pretty lips on that sentence, and stepped out of the car.

Her father uttered the one word—"But ——"

Goldie slammed the door shut and smiled.

He drove away.

IX

IT WAS a relief of a sort to be back in the spacious lobby of the Beach Hotel, clear out of the family atmosphere; back where she had first stepped out into her career as a young business woman. It was, too, distinctly stimulating to match wits with the determined Elsie. For Elsie, in her softly pretty way that men found so pleasantly disarming, was in her most determined mood. Goldie knew her whole box of tricks. What she was getting at was a wholly new contract, giving her three-quarters of the profits. Probably she'd accept two-thirds as a minimum. But Goldie, fully as determined in her franker

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We wanted Zay-Tek Chocolate to be the finest chocolate that could be made.

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You have never enjoyed so wonderful a flavor; such melting creamy chocolate.

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Fresh and pure and wholesome, you can eat these Zay-Tek Eatmors to your heart's content. They don't cloy nor tire your taste.

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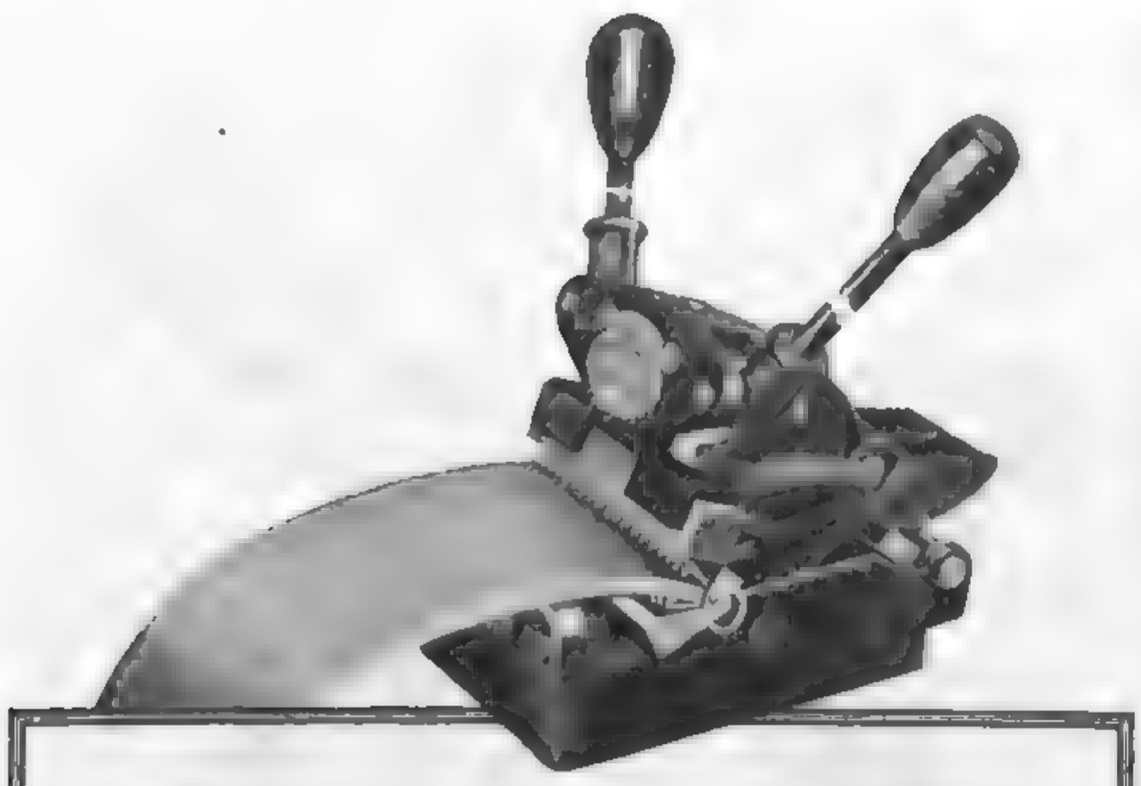

The $25 Workman on the $3700 Job *Makes Good*

How Clipper Belt Lacers Cut This Firm's Operating Costs

A well known manufacturer—name on request—reports that two $25 Clipper Belt Lacers save $3700 annually. One millwright using two Clippers spends three hours a day caring for more than 500 belts ranging in width from 1″ to 6″.

Formerly it required 20 minutes to repair a broken belt. Now ten minutes does the entire job with the Clipper. Idle man time and idle machine time were cut in half. In addition, the life of Clipper joints averaged 40% longer than hand lacings because the Clipper neither cuts nor punches the belt.

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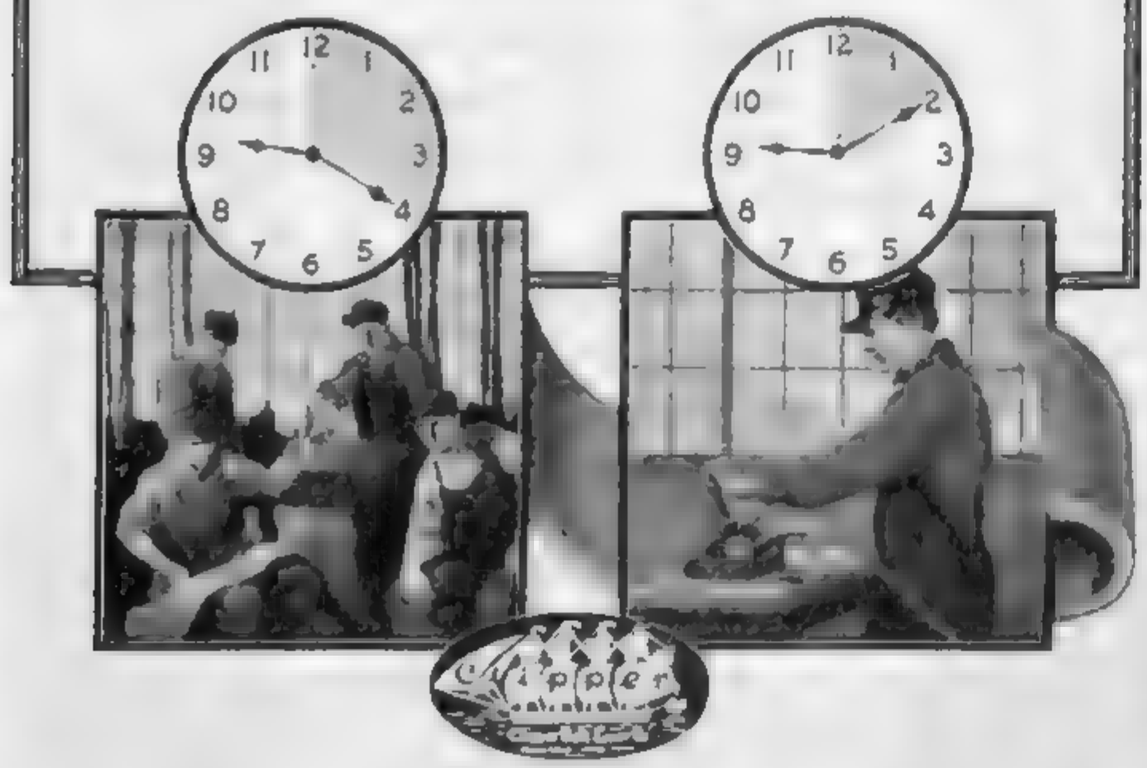


Anyone can lace a belt with the

"Clipper"

way, sat back and let her talk; sat looking out at the loud-spoken automobilists who sat in groups about the wicker tables that were covered in glass over cretonne, at the crowded groups before the clerk's desk and about the news stands, at the families, and the quietly furtive women in furs who had the unmistakable air of being out with other women's husbands, making their way into the monstrous dining room where were the fat yellow columns; and at the seemingly innumerable little girls in short flimsy skirts and pretty little silk-clad legs and fur neckpieces and saucy hats who were paired with dissipated-looking young men and dissipated-looking middle-aged men—the sort, this last feminine subspecies, that Goldie thought of as chickens. "I used to be a chicken," she reflected. Then she listened again to Elsie, who had her books spread out on the desk, and some clips of correspondence. Reflected now that she still held that contract with the Motor Universal Insurance people in her own name.

And the contract with the hotel was in her own name too. For more than a year to come no other desk could be placed in that lobby for other than hotel business. These rights were worth something. She should worry! Naturally it irked Elsie that her name wasn't on those documents. But it wasn't.

A familiar face separated itself from the groups near the door; a flushed, excited face, with small features gathered nervously in the middle of it; the hair above it rumpled; Perce, in his check suit, with a white carnation on the lapel; a nervous Perce, perhaps a thought shamefaced, who beckoned with his panama hat.

She excused herself rather curtly, and went to meet him. He drew her, like a conspirator, around the end of the news stand.

"Well?" she asked briskly.

"Goldie, I'm—I don't know what you'll say, but—when you understand the hell I've been living through—I'm married!"

"Oh!" Goldie exclaimed, then waited.

"It's an extraordinary situation. One of those wonderful things that develop before you know what's happened."

"Who's the lucky lady?"

"Now I realize that you might find it a little hard to —— Of course I did agree to help with the —— It's Emily Andrews!"

"Emily!"

"I knew it would surprise you." He giggled. "Everything happened in such a rush. We just decided Saturday, on the train going in town. We took the boat over to St. Joseph. Emily knows everything. Oh, I've been through hell, Goldie. Just getting in worse and worse every week. It's Nature working through me, Goldie! I know what it is now to go through a great crisis of the soul—to suffer. But Emily's forgiven everything. She's going to make a man out of me. She's going to stay on at the bank for a week or so until they can ——"

"Where is she?"

"Waiting down at the station. I looked for you at the theater and then walked over here."

"Have you called up the folks?"

"No, not yet. I wanted to talk with you first. I didn't know but what mamma ——"

"Here's papa now," said she.

Mr. Green was moving among the people, peering this way and that.

"Now about that payment, Goldie? Understand, Emily and I just couldn't —— What I'm getting at is, we agreed that I've got to help, some at least."

"Not on your little old rubber heels!" exclaimed Goldie. Now that the shock was over, her spirits were bounding upward. Here was a problem worth while! "You're going to need every little cent."

"But still, we feel that if you ——"

"Sh!" She caught papa's arm and dragged him over, told him the appalling news and then talked cheerfully, rushingly through his consternation.

"Now, listen! You take Perce back and get the bride and mamma and bring them here to the hotel and we'll have a blowout. I'll order dinner while you're gone. We'll have 'em roast a turkey."

Thus she bundled them off and returned to the desk.

"I think you'd better read these," said the persistent Elsie, handing her a clipful of letters. "They'll give you some idea of ——"

Goldie read the first letter, glanced at one or two of the others, and then tossed them back on the desk.

"This thing's taking up too much of my time," she remarked crisply.

Elsie looked up at her, her eyes shining, with something the blue of steel in them.

"You like it here?" Goldie went on, none too pleasantly. "You want to stay on?"

"I intend to stay on." This in a low voice with what Goldie knew to be anger back of it.

"Then you'd better buy me out. Have it as you like."

"What will you take?"

"Oh, a thousand cash. Pay to-morrow. Williamson'll be along. We'll clean it right up."

"I'll pay you now," said Elsie, and produced a pocket check book. "That's for everything—goodwill, both contracts, and the name?"

"Everything."

She wrote the check, blotted it and pushed it along the desk. She was angry enough to do that.

Papa watched his daughter throughout the gay dinner in the gaudy dining room with steadily deepening concern. To him the situation spelled disaster. But she carried it off radiantly. She seemed happy. Later, when he finally caught a moment with her, he found himself nearly believing that her buoyancy was real. And he recalled her very youthful statement—"I wouldn't be happy without a good big scrap on my hands."

■

IT WAS late on Monday afternoon before Goldie had time for thought. She sat at her desk then and drifted into a mood of sober reflection. The payment on the house was made. But she had lost the insurance business that had seemed a sheet anchor to windward. The family had devoured that, as it devoured everything; as it had devoured papa. And now she must go it alone. It was plain enough that there wouldn't be another cent from Perce; he'd have troubles enough setting up a home. The burden would be heavy; no doubt about that. Mamma's elation over the pleasant brick house with trees around it and pretty new furnishings and fireplaces and two white bathrooms and a porcelain sink in the kitchen and a real butler's pantry had swept her to new heights of extravagance. She was planning a sumptuous housewarming designed to establish her with the better-to-do families of the West Side. It was no good trying to make her see that in the end it all came down to money that must be dug up somewhere by somebody. She would never see that.

But though Goldie faced the problem soberly enough, she knew in her heart that she liked it. Why, to-day, when Somers van Horne exhibited moony tendencies, she'd been able not only in friendly fashion to hold him off but had as well, she knew, fired him to work with fresh energy. She'd been able somehow to bring that spirit into the theater with her in the morning; radiate it.

She hadn't now an idea how she was going to carry it all—keep the twins and Andy clothed and fed and schooled, meet mamma's innocently insatiable demands, give papa somehow a few happy years; not the remotest idea. And so, finally, facing it, she chuckled.

There was a knock, and Walter B. Graston came in. For a moment she felt almost exuberantly glad to see him; but then, as she studied him, went somewhat on the defensive. He was one of the ablest lawyers in Chicago, a bachelor, a gentleman. He believed in her, liked her. But lately, like Somers van Horne, he had seemed at times to like her a little too well. He was twice her age.

He dropped into the chair beside the desk and inquired casually about the business of the day, but plainly had other thoughts.

At length he asked this: "How goes the insurance business?"

She smiled. "It's gone. I sold it yesterday."

"Oh?" he said inquiringly; then added, musingly, "Oh!"

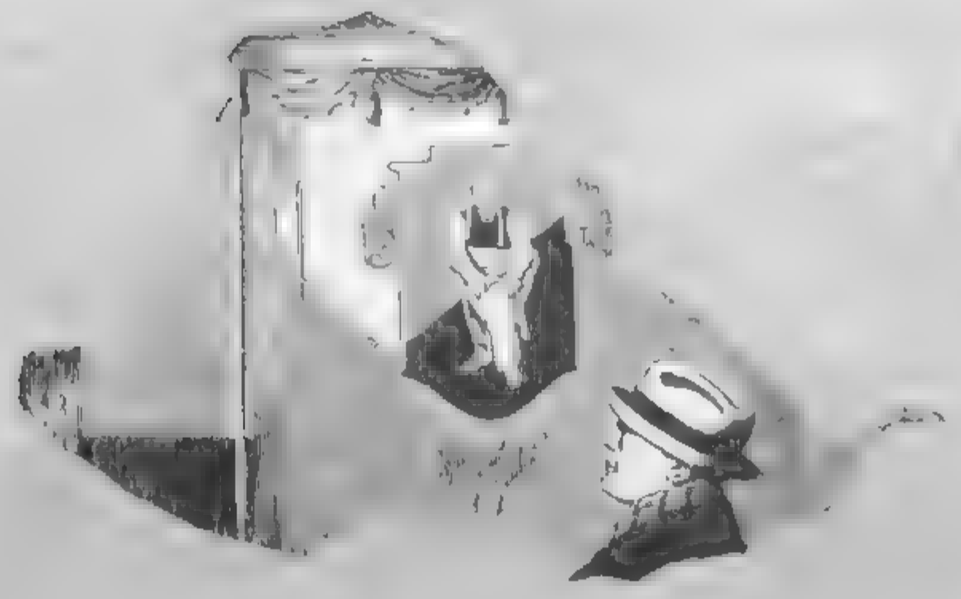
"My eggs are all in this basket now," she added.

"That," said he, "makes it easier for me to explain what we have done. But first tell me this—what is your father doing now?"

"Papa? Nothing. Oh, a little real estate."

"I see. You know I am counsel for the Vorse-Hibbard Company. I've thought we

(Continued on Page 81)



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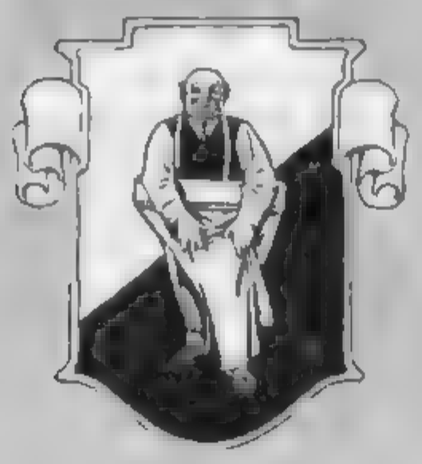

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No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Popular Size 2

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"Wearever" No. 40 Water Bottle is *moulded-in-one-piece* without bindings or seams. It is made of the best rubber obtainable for water bottle purposes. Its Patented Oval Neck and Wide Funnel Mouth make it strong where other water bottles are weak; also make it easy to fill and comfortable in use.

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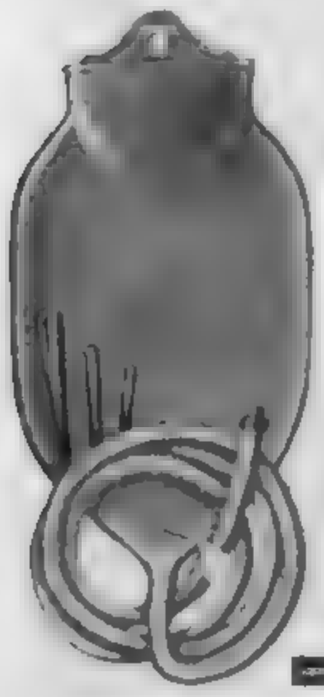
DEALERS—The Faultless Distribution Plan puts you in position to give your customers the utmost in fine rubber goods for their money and at the same time to make a good profit for yourself. It will be well worth your while to keep constantly in touch with us, for a larger business in rubber goods will surely result. ***Write us today*** for complete information about the new "Wearever" RUBBERGOODSWEEK Special Assortment.



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Needed in Every Home NOW

NO. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle is not a luxury; it is a positive necessity. It should be in every home at all times, ready to serve in sickness and emergency. Get a No. 40 now and have it on hand if trouble comes.

There are many times when it is found necessary to use simultaneously two or more water bottles, one with hot water and one with cold, or one at the feet, the other at the head. This is why so many up-to-date families are now always sure they have on hand two or three good water bottles.

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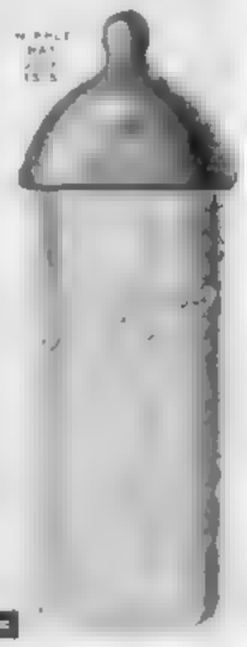
Winter, when so much sickness threatens, is the time when you should be most careful. Are you adequately supplied with No. 40 "Wearever" Bottles? They are needed in *your* home right now.



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The Faultless Nurser is endorsed by doctors and nurses as the correct way to feed babies. It will not collapse while in use—it feeds food, not air. You can easily clean it; even turn it inside out. Babies like it, because of its natural breast shape. Mothers want it because the baby will not pull the nipple off the bottle. Doctors and nurses advise it, because it is the most sanitary feeding method and it prevents colic.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY (Ashland Rubber Works) Ashland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 78)

might take him into the accounting department."

"Why"—thus Goldie—"I hadn't thought of such a possibility. Though he has seemed better lately, more rested ——"

"I talked him over with his old employers. They said he was an excellent man, accurate, a good accountant, fine character ——"

"Oh, he's that!"

"—— but not of much use in directing men. What Vorse-Hibbard need is a seasoned accountant."

"He could do that," said she, her spirits beginning to sink.

"Good! Ask him to see Mr. Hibbard in the morning. I don't mind telling you that I'm glad to lighten your own burden a little. I know something of what you've been carrying. It's too much for a girl like you. Especially now that your brother's married and can't help you." He smiled.

Goldie was moodily pushing a pencil about the desk, arranging it in a parallel line first with the front edge of the blotter, then with the side edge.

"Now the other matter. You see this is quite a formal occasion. The directors met last evening." He met her swift glance of inquiry with: "No, we didn't notify you. It was, in a way, informal. But we had a quorum. And we decided to raise your salary to one hundred dollars a week."

The corners of Goldie's mouth slowly drooped.

"It would be absurd to do less," he went on kindly. "The theater is a success. Your ideas and your spirit are responsible. It's only right to relieve you of the strain you've been under."

"But what for?" she cried, and spread her hands. "What do you expect me to do?"

He was surprised. There was distinct resistance in her.

She burst out then with—"Gosh ding it! You're taking away my ——" and stopped short. Again she moved the pencil about, staring gloomily at it.

"Oh, come, Goldie!" he said. He didn't often call her that. And now the personal note was creeping, in spite of himself, into his voice and manner. "Hop into my car and drive up the shore somewhere for dinner. Let's try to be cheerful about this."

But she was thinking: "I'm sunk! I won't ride with him! I won't go soft!" Even: "If I marry anybody it'll be Somers. He'd need me more. I've got to take care of somebody!

"Tell you what I'll do," she finally said, and was all business. "I'll accept it on just one condition. There's the same situation down Rockwell Park way that there was here before we took over the Parthenon: A big home population—well-to-do people—children—and a certain little Mr. Goldstein running their theater all wrong. Cheap sensations. Rows and trouble and—excited parents. If the directors will agree to branch out, buy the Bijou there, and let our organization run it along with this, I'll accept the hundred a week." And she added, though without meaning to fib, "I've been thinking it over lately." But she couldn't tell him that the plan was only one minute old. Even though she knew that it was sound and that she could do it.

"But ——" he began; then considered; then slowly nodded. And she knew that the other directors would gladly follow his lead and hers. Her forlorn thoughts were rising a little, slowly, taking on again a touch of color.

"You're certainly a glutton for trouble," said he, not without a note of admiration.

"Probably the angriest little glutton in the world!" she replied with abrupt emphasis.

It had been a close shave. But oh, boy! the sense of relief as she soberly weighed the great task ahead.

Sense and Nonsense

Built on Similar Lines

THE portly Irishman waddled into the shop.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the salesman.

"Oi want a motor car," said the Irishman. "A first-class ottymobile."

"Is it for yourself, sir?"

"Sure, ye're inquisitive; but if ye must know, 'tis fur me woife."

"Long body, sir?"

"Listen t' the man!" exclaimed the would-be purchaser. "Long body? Begorra, no! She's built like a barrel, same as me. But phwat the hell's thot got t' do wi' it?"

The Fate of the Lettered

SOME fifteen years ago, as Barney Bernard tells the story, there landed in New York a friendless and almost penniless Russian emigrant who found lodgings on the East Side and at once, with racial perseverance and energy, set out to earn a living.

He was of a likable disposition, and speedily made acquaintances who sought to aid him in his ambition. One of them sponsored him for the vacant post of janitor, or *shammos*, to use the common Hebraic word, of a small synagogue on Rivington Street.

But when the officers of the congregation found out that the applicant was totally illiterate they reluctantly denied him employment, inasmuch as a *shammos* must keep certain records.

The greenhorn quickly rallied from his disappointment. He steadily prospered. Presently he became a dabbler in real estate and succeeded.

Within ten years he was one of the largest independent operators in East Side tenement-house property and popularly rated as a millionaire.

An occasion arose when he needed a large amount of cash to swing what promised to be a profitable deal. Finding himself for the moment short of available funds, he went to the East Side branch of one of the large banks.

It was the first time in his entire business career that he had found it necessary to borrow extensively. He explained his position to the manager, who knew of his success, and asked for a loan of fifty thousand dollars.

"I'll be very glad to accommodate you, Mr. Rabin," said the banker. "Just sit down there at that desk and make out a note for the amount."

The caller smiled an embarrassed smile.

"If you please," he said, "you should be so good as to make out the note and then I should sign it."

"What's the idea?" inquired the bank manager, puzzled.

"Vell, you see," he confessed, "I haf to tell you somethings: Myself, I cannot read and write. My wife she has taught me how to make my own name on paper, but otherwise with me reading and writing is nix."

In amazement the banker stared at him.

"Well, well, well!" he murmured admiringly. "And yet, handicapped as you've been, inside of a few years you have become a rich man!

"I wonder what you'd have been in this country by now if only you had been able to read and write?"

"A *shammos*," said Mr. Rabin modestly.

An Honest Verdict

"I'LL see that you get a cold five hundred dollars," whispered the defendant's lawyer to the foreman of the jury, "if you can bring in a verdict of manslaughter."

And when they returned to the court room, sure enough that was the verdict. At his office the lawyer profusely thanked the juror as he paid him the money, assuring him he must have worked hard to do it.

"Yes," sighed the juror reflectively, "it was tough work, but I got 'em together after a while. You see, all the rest were for acquittal."

Only Partly at Fault

THE new maid was entirely a makeshift, and the mistress bore with her patiently at first. But on the third day she placed a very unclean plate on the table, and patience broke down.

"Really, Mary, you might at least see that the plates are clean."

"Well, mum," Mary rejoined, "I owns to them thumb marks, but that dried mustard was there afore I come."

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"Save the surface and you save all"—Paint & Varnish
Da-cote
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Old painters have a genuine respect for Murphy Varnishes. For fifty years or more, they have preferred them for beautiful surfaces—fine furniture, interiors, aristocratic old time coaches and today for de luxe automobiles.

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THE POPULAR GIRL

Continued from Page 5)

embarrassment. Would the young man think that such scenes went on every night? It was chiefly her own presence that made it humiliating for Yanci. Had her father been carried to bed by two butlers each evening she might even have been proud of the fact that he could afford such dissipation; but to have it thought that she assisted, that she was burdened with the worry and the care! And finally she was annoyed with Scott Kimberly for being there, and for his officiousness in helping to bring her father into the house.

Reaching the low porch of tapestry brick, Yanci searched in Tom Bowman's vest for the key and unlocked the front door. A minute later the master of the house was deposited in an easy-chair.

"Thanks very much," he said, recovering for a moment. "Sit down. Like a drink? Yanci, get some crackers and cheese, if there's any, won't you, dear?"

At the unconscious coolness of this Scott and Yanci laughed.

"It's your bedtime, father," she said, her anger struggling with diplomacy.

"Give me my guitar," he suggested, "and I'll play you tune."

Except on such occasions as this, he had not touched his guitar for twenty years. Yanci turned to Scott.

"He'll be fine now. Thanks a lot. He'll fall asleep in a minute and when I wake him he'll go to bed like a lamb."

"Well ——"

They strolled together out the door.

"Sleepy?" he asked.

"No, not a bit."

"Then perhaps you'd better let me stay here with you a few minutes until you see if he's all right. Mrs. Rogers gave me a key so I can get in without disturbing her."

"It's quite all right," protested Yanci. "I don't mind a bit, and he won't be any trouble. He must have taken a glass too much, and this whisky we have out here—you know! This has happened once before—last year," she added.

Her words satisfied her; as an explanation it seemed to have a convincing ring.

"Can I sit down for a moment, anyway?" They sat side by side upon a wicker porch settee.

"I'm thinking of staying over a few days," Scott said

"How lovely!" Her voice had resumed its die-away note.

"Cousin Pete Rogers wasn't well today, but to-morrow he's going duck shooting, and he wants me to go with him."

"Oh, how thrill-ing! I've always been mad to go, and father's always promised to take me, but he never has."

"We're going to be gone about three days, and then I thought I'd come back here and stay over the next week-end ——" He broke off suddenly and bent forward in a listening attitude.

"Now what on earth is that?"

The sounds of music were proceeding brokenly from the room they had lately left—a ragged chord on a guitar and half a dozen feeble starts.

"It's father!" cried Yanci.

And now a voice drifted out to them, drunken and murmurous, taking the long notes with attempted melancholy:

Sing a song of cities,
Ridin' on a rail,
A niggah's ne'er so happy
As when he's out-a jail.

"How terrible!" exclaimed Yanci. "He'll wake up everybody in the block."

The chorus ended, the guitar jangled again, then gave out a last harsh spang! and was still. A moment later these disturbances were followed by a low but quite definite snore. Mr. Bowman, having indulged his musical proclivity, had dropped off to sleep.

"Let's go to ride," suggested Yanci impatiently. "This is too hectic for me."

Scott arose with alacrity and they walked down to the car.

"Where'll we go?" she wondered.

"I don't care."

"We might go up half a block to Crest Avenue—that's our show street—and then ride out to the river boulevard."

IV

AS THEY turned into Crest Avenue the new cathedral, immense and unfinished, in imitation of a cathedral left unfinished by accident in some little Flemish town, squatted just across the way like a plump white bulldog on its haunches. The ghosts of four moonlit apostles looked down at them wanly from wall niches still littered with the white, dusty trash of the builders. The cathedral inaugurated Crest Avenue. After it came the great brownstone mass built by R. R. Comerford, the flour king, followed by a half mile of pretentious stone houses put up in the gloomy 90's. These were adorned with monstrous driveways and porte-cochères which had once echoed to the hoofs of good horses and with huge circular windows that corseted the second stories.

The continuity of these mausoleums was broken by a small park, a triangle of grass where Nathan Hale stood ten feet tall with his hands bound behind his back by stone cord and stared over a great bluff at the slow Mississippi. Crest Avenue ran along the bluff, but neither faced it nor seemed aware of it, for all the houses fronted inward toward the street. Beyond the first half mile it became newer, essayed ventures in terraced lawns, in concoctions of stucco or in granite mansions which imitated through a variety of gradual refinements the marble contours of the Petit Trianon. The houses of this phase rushed by the roadster for a succession of minutes; then the way turned and the car was headed directly into the moonlight which swept toward it like the lamp of some gigantic motorcycle far up the avenue.

Past the low Corinthian lines of the Christian Science Temple, past a block of dark frame horrors, a deserted row of grim red brick—an unfortunate experiment of the late 90's—then new houses again, bright-red brick now, with trimmings of white, black iron fences and hedges binding flowery lawns. These swept by, faded, passed, enjoying their moment of grandeur; then waiting there in the moonlight to be outmoded as had the frame, cupolaed mansions of lower town and the brownstone piles of older Crest Avenue in their turn.

The roofs lowered suddenly, the lots narrowed, the houses shrank up in size and shaded off into bungalows. These held the street for the last mile, to the bend in the river which terminated the prideful avenue at the statue of Chelsea Arbuthnot. Arbuthnot was the first governor—and almost the last of Anglo-Saxon blood.

All the way thus far Yanci had not spoken, absorbed still in the annoyance of the evening, yet soothed somehow by the fresh air of Northern November that rushed by them. She must take her fur coat out of storage next day, she thought.

"Where are we now?"

As they slowed down Scott looked up curiously at the pompous stone figure, clear in the crisp moonlight, with one hand on a book and the forefinger of the other pointing, as though with reproachful symbolism, directly at some construction work going on in the street.

"This is the end of Crest Avenue," said Yanci, turning to him. "This is our show street."

"A museum of American architectural failures."

"What?"

"Nothing," he murmured.

"I should have explained it to you. I forgot. We can go along the river boulevard if you'd like—or are you tired?"

Scott assured her that he was not tired—not in the least.

Entering the boulevard, the cement road twisted under darkling trees.

"The Mississippi—how little it means to you now!" said Scott suddenly.

"What?" Yanci looked around. "Oh, the river."

"I guess it was once pretty important to your ancestors up here."

"My ancestors weren't up here then," said Yanci with some dignity. "My ancestors were from Maryland. My father came out here when he left Yale."

"Oh!" Scott was politely impressed.

"My mother was from here. My father came out here from Baltimore because of his health."

"Oh!"

"Of course we belong here now, I suppose"—this with faint condescension—"as much as anywhere else."

"Of course."

"Except that I want to live in the East and I can't persuade father to," she finished. *(Continued on Page 84)*

a

Clad in heavy coatings of superior porcelain, blue or gray, this handsome range is as easy as china to clean. The porcelain, fused in by our own enameling plant to insure permanency of color and lustre, is of a quality destined to last a lifetime.

b

The large gas oven, due to its patented construction, saves greatly on gas. It is fitted with an exclusive safety ventilator, a thermometer, removable porcelain walls and bottom, and adjustable racks. Its location avoids stooping or bending.

c

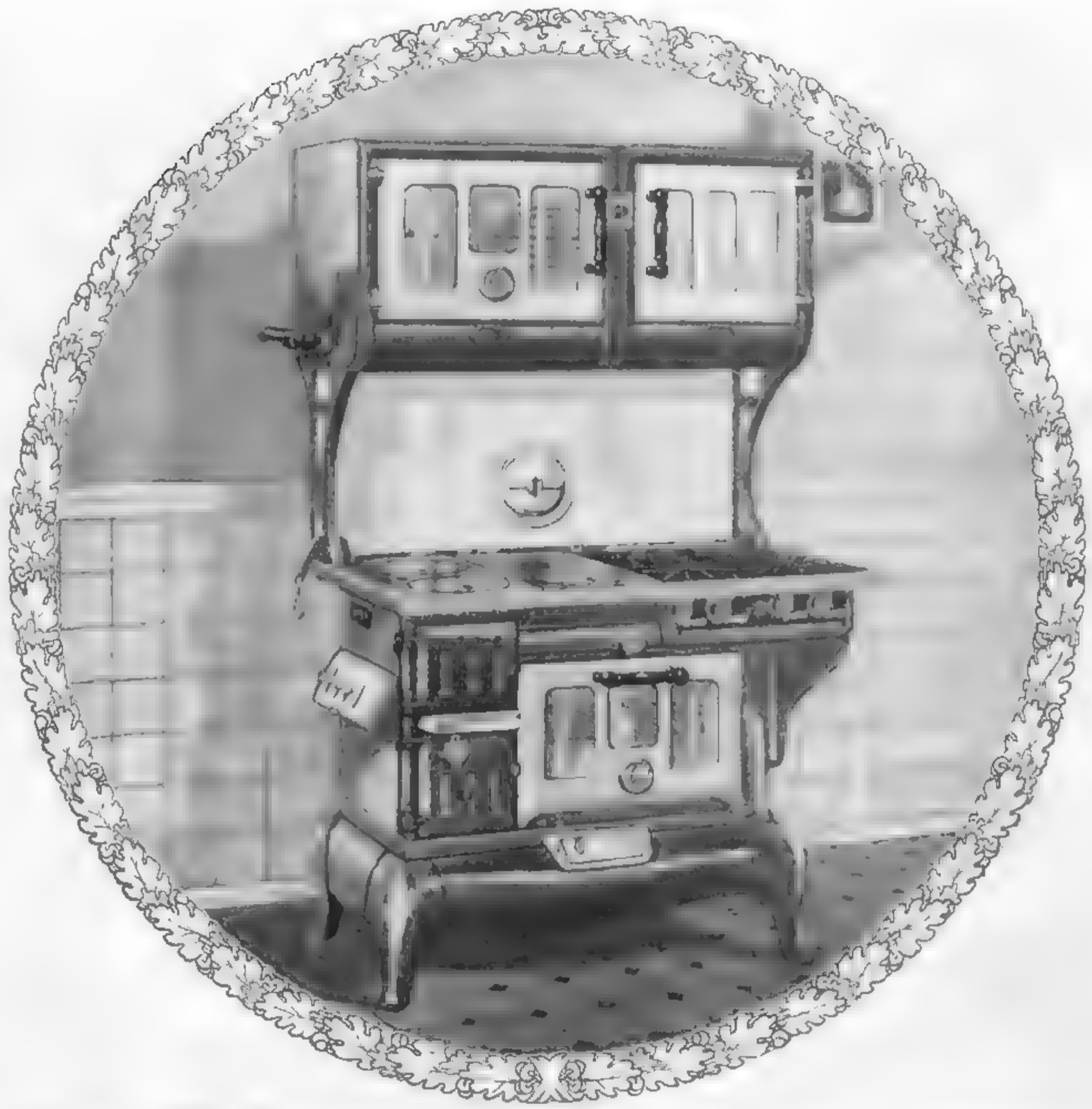
For broiling steaks, chops or fish, browning foods or making toast, the generous sized gas broiler will be a source of joy to the most exacting cook Pan and rack are adjustable. Equipped with the exclusive safety ventilator, as is the gas oven.

d

The highly polished top measures 26½" x 40". The four powerful gas burners, with handy self-lighter, occupy nearly half the width; the ample coal top, with its four full sized, accurately fitted griddles, takes up the remaining width.

e

The large coal oven produces perfect results with less fuel than any oven we have ever tested. It has a double-faced, accurately fitted door equipped with thermometer. Unusually large coal and wood flues also insure thrifty use of hard or soft coal, coke or wood



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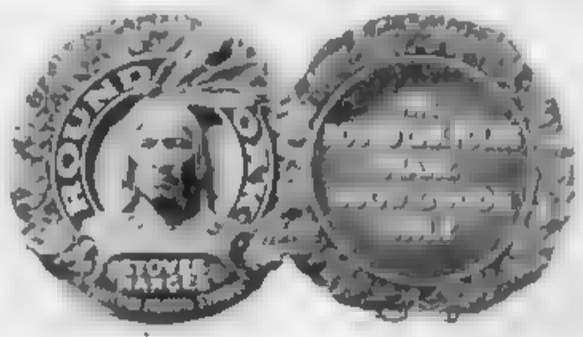

f

Patented joints so imprison the stove cement that the oven plates and walls can *never* open up to leak smoke, gas or dust into the ovens or the kitchen, or to waste fuel thereby. This is another exclusive Round Oak advantage.

g

The generous size of the coal fire-box assures a ready response and averts frequent replenishment of fuel Grates are easily turned to suit changes in fuel A convenient gas kindler makes it easy to start coal or wood fires.

h

All drafts are of generous capacity, accurately fitted, as is characteristic of all Round Oak workmanship See them operate and you will appreciate their advantages. The ash pan is large and is so located that all ashes fall into it rather than around it.

i

A water front is supplied, if desired, to take the place of the front linings. Attached to a 40-gallon tank, it provides warm water generously. The exceedingly strong, massive base is another attraction possessed by this wonderfully constructed range.

j

All the iron, used so unsparingly to give this range its unparalleled durability, withstands a breaking test of 600 pounds *more* to the square inch than the test demanded for the drive wheels of locomotives. The iron is our exclusive blend.

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(Continued from Page 82)

It was after one o'clock and the boulevard was almost deserted. Occasionally two yellow disks would top a rise ahead of them and take shape as a late-returning automobile. Except for that they were alone in a continual rushing dark. The moon had gone down.

"Next time the road goes near the river let's stop and watch it," he suggested.

Yanci smiled inwardly. This remark was obviously what one boy of her acquaintance had named an international petting cue, by which was meant a suggestion that aimed to create naturally a situation for a kiss. She considered the matter. As yet the man had made no particular impression on her. He was good-looking, apparently well-to-do and from New York. She had begun to like him during the dance, increasingly as the evening had drawn to a close; then the incident of her father's appalling arrival had thrown cold water upon this tentative warmth; and now—it was November, and the night was cold. Still ——

"All right," she agreed suddenly.

The road divided; she swerved around and brought the car to a stop in an open place high above the river.

"Well?" she demanded in the deep quiet that followed the shutting off of the engine.

"Thanks."

"Are you satisfied here?"

"Almost. Not quite."

"Why not?'

"I'll tell you in a minute," he answered. "Why is your name Yanci?"

"It's a family name."

"It's very pretty." He repeated it several times caressingly. "Yanci—it has all the grace of Nancy, and yet it isn't prim."

"What's your name?" she inquired.

"Scott."

"Scott what?"

"Kimberly. Didn't you know?"

"I wasn't sure. Mrs. Rogers introduced you in such a mumble."

There was a slight pause.

"Yanci," he repeated; "beautiful Yanci, with her dark-blue eyes and her lazy soul. Do you know why I'm not quite satisfied, Yanci?"

"Why?"

Imperceptibly she had moved her face nearer until as she waited for an answer with her lips faintly apart he knew that in asking she had granted.

Without haste he bent his head forward and touched her lips.

He sighed, and both of them felt a sort of relief -relief from the embarrassment of playing up to what conventions of this sort of thing remained.

"Thanks," he said as he had when she first stopped the car.

"Now are you satisfied?"

Her blue eyes regarded him unsmilingly in the darkness.

"After a fashion; of course, you can never say—definitely."

Again he bent toward her, but she stooped and started the motor. It was late and Yanci was beginning to be tired. What purpose there was in the experiment was accomplished. He had had what he asked. If he liked it he would want more, and that put her one move ahead in the game which she felt she was beginning.

"I'm hungry," she complained. "Let's go down and eat."

"Very well," he acquiesced sadly. "Just when I was so enjoying—the Mississippi."

"Do you think I'm beautiful?" she inquired almost plaintively as they backed out.

"What an absurd question!"

"But I like to hear people say so."

"I was just about to—when you started the engine."

Downtown in a deserted all-night lunch room they ate bacon and eggs. She was pale as ivory now. The night had drawn the lazy vitality and languid color out of her face. She encouraged him to talk to her of New York until he was beginning every sentence with, "Well, now, let's see ——"

The repast over, they drove home. Scott helped her put the car in the little garage, and just outside the front door she lent him her lips again for the faint brush of a kiss. Then she went in.

The long living room which ran the width of the small stucco house was reddened by a dying fire which had been high when Yanci left and now was faded to a steady undancing glow. She took a log from the fire box and threw it on the embers, then started as a voice came out of the half darkness at the other end of the room.

"Back so soon?"

It was her father's voice, not yet quite sober, but alert and intelligent.

"Yes. Went riding," she answered shortly, sitting down in a wicker chair before the fire. "Then went down and had something to eat."

"Oh!"

Her father left his place and moved to a chair nearer the fire, where he stretched himself out with a sigh. Glancing at him from the corner of her eye, for she was going to show an appropriate coldness, Yanci was fascinated by his complete recovery of dignity in the space of two hours. His graying hair was scarcely rumpled; his handsome face was ruddy as ever. Only his eyes, crisscrossed with tiny red lines, were evidence of his late dissipation.

"Have a good time?"

"Why should you care?" she answered rudely.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"You didn't seem to care earlier in the evening. I asked you to take two people home for me, and you weren't able to drive your own car."

"The deuce I wasn't!" he protested. "I could have driven in—in a race in an arana, areaena. That Mrs. Rogers insisted that her young admirer should drive, so what could I do?"

"That isn't her young admirer," retorted Yanci crisply. There was no drawl in her voice now. "She's as old as you are. That's her niece—I mean her nephew."

"Excuse me!"

"I think you owe me an apology." She found suddenly that she bore him no resentment. She was rather sorry for him, and it occurred to her that in asking him to take Mrs. Rogers home she had somehow imposed on his liberty. Nevertheless, discipline was necessary—there would be other Saturday nights. "Don't you?" she concluded.

"I apologize, Yanci."

"Very well, I accept your apology," she answered stiffly.

"What's more, I'll make it up to you."

Her blue eyes contracted. She hoped—she hardly dared to hope that he might take her to New York.

"Let's see," he said. "November, isn't it? What date?"

"The twenty-third."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do." He knocked the tips of his fingers together tentatively. "I'll give you a present. I've been meaning to let you have a trip all fall, but business has been bad." She almost smiled—as though business was of any consequence in his life. "But then you need a trip. I'll make you a present of it."

He rose again, and crossing over to his desk sat down.

"I've got a little money in a New York bank that's been lying there quite a while," he said as he fumbled in a drawer for a check book. "I've been intending to close out the account. Let—me—see. There's just ——" His pen scratched. "Where the devil's the blotter? Uh!"

He came back to the fire and a pink oblong paper fluttered into her lap.

"Why, father!"

It was a check for three hundred dollars.

"But can you afford this?" she demanded.

"It's all right," he reassured her, nodding. "That can be a Christmas present, too, and you'll probably need a dress or a hat or something before you go."

"Why," she began uncertainly, "I hardly know whether I ought to take this much or not! I've got two hundred of my own downtown, you know. Are you sure ——"

"Oh, yes!" He waved his hand with magnificent carelessness. "You need a holiday. You've been talking about New York, and I want you to go down there. Tell some of your friends at Yale and the other colleges and they'll ask you to the prom or something. That'll be nice. You'll have a good time."

He sat down abruptly in his chair and gave vent to a long sigh. Yanci folded up the check and tucked it into the low bosom of her dress.

"Well," she drawled softly with a return to her usual manner, "you're a perfect lamb to be so sweet about it, but I don't want to be horribly extravagant."

Her father did not answer. He gave another little sigh and relaxed sleepily into his chair.

(Continued on Page 86)

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Great Food for all who Work

Full of tender, luscious raisins, *rich in iron and energy*

A DELICIOUS bread is made with plump, tender, juicy raisins. It will be a pleasant change in *your* home from the regular plain bread.

The attraction lies in more than merely flavor.

For, add raisins to your bread and "the staff of life" becomes a practically perfect *food*.

Rich in the *food-iron* of the raisin, and increased in energizing nutriment.

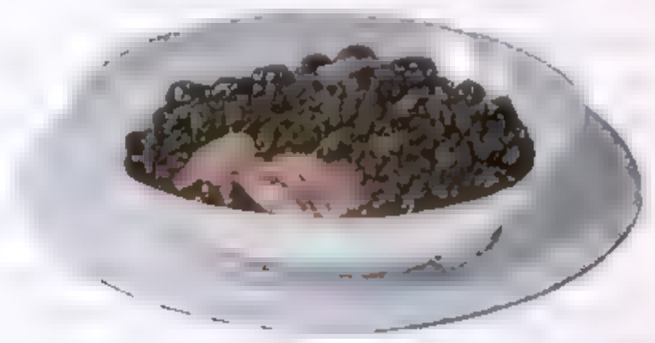
Food-iron fortifies the blood. True vitality depends on it. Men can't be efficient nor women or children retain the natural bloom of youth without it.

So delicious raisin bread, great food for workers, is called "The Bread of Iron."

You need but a small bit of iron daily, yet that need is *vital*. Get it through raisins.

Have them in every other loaf of bread you serve.

Free We'll send 100 luscious raisin recipes in a *free book* to anyone who mails coupon below.



Stewed Raisins

Serve for breakfast every morning and get your daily iron this way

Cover Sun-Maid Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire; bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins contain 75% natural fruit sugar

Raisin Pie

Two cups Sun-Maid Raisins, 1½ cups boiling water, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, 1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind, juice of one orange, 1 tablespoonful grated orange rind, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Cook raisins in boiling water for five minutes, pour into it sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired

All measurements for this recipe are level.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Blue package (seeded) best for pie and bread

Use Sun-Maid Raisins made from California's finest table grapes—American raisins, processed and packed immaculately in a great modern California plant.

Delicious raisin bread and raisin pie are sold by bake shops and grocers everywhere. Buy of them to save baking at home. *Real* Raisin bread is made with *lots of raisins*. Insist on it. First-class bakers do not stint.

Seeded, blue package *(seeds removed)*, best for pie and bread; Seedless, red package *(grown without seeds)*, best for stewing; Clusters *(on the stem)*—a luscious, quick dessert.

Raisins are cheaper by 30 per cent than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

Mail the coupon for free book of tested recipes which describes 100 attractive ways to serve.

California Associated Raisin Co.

Membership 13,000 Growers

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DEPT. A-1402, FRESNO, CALIF.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

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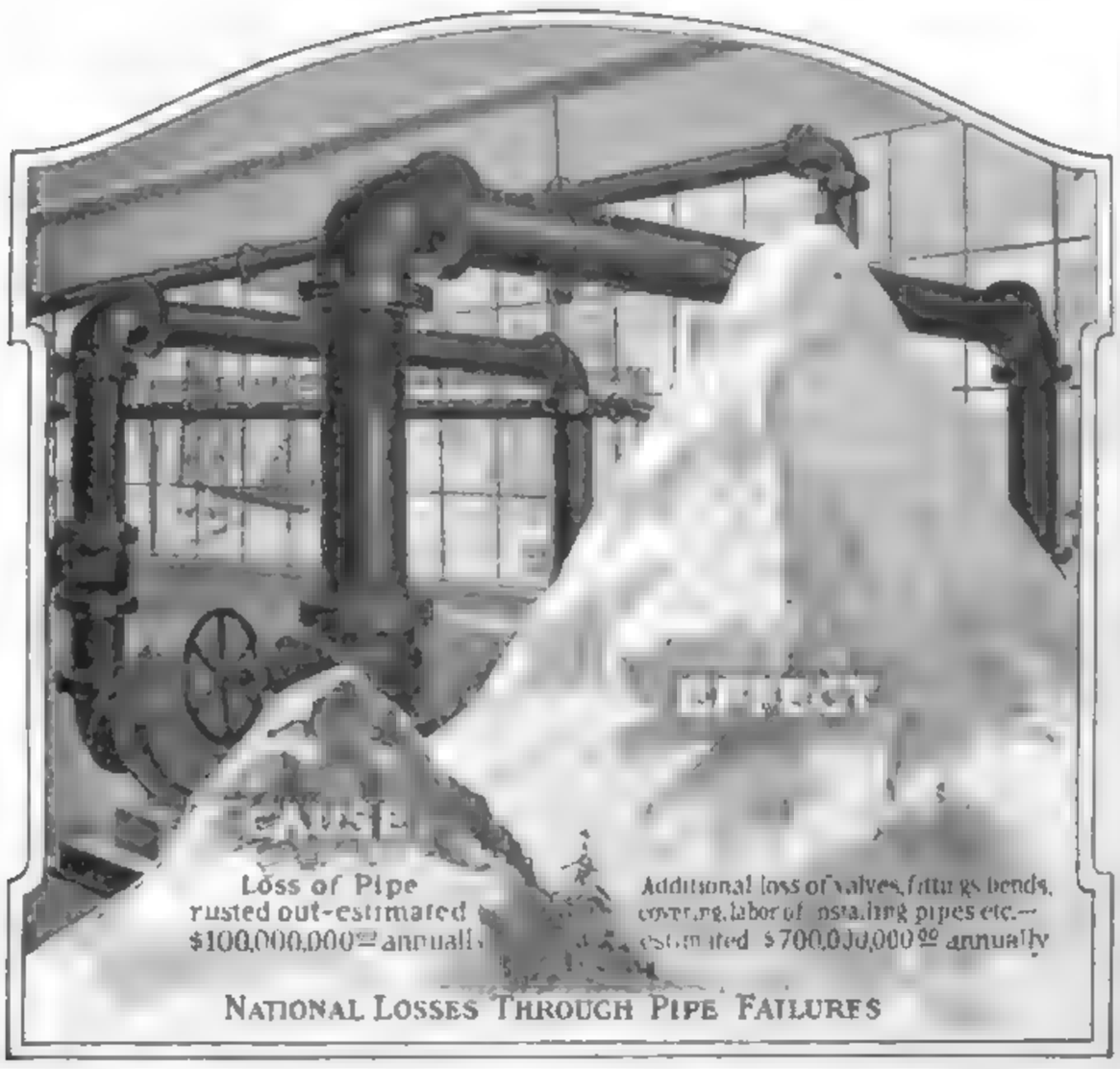

Loss of Pipe
rusted out-estimated
$100,000,000.00 annually
Additional loss of valves, fittings, bends, covering, labor of installing pipes etc.—
estimated $700,000,000.00 annually
NATIONAL LOSSES THROUGH PIPE FAILURES

Cause *and* Effect

The Nation's annual loss through corrosion of welded pipe is probably close to $100,000,000.00. Multiply this amount by seven, and you arrive at the concurrent loss of fittings, valves, cocks, gaskets, bends, labor and other items in a pipe installation. This does not include allowance for idle time or damage to property attendant upon many pipe failures.

Corrosion, while not preventable, may be greatly retarded by the use of Byers genuine wrought iron pipe. Its life is recognized to exceed that of ordinary black or galvanized pipe by 100 per cent up to 500 per cent, while in cost it adds but five to ten per cent to the average pipe system.

If you would avoid the big losses and annoyances caused by the use of cheap pipe, investigate past performance records of iron and steel pipe. (Ask for Byers Bulletin No. 27, 30 and 32.) Then look into the Analysis of Pipe Installation Costs, presented in Byers Bulletin No. 38.

Byers Bulletin No. 38 contains analysis of a variety of plumbing, heating, power, and industrial pipe systems, with notes of corrosive conditions. Sent free on request.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Established 1864

New York Boston Philadelphia Cleveland Chicago Dallas

BYERS
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON
PIPE

Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length

(Continued from Page 84)

"Of course I do want to go," went on Yanci.

Still her father was silent. She wondered if he were asleep.

"Are you asleep?" she demanded, cheerfully now. She bent toward him; then she stood up and looked at him.

"Father," she said uncertainly.

Her father remained motionless; the ruddy color had melted suddenly out of his face.

"Father!"

It occurred to her—and at the thought she grew cold, and a brassière of iron clutched at her breast that she was alone in the room. After a frantic instant she said to herself that her father was dead.

▼

YANCI judged herself with inevitable gentleness—judged herself very much as a mother might judge a wild, spoiled child. She was not hard-minded, nor did she live by any ordered and considered philosophy of her own. To such a catastrophe as the death of her father her immediate reaction was a hysterical self-pity. The first three days were something of a nightmare; but sentimental civilization, being as infallible as Nature in healing the wounds of its more fortunate children, had inspired a certain Mrs. Oral, whom Yanci had always loathed, with a passionate interest in all such crises. To all intents and purposes Mrs. Oral buried Tom Bowman. The morning after his death Yanci had wired her maternal aunt in Chicago, but as yet that undemonstrative and well-to-do lady had sent no answer.

All day long, for four days, Yanci sat in her room upstairs, hearing steps come and go on the porch, and it merely increased her nervousness that the doorbell had been disconnected. This by order of Mrs. Oral! Doorbells were always disconnected! After the burial of the dead the strain relaxed. Yanci, dressed in her new black, regarded herself in the pier glass, and then wept because she seemed to herself very sad and beautiful. She went downstairs and tried to read a moving-picture magazine, hoping that she would not be alone in the house when the winter dark came down just after four.

This afternoon Mrs. Oral had said *carpe diem* to the maid, and Yanci was just starting for the kitchen to see whether she had yet gone when the reconnected bell rang suddenly through the house. Yanci started. She waited a minute, then went to the door. It was Scott Kimberly.

"I was just going to inquire for you," he said.

"Oh! I'm much better, thank you," she responded with the quiet dignity that seemed suited to her rôle.

They stood there in the hall awkwardly, each reconstructing the half-facetious, half-sentimental occasion on which they had last met. It seemed such an irreverent prelude to such a somber disaster. There was no common ground for them now, no gap that could be bridged by a slight reference to their mutual past, and there was no foundation on which he could adequately pretend to share her sorrow.

"Won't you come in?" she said, biting her lip nervously. He followed her to the sitting room and sat beside her on the lounge. In another minute, simply because he was there and alive and friendly, she was crying on his shoulder.

"There, there!" he said, putting his arm behind her and patting her shoulder idiotically. "There, there, there!"

He was wise enough to attribute no ulterior significance to her action. She was overstrained with grief and loneliness and sentiment; almost any shoulder would have done as well. For all the biological thrill to either of them he might have been a hundred years old. In a minute she sat up.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured brokenly. "But it's—it's so dismal in this house to-day."

"I know just how you feel, Yanci."

"Did I—did I—get—tears on your coat?"

In tribute to the tenseness of the incident they both laughed hysterically, and with the laughter she momentarily recovered her propriety.

"I don't know why I should have chosen you to collapse on," she wailed. "I really don't just go round doing it in-indiscriminately on anyone who comes in."

"I consider it a—a compliment," he responded soberly, "and I can understand the state you're in." Then, after a pause, "Have you any plans?"

She shook her head.

"Va-vague ones," she muttered between little gasps. "I tho-ought I'd go down and stay with my aunt in Chicago a while."

"I should think that'd be best—much the best thing." Then, because he could think of nothing else to say, he added, "Yes, very much the best thing."

"What are you doing—here in town?" she inquired, taking in her breath in minute gasps and dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief.

"Oh, I'm here with—with the Rogerses. I've been here."

"Hunting?"

"No, I've just been here."

He did not tell her that he had stayed over on her account. She might think it fresh.

"I see," she said. She didn't see.

"I want to know if there's any possible thing I can do for you, Yanci. Perhaps go downtown for you, or do some errands—anything. Maybe you'd like to bundle up and get a bit of air. I could take you out to drive in your car some night, and no one would see you."

He clipped his last word short as the inadvertency of this suggestion dawned on him. They stared at each other with horror in their eyes.

"Oh, no, thank you!" she cried. "I really don't want to drive."

To his relief the outer door opened and an elderly lady came in. It was Mrs. Oral. Scott rose immediately and moved backward toward the door.

"If you're sure there isn't anything I can do ——"

Yanci introduced him to Mrs. Oral; then leaving the elder woman by the fire walked with him to the door. An idea had suddenly occurred to her.

"Wait a minute."

She ran up the front stairs and returned immediately with a slip of pink paper in her hand.

"Here's something I wish you'd do," she said. "Take this to the First National Bank and have it cashed for me. You can leave the money here for me any time."

Scott took out his wallet and opened it.

"Suppose I cash it for you now," he suggested.

"Oh, there's no hurry."

"But I may as well." He drew out three new one-hundred-dollar bills and gave them to her.

"That's awfully sweet of you," said Yanci.

"Not at all. May I come in and see you next time I come West?"

"I wish you would."

"Then I will. I'm going East to-night."

The door shut him out into the snowy dusk and Yanci returned to Mrs. Oral. Mrs. Oral had come to discuss plans.

"And now, my dear, just what do you plan to do? We ought to have some plan to go by, and I thought I'd find out if you had any definite plan in your mind."

Yanci tried to think. She seemed to herself to be horribly alone in the world.

"I haven't heard from my aunt. I wired her again this morning. She may be in Florida."

"In that case you'd go there?"

"I suppose so."

"Would you close this house?"

"I suppose so."

Mrs. Oral glanced around with placid practicality. It occurred to her that if Yanci gave the house up she might like it for herself.

"And now," she continued, "do you know where you stand financially?"

"All right, I guess," answered Yanci indifferently; and then with a rush of sentiment, "There was enough for t-two; there ought to be enough for o-one."

"I didn't mean that," said Mrs. Oral. "I mean, do you know the details?"

"No."

"Well, I thought you didn't know the details. And I thought you ought to know all the details—have a detailed account of what and where your money is. So I called up Mr. Haedge, who knew your father very well personally, to come up this afternoon and glance through his papers. He was going to stop in your father's bank, too, by the way, and get all the details there. I don't believe your father left any will."

Details! Details! Details!

"Thank you," said Yanci. "That'll be—nice."

Mrs. Oral gave three or four vigorous nods that were like heavy periods. Then she got up.

(Continued on Page 89)

When the Tinker Came Along

THERE was a hole in your mother's dishpan. How was it to be mended? One day Citizen Fix-it, carrying his battered fire-pot, with its bed of glowing coals, knocked at the back door.

You and your playmates watched him, fascinated, as he drew his iron hot from the coals, and melted the end of his bar of solder. He rubbed the molten solder over the pan, and presto! the hole was gone.

* * *

Every day you live, solder figures in your life. When you turn a faucet, the water runs through pipes whose joints have been made water-tight with solder. The tins of fruit, meat, salmon and vegetables opened in your kitchen are sealed with solder. So are the tubes in the radiator of your automobile. Solder closes the joints of tin roofs, gutters and leaders.

Solder is a product of lead. Good solder is made of pure lead and pure tin, alloyed in the right proportions.

Countless other products of lead add to the comfort and convenience of your daily life—very often without your knowing it.

Consider your automobile, for instance. Besides the lead in the solder of the radiator, there is lead in the battery, in the bearings, in the glass of the headlight lenses, in the rubber of the tires, in the paint, and in the rubber mat on the step.

* * *

There are many other important uses of lead, in the arts and industries of civilization, and the most important of all is the use of white-lead as the principal factor in good paint.

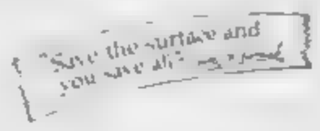
The more white-lead any paint contains, the greater its protective power and its durability. Painters commonly use what they call "lead-and-oil" for all their outdoor work. This is simply pure white-lead, thinned by adding pure linseed oil. This paint is famous for its staying qualities and the long life it gives to the surfaces it covers.

The importance of paint-protection is just beginning to be generally understood. People are learning that a general heeding of the maxim, "Save the Surface and You Save All," will mean the conservation of millions of dollars yearly in property values. Unpainted or poorly painted surfaces decay—a surface painted with a good white-lead paint remains whole and sound.

National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality, and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of

Dutch Boy White-Lead

Write our nearest branch office Dept. A, for a free copy of our "Wonder Book of Lead," which interestingly describes the hundred-and-one ways in which lead enters into the daily life of everyone.



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Dutch Boy White-Lead	Lead Pipe
Dutch Boy Red-Lead	Printers' Metals
Dutch Boy Linseed Oil	Traps and Bends
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Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Condensite Products
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Fragrant

Frostilla

for Chapped Hands Rough Skin

Frostilla on the shaving brush makes a better lather to soften tough beards. Also soothes after shaving.

Thin stockings, short skirts and low shoes allow the ankles to chap, roughen and smart. Frostilla brings quick relief

FROSTILLA is delightful when the skin roughens and the hands chap and crack. Note how quickly it relieves a dry, burning, drawn skin. You will like Frostilla. You will enjoy its dainty fragrance, its cooling, soothing touch. Just smooth a little on at any time, especially before going out, as well as after each bathing of the hands and face. It keeps the skin soft, smooth and fine.

Frostilla secures the comfort and adds to the joy of every member of the family. Men like it because it relieves all smarting and tenderness after shaving. They also like Frostilla because a few drops on the brush makes any soap or cream produce a luxurious thick creamy lasting lather in any water, cold or hot.

The ladies like Frostilla better than anything else as a base for face powder; it disappears quickly without trace of shine, and makes the powder cling on much longer.

In Summer, Frostilla is splendid to prevent and relieve sunburn and windburn.

In Winter, Frostilla quickly relieves and soothes the chapping and smarting of ankles, from thin stockings, short skirts and low shoes. Refreshes tired feet.

For 48 years Frostilla has been a universal favorite. The genuine is sold everywhere in one size bottle only; regular price 35c. Made solely by Holmes Frostilla Co., Elmira, New York.

Before powdering apply Frostilla. The powder clings on much longer.

To keep your skin from chapping or roughening, use Frostilla before going out and after coming in.

(Continued from Page 86)

"And now if Hilma's gone out I'll make you some tea. Would you like some tea?"

"Sort of."

"All right, I'll make you some ni-ice tea."

Tea! Tea! Tea!

Mr. Haedge, who came from one of the best Swedish families in town, arrived to see Yanci at five o'clock. He greeted her funereally; said that he had been several times to inquire for her; had organized the pallbearers and would now find out how she stood in no time. Did she have any idea whether or not there was a will? No? Well, there probably wasn't one.

There was one. He found it almost at once in Mr. Bowman's desk—but he worked there until eleven o'clock that night before he found much else. Next morning he arrived at eight, went down to the bank at ten, then to a certain brokerage firm, and came back to Yanci's house at noon. He had known Tom Bowman for some years, but he was utterly astounded when he discovered the condition in which that handsome gallant had left his affairs.

He consulted Mrs. Oral, and that afternoon he informed a frightened Yanci in measured language that she was practically penniless. In the midst of the conversation a telegram from Chicago told her that her aunt had sailed the week previous for a trip through the Orient and was not expected back until late spring.

The beautiful Yanci, so profuse, so debonair, so careless with her gorgeous adjectives, had no adjectives for this calamity. She crept upstairs like a hurt child and sat before a mirror, brushing her luxurious hair to comfort herself. One hundred and fifty strokes she gave it, as it said in the treatment, and then a hundred and fifty more—she was too distraught to stop the nervous motion. She brushed it until her arm ached, then she changed arms and went on brushing.

The maid found her next morning, asleep, sprawled across the toilet things on the dresser in a room that was heavy and sweet with the scent of spilled perfume.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

DEBTOR'S COWARDICE

(Continued from Page 23)

the facts. When I was married I had five dollars and a job. At the end of the first year we were in debt and there was a baby coming. I increased my earnings by taking on extra work, but the expenses always kept a little ahead. The cost of the baby's birth swelled the total in red, and we went into our second year of married life owing between five and six hundred dollars. By working very hard and economizing as much as it was possible for us to do we paid some of the old bills then, but at the end of the year we were almost a thousand dollars behind. Now we have been married ten years, and our total indebtedness, in spite of the fact that we have made payments on earlier accounts whenever we could, runs into something like five thousand dollars. This means that we have spent more than we have taken in, year by year, at the rate of at least six or seven hundred dollars in each twelve months. There is something wrong with a system that gives a young family that sort of record, and I have been trying to determine what it is.

What did the money go for? Well, doctors and hospitals first; bad investments second; extravagance and wasteful buying third; losses caused by carelessness fourth; finally by our effort to keep up somewhat with appearances and to do what other people of our incomes do—in short, speaking broadly, for the unduly heavy expense of being average Americans.

I feel worse and do less about my bills to doctors than about any of the others, and I have been trying to determine why this is, because I know that it is a common experience. Perhaps it is mainly because doctors are easy creditors. You must have them, and according to their ethical requirements they must come at your call, whether you pay them or not. Perhaps it is because most doctors' bills—after you get well—seem exorbitant; perhaps because the doctor has no recourse except to sue, and it is only in cases where large sums are involved that he cares to do this. On the other hand, a doctor becomes, in the very nature of the case, more or less your personal friend. That, I am sure, is what makes us feel so badly about owing them. Personally I like most of the men we have had about us professionally, and occasionally I make up my mind to let everyone else wait, and pay the doctors and dentists and surgeons and specialists first. Then I get out their bills and total them up and change my mind. The whole sum is too formidable.

Bad investments in my case do not mean mining stocks or money loaned to plausible friends for their enterprises, or speculation in perpetual-motion machines or wave motors or in the estates of dead Spaniards. I lived in the West when I was younger long enough to see the inside of all the fake stock and promotion enterprises known to man, and I am gun-shy. My bad investments have all been good investments that have been lost because I could not keep up payments. They include a small ranch, two houses and lots, an automobile, a horse, and quite a number of smaller things such as phonographs, cameras, patented machines for lightening my wife's work, and so on.

I am handing myself the worst of it, perhaps, in the bulk of this article, and I want to hand myself the best of it when I can. It is only fair to say—and I think a great many men in my own predicament could honestly make the same claim—that a lot of our money has gone in an effort to make my wife and children happier, to give them more of the things I see other men giving their families. It is a weakness, perhaps, but it is at least partially pardonable. The automobile we tried to buy was contracted for because my wife was much happier and physically better with it. I think, as a matter of fact, that the possession of one at a certain period when she needed to get away from the tedium and trying work of the house and to get the children outside and give them a good time without taxing herself, actually saved her health if not her life. So I have no particular apologies to offer for the attempt to purchase that car, even though we had to give it up in the end, and lost our investment in it.

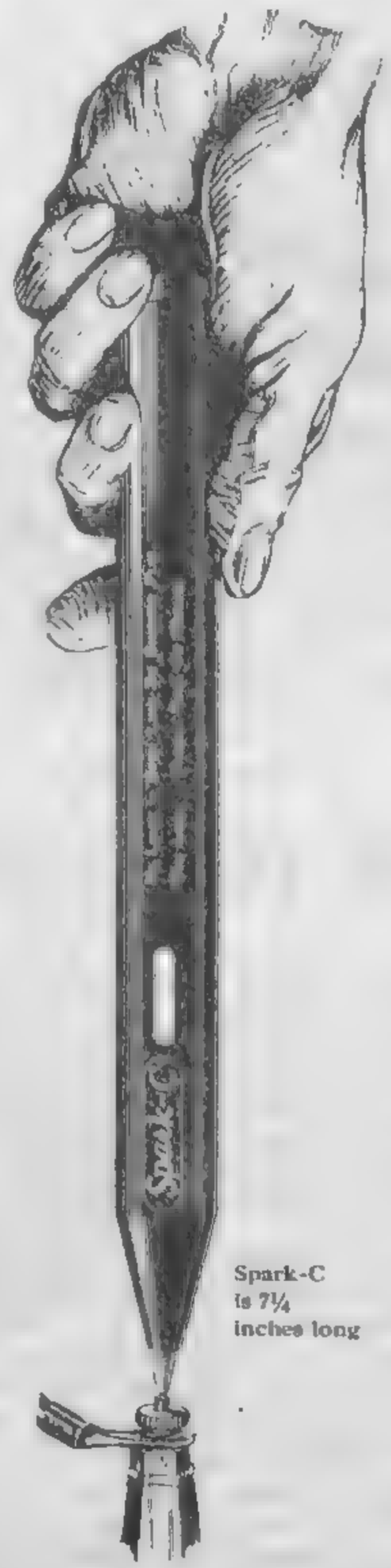
My efforts to get a home were laudable, I am sure, but I went at it in the wrong way. I used poor judgment in buying. I bought once when we were unsettled in our plans and were compelled to move away before the house was ours, and in the case of the chicken ranch, any man with any business discretion would have known that it would not pay out. But I had no business discretion, and more than eighteen hundred dollars was swept away.

Our third drain resulted from extravagance and wasteful buying, which are not the same thing. By extravagance, in the first place, I do not mean high living, or even living beyond our means. We dress modestly enough, and our house—we are buying again on the partial-payment plan—is neither costly itself nor expensively furnished. Once in a while, to be sure, there has been a dress suit or a dinner gown or a dancing frock or a pair of shoes that were extravagant for us. In the aggregate the amount we have spent for pleasure has been too high, not because we have had too much pleasure, because I doubt if that is possible, but because we have paid too high for it. Dress-circle seats instead of seats in the balcony or the gallery; high-priced picture shows—of which we are both very fond—when we might have gone to the neighborhood theater; and the best cafés when we should have been in the little Italian or French places on the North Side—all these have contributed. We bought one another Christmas presents costing fifty dollars each when we should have exchanged handkerchiefs and stockings, I suppose. When we had a party we usually went to a good place—which meant a place, as it seems to mean all over America, where a good stiff price is charged for everything.

But wasteful buying was our worst offense. My wife takes some of the responsibility here. She had had no experience in keeping a house on small means, and during the first years she bought very wastefully, not through carelessness or extravagant notions, but because she didn't know how. Our grocery bills were scandalous. We had canned and glassed foods that cost enough in themselves to have furnished the whole

Spark-C

—an ignition tester for your car



Spark-C is 7¼ inches long

It doesn't matter what kind of car you have, if it has spark plugs you need Spark-C.

All ignition trouble results in not getting the proper spark.

Without Spark-C it is almost impossible for a car-owner to know whether his ignition system is right or not. If the engine runs fairly well, the car-owner may be unaware that one cylinder is missing every third or fourth time—robbing him of gas and power.

Spark-C tells you, instantly and surely, if the spark plug is dead or alive, and if it is functioning properly or not. Spark-C sees all, knows all, tells all about your ignition.

Spark-C tells you if there is a break or a leak in the wires from the coil, magneto, or distributor to the plugs. It tells you exactly where the trouble is.

Spark-C tests all high-tension ignition systems, whether the current come from dry-cells, storage battery, or magneto.

Anyone can use Spark-C. It is clean, safe and easy to use.

Spark-C has the Westinghouse name on it, which means it will do all we say it will and is worth the price you pay for it.

Your garageman or automotive accessory dealer can sell you Spark-C. If he has none in stock, place your order—but be sure to tell him you must have the Westinghouse Ignition Tester—Spark-C.

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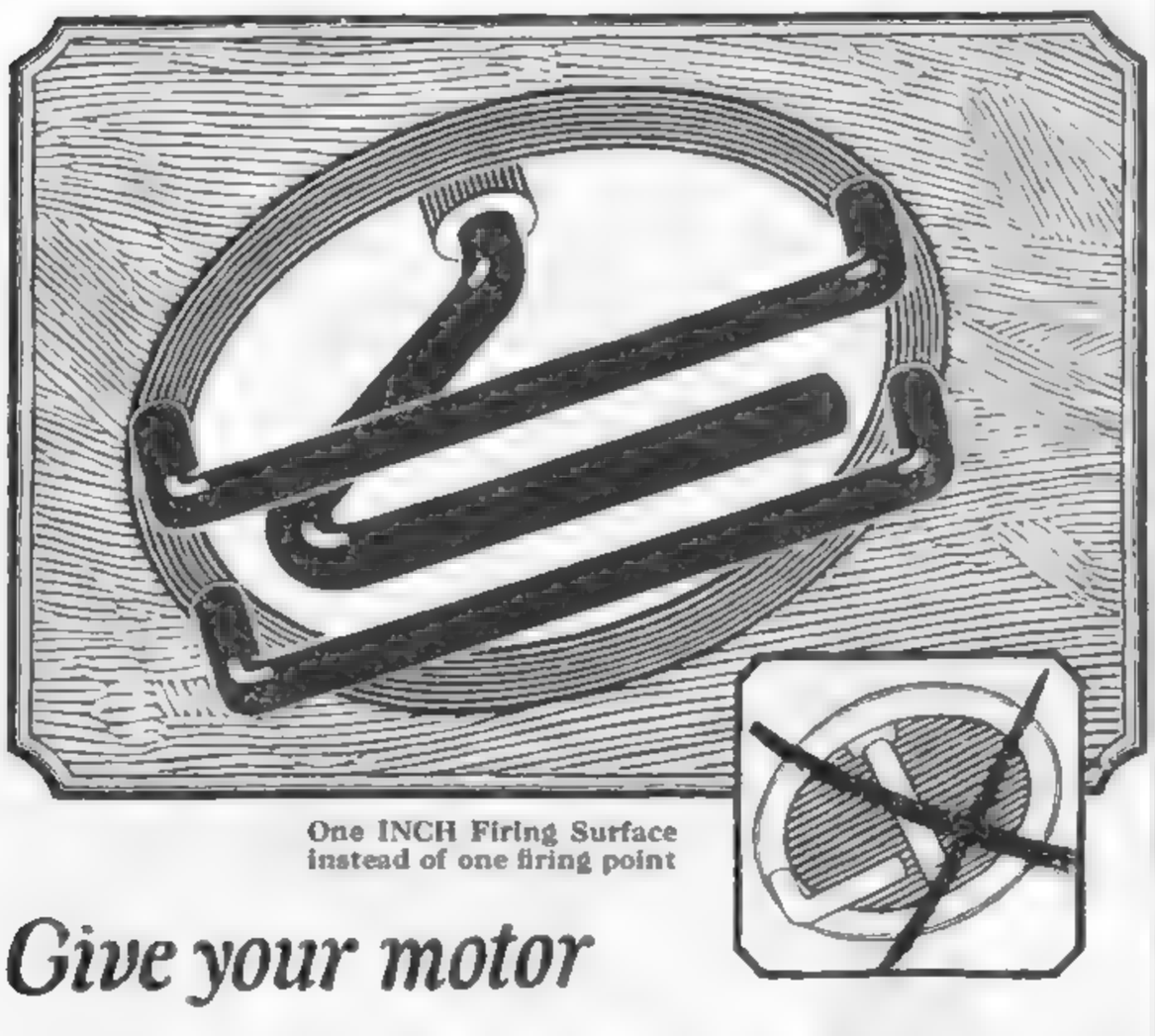

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LOW grade gasoline is a serious handicap to your motor. It does not *vaporize* completely; it enters the cylinders partially raw. At the moment of sparking, a *single* spark may be surrounded by "wet spots" in the fuel. The explosion is then weakened—it may fail entirely.

This *cannot* happen with FYRAC. Instead of a *single* spark, FYRAC sparks simultaneously at 7 to 10 places along its INCH of firing surface. Explosion is SURE and COMPLETE. All the fuel is ignited. You get more power—increased "pep" and pick-up—easier starting. You save gasoline. You eliminate much of your spark plug cleaning because FYRAC means less carbon in your motor. Give your motor the advantage of one INCH firing surface—have it perform *at its best!*

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To get best results from any motor we have always recommended the use of a set of Fyrac plugs and make this offer to get you started.

table of another home. We had fresh vegetables in the wintertime when most people were using dried, or going without, and although we were never high livers our food cost as much as that of many who were.

But both of us have been guilty, and I the more guilty of the two, on the general line of wasteful buying. Shop windows and bargain counters have always exerted a strong fascination over me. I have more than once seen something that I wanted badly without ever stopping to think either why I wanted it or how I was going to pay for it; and sometimes I have dashed in and bought the thing that caught my fancy, while I had the money, without giving myself any time to consider and come to the inevitable conclusion that I was being a fool. Articles covered with leather have for some reason the same attraction for me that beads have for Indians. If I had a fortune I should spend the first part of it in stationery and novelty stores. Then I should plunge into hardware and sporting-goods houses. Tools, appliances for playing games and games themselves, lighting fixtures, pocketknives, leather pocket cases and books, handy implements for the house or office or for my little carpenter shop could pull money from my pockets at any time. At this moment, though I am in a cool and critical and self-abased state of mind, I want more than anything in the world a complete set of forty or fifty games I saw in a shop window three or four weeks ago. The set is in a handsome box covered with patent leather. It contains packs of cards, which I don't play at all; checker and chess outfits, which I don't understand and have no patience with; dominoes, which I think properly belong to clubs old men frequent; and a lot of other games I have never heard of before and most certainly would not play more than once in any event. I am not exaggerating when I say that I want that box of games. But I can assure you that I am not going to buy it. Not since I realized what debtor cowardice means!

Wasteful Buying

Our wasteful buying has run into every department of our finances—I have tried to give some idea of the sort of wastefulness I mean. It should be taken to include also the buying of things useful enough in themselves, but without which we could get along with perfect comfort and ease. In the aggregate, perhaps, the sums consumed thus have not been great, but the drain has been noticeable.

Now, however, I want to take up a kind of wasteful buying that must be stressed. This sort is done by two-thirds of the people I know. It is the buying that is done hurriedly, in an emergency or under some special pressure, when for one reason or another the items may be fairly called almost a dead loss. There have been two classes of purchases here—the goods bought when we knew that they were inferior and would not hold up but which we had to have to meet the needs of the moment; and secondly the goods sold us by clever and unscrupulous salespeople and merchants who took advantage of our hurry and our necessity.

I am sure that I have bought five or six suits of clothes and a whole trunkful of haberdashery and shoes, particularly in wartimes, that I simply had to have, but that were so cheap and poor that a few wearings wrecked them. There would be a business appointment for me, say, with a customer or a big business man who might have an order for me, and when my clothes simply would not do. The only thing to do was to rush into the city and get something—anything. Usually—in fact, practically always in such emergencies—there wasn't enough money to pay for good goods. The thing necessary was to put on a front. The front would get over—once. After that it would slide steadily and very rapidly toward the rag bag or the Salvation Army Rescue Home.

And the same was true of my wife's clothes. A party or a dance or an invitation to a theater—and bang would go eighteen dollars and eighty-seven cents for a dress! If we had been able to pay fifty or sixty dollars and to take our time in selecting she would have had better clothes and they would have lasted several times as long. I could relate scores of incidents of this sort, and in each one I should have to add the sum spent to the total that has at once caused and been caused by my impecunious condition.

My fourth item of money drain is the deterioration of our possessions of all kinds hastened by carelessness. I mean by that that we have hardly or badly or carelessly used good things and worn them out or consumed them or sent them to the scrap heap before their time, instead of taking care of them. This is true of clothes, food supplies, furniture, and of almost everything bought for the use or the amusement or the training of the children. I think two-thirds of all Americans are guilty of this fault, and if I do not dwell on it, it is not because the offense is not glaring and the effects of it observable in all our lives, but because it seems to me something we can't do much about until we have had some bitter experiences—like mine, for example.

I am sure of one thing in our case, however, and that is that we have pretty largely overcome our weakness lately. We hang our things up now, the children put away their toys and fold their clothes, we use up food scraps, and we order our home better than we have ever done before. We are coming into the clear on this matter, but that ten years of carelessness and slovenliness and wastefulness has cost us heavily. Americans are probably the most negligent and extravagant and wasteful people on the globe, and I wish something could be done. But, as I say, I can only set down the facts as I know them in my own case and not attempt argument.

Splurging on Borrowed Money

The final item that seems to me to have contributed to my abject debtor's cowardice is the necessity we used to feel we were under of keeping up with the people in our station—of doing what the rest did. No examples from my own experience are needed here. Pick up any daily paper in America any day in the year, and on any page you turn to you can find an account of some crime or disaster or reversal of fortunes or discovery of crookedness that has befallen the man who wanted to keep up the pace set by others. Defaulters, absconders, shoplifters, sneak thieves, check kiters and forgers, trusted employes and respectable employers, preachers, lawyers, judges, business men, society women, clerks, hod carriers, salesmen, even counties and states can be found to have overreached themselves in a mad race to keep up with the times and the styles and the fashions.

My wife and I were not worse offenders than the rest of you, but like at least 40 per cent of you we were doing it on borrowed money, on credit or with money that should have gone to creditors or for legitimate and necessary expenses. I plead guilty to some of it, all right, but I am glad that I can set the cause at the bottom of my list instead of at the top, as a great many would have to do if they were honest about it.

A personal weakness which may or may not be a common one with men of my disposition and temperament has been a further contributing cause to my condition of debtor cowardice. I might seem to boast of it, but I do not. I am too generous. I have only fully realized this lately—since I have been forced to face my condition. I am sure now that a lot of money, in small amounts, has been going for charities or for the entertainment or pleasure or comfort of others. And I realize now that my family and my creditors should have come first.

I confess that I may not be able to break myself of the habit of giving to street beggars. I can't help it. Because I have been hungry myself, and although I recognize the fact that many beggars are frauds and that some of them have fat bank accounts, I want never to run the risk of denying a meal, no matter how cheap, to some poor devil who really needs it. In the aggregate the sums I give away in this fashion are not large, although in the reckoning I am now making they must be included. In addition to these a certain amount has to be added because of my tender heart where unfortunates come under my notice in the neighborhood. I am not sure that I begrudge this money, even now, but I have to admit that it belongs to my creditors.

It was partly my ill-balanced urge to be generous and partly a foolish pride that caused another drain on my finances—it may be broadly covered under the head of treating. I have discovered in connection with this self-examination of mine that of all the men I know who are better off than

(Continued on Page 93)

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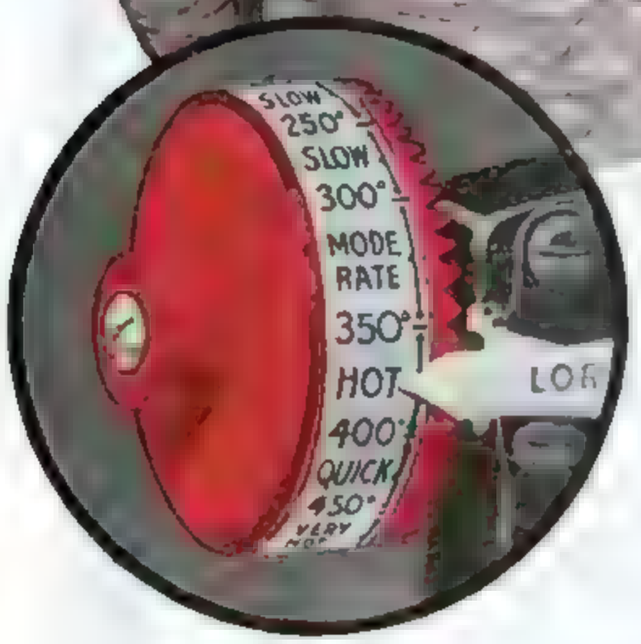

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LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

(Continued from Page 90)

I am only two or three will refuse to let me buy a dinner or a theater ticket or a ball-game admission, or to let me pay a street-car fare or for a shine. A few will offer to match. But the older men, especially those substantial and important citizens who are the majority in business, will take my hospitality with ordinary perfunctory thanks, and dismiss the matter from their minds. I doubt if they ever think of it, at the time or later. But young men in my circumstances can well take note of this tendency on the part of many successful gentlemen to let you pay if you want to, without arguing.

It seems to me that this is a very important fact. I think it not a symptom of niggardliness, but a sample of their whole attitude towards money. When a waiter presents a bill I am the first, usually, to make a plunge into my pockets. Men of my own age and type do the same, and sometimes put up an argument on the question of who shall pay. But the careful and thrifty man makes no hurried move towards his cash at any time. And as I study it I lean more and more strongly to the conclusion that that is one reason why they are successful and well-to-do; through a whole lifetime, probably, they have had exactly the opposite attitude towards spending to that which I have. I see a thing in a store window or on a counter or a shelf that I want. My first instinct is to reach for money. The first instinct of my thrifty neighbor is to keep his hands away from it—and wait a minute. If we are at a table or approaching a box office or boarding a street car or stepping out of a taxicab that minute gives me time to pay, and my more cautious friend time to let me.

I tried the theory out the other night. I was dining with an older man, who is considered wealthy and who certainly has a good business and a bank account and securities in his vault. When the bill came I had the money on it before the waiter had more than dropped it. Later we took a taxicab to the station. I should have preferred a street car, but I didn't have the courage to say so. When we reached our destination I let my friend get out first. I stepped beyond him on the sidewalk and bought an evening paper. He did not snatch at his money, as I should have done. He asked the driver: "What fare, son?" The driver told him. It would not have occurred to me to ask. Very deliberately my friend looked at the taximeter, drew out a purse—another sign of thrift and frugality, I've noticed—counted out the exact amount, added a 10 per cent tip with mathematical exactness, and—borrowed half my paper.

This man is not a stingy one. He gives liberally to charities and he belongs to good clubs and goes out a great deal, with a very handsome and well-dressed family. But the contrast between him and myself—between his way of doing and mine—is so marked that I made myself study the lesson he taught.

Systematic Sponging

In a little different class is another large number of people I know—or find, now that I am examining the matter, that I know. They are people who have no hesitation about accepting hospitality or small favors or loans without the slightest intention of repaying them. Since I have been facing the subject my wife and I have checked up just a few of our experiences with this class, and we find, among respectable people, and those highly thought of, the following instances illustrative of the tactics of their kind:

A woman who asked my wife to join with her in the purchase of a wedding present for a mutual friend, who left the selection of the gift to my wife—and the payment therefor—and who has never since mentioned the subject of her half of the bill.

A man for whom I sent two telegrams, and who later declared he had reimbursed me, although he had not, and has not since.

A man who insisted on buying theater tickets one night, but who later in the evening borrowed ten dollars from me and never repaid the amount.

A woman for whom my wife once paid club dues, and who has referred to the matter several times but never offered to settle.

A distant relative who asked me to have some goods freighted to her. I paid the cost of crating, the expressage to the depot, and the freight—and have charged the amount to profit and loss.

In each of these cases the people involved have as much money as we have, or more. But they do not pay if they can avoid it, and their carelessness—if that is what it is—is another drain on credulous asses like myself. Like them may be counted the number of people who will go anywhere to get free bed and board. My Southern blood and my experience in the West combined to make me long to earn a reputation for old-fashioned hospitality, and the result has been a varied but always expensive experience with broken-down relations on both sides, friends out of luck, temporarily embarrassed acquaintances, panhandlers, mouchers and mealhounds galore, and of both sexes. The last guests stayed four weeks, and when they were gone my wife found that four handsome embroidered towels that had been given her as a Christmas present last year had disappeared. It is surprising how many truths we discover if we set out in search of them deliberately, and one of my surprises was to realize how successfully I had been worked because I wanted to be hospitable.

It amounts to this: There are certain unfortunates I can't help giving money to; there are certain friends I like well enough to pay for entertaining; there are some people who will take anything they are given and will come back for more and cheat you and perhaps pilfer from you into the bargain; and there are thousands who are frugal, penny-wise and accumulative, who, in my present opinion, undoubtedly make it a point to save for themselves and get for themselves, even at the expense of those less prosperous than themselves, if the latter are free-handed and impetuous enough to let them. I have many true and staunch and generous friends—many who give when they cannot afford to—but certainly the other types predominate in my acquaintanceship. At least, they did. I'm getting canny!

Temptations of Charge Accounts

I blame our American business system for one cause of the spendthrift habits of some of us weaklings, and with a perfectly human desire to set up an excuse for myself and my kind I want to refer to it. It is the credit basis on which business is conducted. My first quarrel is with the partial-payment plan, under which anyone can buy anything under the sun; my second with the encouragement business gives to the opening of charge accounts.

One of the first business aphorisms I can remember being impressed with was the one that ran: "If you want to get ahead, go into debt." With the exception of buying a home, perhaps, I believe that is thoroughly unsound advice in ninety-five cases out of a hundred. And even buying a home ought not to be done by the average young married couple, for example, without the counsel and guidance of some shrewd and cold-blooded banker or friend of the family who will not be deceived by the glib phrases of a real-estate agent or the shade of pink in which the front bedroom is finished.

Moreover, I believe that organized business sets a trap for many ambitious and hopeful young people when it offers to make marrying and the setting up of housekeeping appointments easy and simple by the pay-by-the-month system. Theoretically it is a friendly advance of the business world to aid and encourage the struggling beginner. Practically it means—in more than half the cases I have observed, at any rate—that the young people saddle themselves with more than they can carry, fall behind in payments, get entangled, lose heart and the goods thus contracted for, and eventually become victims of debtor cowardice. In too many instances, moreover, the ultimate result is degradation into a species of dishonesty, because the man who learns that he can buy anything he fancies or thinks he needs by paying a dollar down and a dollar a week therefor, learns also that he can make the initial payment and get the goods pretty easily and then can default on the balance or move away or give up the articles purchased and start all over again.

If there were a distinct and decided advantage to anyone in the partial-payment plan—say, for furniture or clothing—there would be an argument for it. In practice, though, it really only means that young people can have either something they could not otherwise afford or something

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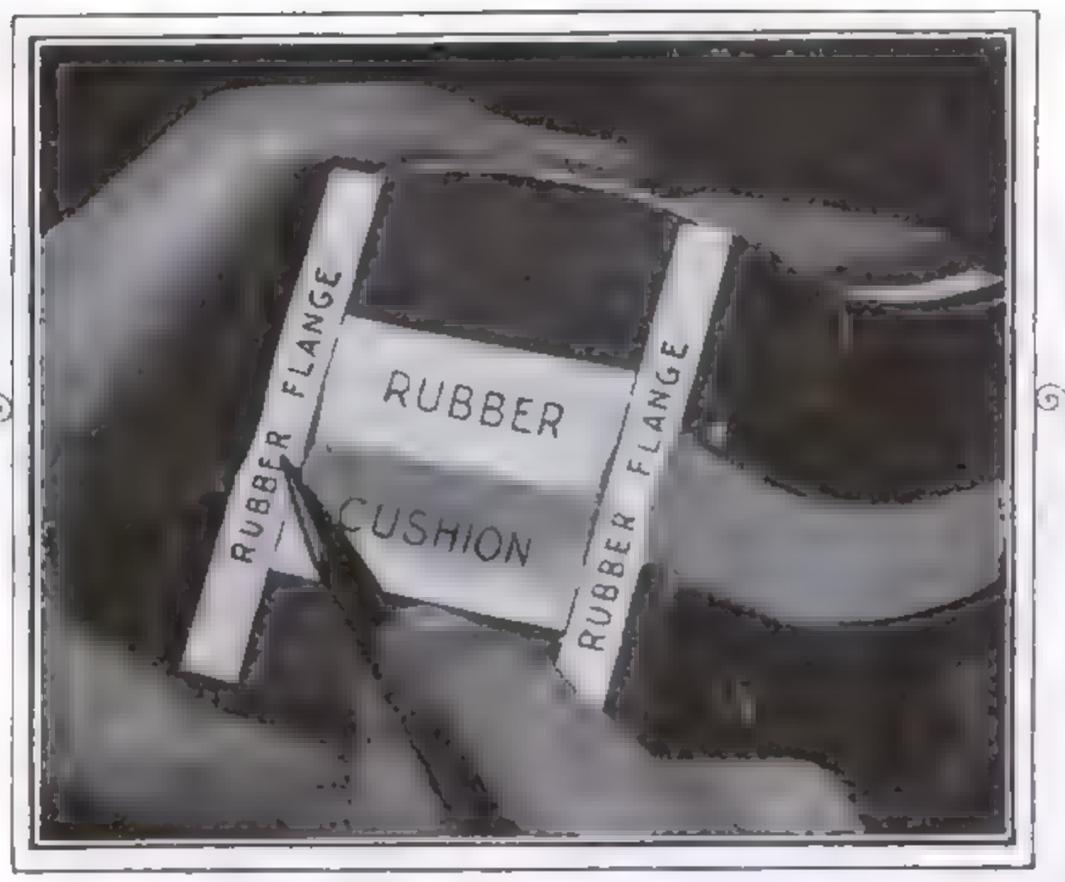

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they believe they want desperately but which they do not need; the young man who needs a dress suit to be married in would be far better off staying unmarried than to start into life with a monthly payment for that suit hanging over him; and the young woman who can't go to a party unless she has a certain party frock she hasn't the money for would have a better time two months later at another party in a dress which she had been compelled to save to pay for. I am not writing from theory—I am writing from personal experience.

Then there is the dangerous charge account. Monthly bills for household supplies are probably a necessity with most of us, although any woman knows that she can save 10 to 20 per cent on her bills by marketing in person and paying cash. But for all other sorts of charge accounts I have no use—nothing but condemnation. It may be argued that the average man receives his pay only once a month, but that has nothing to do with it. If he goes without the first month, he has the money for his purchases in his second month. And any other reason for charging is a false reason.

It requires no argument to prove that the average person buys more if he has a charge account. He buys more-expensive things. He buys things for which he could find satisfactory substitutes much cheaper at cheaper places—especially at cash stores. He finds buying so easy under a charge-account arrangement that he would be a remarkable man—and she a much more remarkable woman!—if the temptation to overbuy were resisted. The charge-account idea occurred to the man on the selling end. From his viewpoint it was a splendid thing. But from the viewpoint of the customer who is not absolutely and safely immune from any danger of contracting debtor's cowardice it is a bad and menacing system.

Two Experiments

If you do not believe what I say is true, try either one of two experiments: When you make a purchase and charge it, take out your check book, write a check for the amount, date the check the fifth of the following month, and put it away to be forwarded to the store when your bill comes in. Unless you are a very unusual person you will soon find the sum total of those checks and the diminishing purchasing power of your bank account bringing home to you the real lesson of the charge-account system. Or go to the store where you have your charge account, price the goods you want, and then go to a store that accepts cash only, and price the same goods. In the time this transaction takes, you will have an opportunity to determine whether you actually need the article you are looking at, and you will also find that paying cash pays cash.

I do not expect business to accept my view of either the partial-payment plan or the charge-account system. It is not only well rooted and widely extended but it is growing constantly more so. It is being made more and more easy for people to open accounts. Advertisements such as "You furnish the girl, we furnish the house, on time" and "This store is very glad to extend you credit" are becoming very familiar to us all. The credit manager asks searching questions, but I know that he does not look you up so carefully as he pretends he is going to do. What actually happens is that he calls up one of the men you named as a reference. A short cut to a bad case of debtor cowardice, let me assure you. Because the moment you are behind with your bill or your payments the man you gave as reference is notified of it, and if he is your friend or your banker or a relative or an employer he heads the list of the people you are afraid to face from that time forward.

I do not mean that most people get into difficulties that are really serious as a result of buying on the installment plan or of running charge accounts. Most of them do not. But I do know that the majority of them would be better off in every way if they lived cheaply and dressed shabbily and housed themselves meanly until they had the money with which to go out and choose what they want and pay for it on the nail. They would have better goods, they would have come by them in a straightforward and honest and grown-up fashion, they would have no partial ownership, but entire and complete ownership, and they would have started themselves on the way of life that leads to a competence, to prosperity, to a clear conscience and to untroubled dreams.

Recently large corporations and many employers have worked out a new method for aiding their employes to save, and this method I think is an excellent one and wish I were in a position to take advantage of it. They offer stock to their people on a monthly-payment basis—some of them even put dollar for dollar into these investments, so that each fifty cents the clerk or stenographer invests in the company grows to a dollar immediately. But the reason why this installment-plan investment scheme is calamity-proof is that once the employe is signed up, the company's cashier does the rest. The clerk is not handed his full pay at the end of the month, but from his envelope is taken the amount due on his stock purchase. That sort of saving is, to that extent at least, compulsory. There is no chance to avoid it, therefore it becomes second nature for the employe to consider himself the possessor each month of a diminished amount of money for his general expenses.

A New Schedule

It is my opinion, you see, that it takes determination and will power and force of character to save if you are not congenitally a frugal person. If you are saving and prudent by nature you don't need partial-payment investments or fine-sounding plans or even deliberate thought to enable you to put part of your income aside for emergencies. But if you are not that sort of person you have to take yourself in hand and decide your own fate. Either you are going to save and make yourself a competence, or—barring an inheritance or some freak of luck—you are going to be somewhere near the place I am now. And contracts and agreements to pay and promises to save won't help you any.

I am going to get out of my difficulties. I am going to lift myself by my own boot straps. And my plan is this:

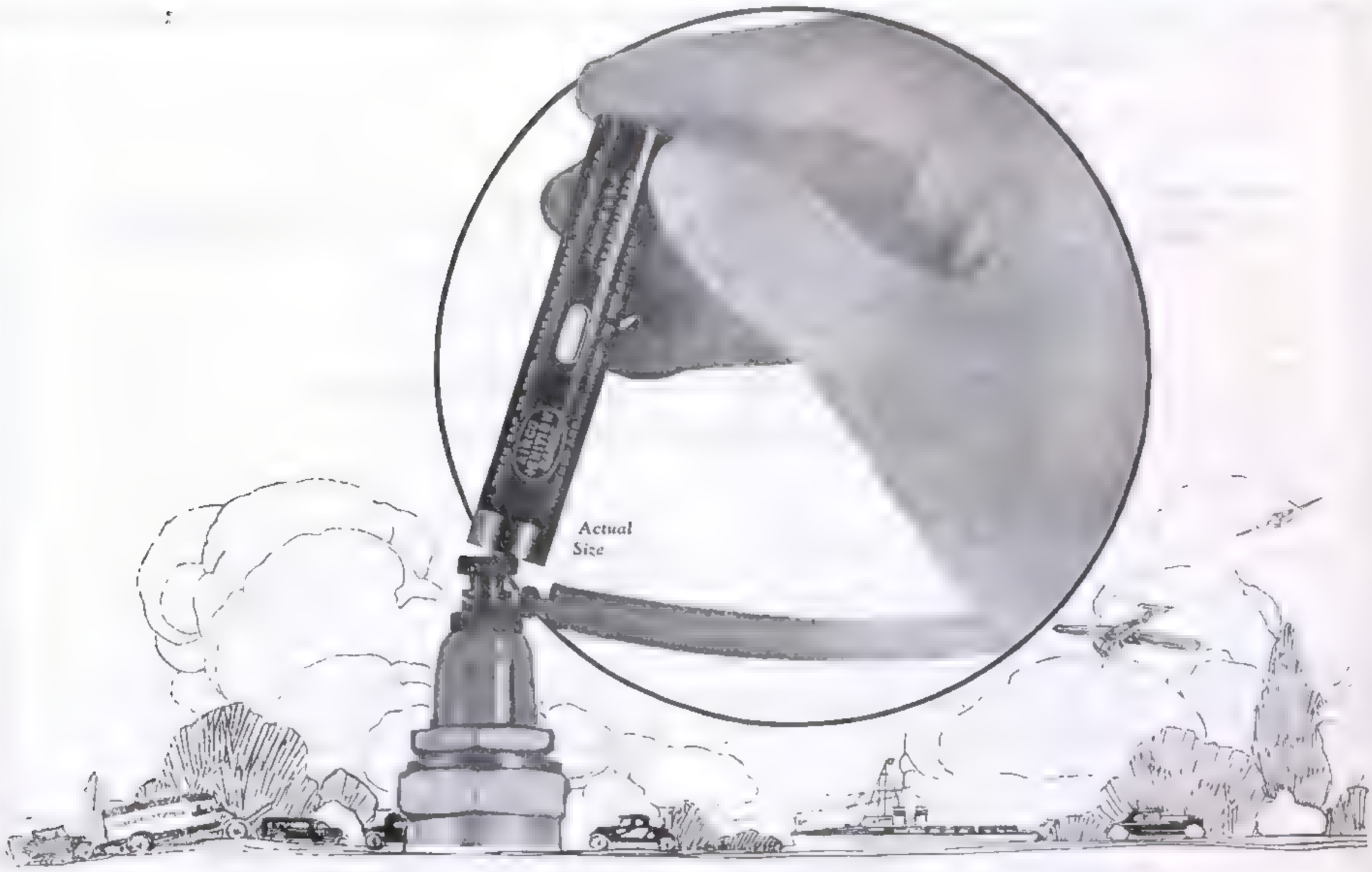
I am putting aside, now, 20 per cent of my income. No less. When I get one thousand dollars locked up in a savings bank I am going to reduce the 20 per cent to the reserve fund to 5 per cent, and put the other 15 per cent to work paying my old bills. I have figured it all out, and it will take me at least four years to make this saving and pay my present debts.

But I shall do it in the end. I shall have at that time something like two thousand dollars saved, and I shall have wiped the slate clean of old indebtedness.

On the negative side, I am not going into debt again. Not for anything except current household expenses, and those I am going to meet month by month if I have to sell myself into slavery or pay the merchants in household furniture or my watch and chain. I mean business. I've slunk about and side-stepped and pulled my hat over my eyes and hurried across the street with debtor cowardice for the last time. I am writing notes to my creditors telling them that I am arranging to pay every cent I owe and I am offering to sign notes for the amounts due them, with the usual interest attached, if they want me to. That is all I can do. And when a man is doing all he can and doing it with a definite program for the future he can straighten up, put back his head, and go at his work with a new zest and confidence.

I am going to be able, hereafter, and for the rest of my days, to look every man in the world in the face and tell him to go to hell!

And the moment I can do that I shall, therefore, never have to tell any one of them anything of the kind, nor even wish that I could! That, I think, is dollar bravery—the reverse of debtor cowardice!



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The New Way to Get Full Power from Every Cylinder

WITHOUT a strong, regular spark at every plug you're not only wasting power and gasoline, but you are ruining your engine. A motor that sputters and misses fire is taking the shortest route to the junk pile, for every misfire unmercifully hammers the pistons, crankshaft and bearings.

You can't get full power from every drop of fuel if a missing cylinder wastes its charge. Misfiring is usually due to faulty spark plugs, short-circuits or leaks in the high-tension wiring. It's practically impossible to find these ignition troubles by cutting out each plug and wire in turn with a screw-driver.

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The faulty spark plug, the short-circuit or the leak in the high-tension wiring can now be instantly and accurately located by using the Airco Ignition Gauge.

The operation of the gauge is simplicity itself. Inside the hard rubber insulating shell of the instrument is a glass tube of Neon—one of the rarest gases in the air. The metal cap of the gauge is held to each spark plug terminal for a moment, while the engine is being turned over slowly. Every time the plug fires the Neon emits an orange-red flash visible through an observation window in the side of the shell. If the flashes occur at regular intervals and are of uniform intensity, the plug and the rest of the ignition system are working properly. Variations in the regularity and relative intensity of the flashes indicate trouble and reveal its cause.

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When the gauge is slid along each high-tension wire, intense flashes spot short-circuits, breaks and excessive current leaks. Battery, coil, magneto and distributor troubles are just as easily shown up—instantly and unerringly.

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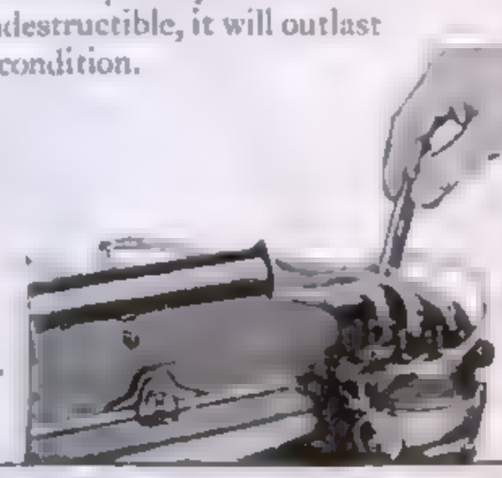

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THE NEW SCIENCE OF RELIEVING FOOT TROUBLES

Born out of a need that is becoming greater and more urgent every year

UNDER the strain and abuse of modern conditions America's feet are failing her.

Decade by decade, foot troubles have been increasing until today we are a race of foot weaklings.

Army statistics, compiled during the great war, reveal that seven out of ten men suffer foot ailments. Among women the ratio is even higher.

Corns, callouses and bunions are common to almost everyone. A distressing condition known as "weak foot" is almost equally universal. Most serious of all, thousands upon thousands of persons suffer with falling and broken arches, a condition not only extremely painful but often dangerous.

The inevitable result of man-made conditions

Foot troubles to the American Indian were unknown.

His feet either bare or moccasin-shod, he walked mostly on soft, yielding earth. And he walked a lot, exercising and strengthening the muscles of his feet.

The man of today walks only when he cannot ride, and when he does walk his feet are abused by stone-hard pavements.

Added to this is his footwear, better-looking and on the whole more suitable than moccasins, but still an unnatural substitute.

It is almost inevitable that the feet of modern man should fail him, almost inevitable that painful foot troubles should increase with the spread of civilization's unnatural conditions.

A new science to combat a new problem

During the last decade or two, men of science have been giving increasing attention to foot problems.

Prominent among them has been Dr. Wm. M. Scholl. For the last twelve years he has given himself almost entirely to a specialized study of foot troubles and their correction.

The foot is a delicate human instrument. Just as successful treatment of the eyes demands lenses scientifically designed to meet definite eye conditions, so must successful correction of foot troubles be based on measures and methods scientifically designed to meet specific foot ailments.

Dr. Scholl's work has been far-reaching. He has not been content with mere palliative measures, with superficial first-aids, but he has based his research on a study of underlying causes and scientific corrective methods. The result has been the development of appliances and remedies that cover every known form of foot trouble and foot discomforts.

In addition to his research work, both laboratorial and clinical, he has devised and perfected a service—Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service—which is available to the public through a nation-wide organization.

In thousands of shoe and department stores the country over are men—trained Practipedists—who have been carefully instructed in Dr. Scholl's methods.

In these stores Dr. Scholl's appliances and remedies are not sold as so much merchandise. They are selected and supplied with an intelligent understanding of the specific foot trouble to be corrected.

The name Dr. Scholl is vastly more than a mark of identification for a line of appliances and remedies. It is a name that stands for an idea and a service.

Sure relief from every foot trouble

No matter what your foot trouble may be, Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service offers you immediate and certain relief.

For every form of foot ailment—tired, aching feet, weak or fallen arches, tender heels, corns, bunions, callouses—Dr. Scholl has devised a scientific appliance or remedy.

If you are one who has despaired of finding relief from foot suffering, take new hope in Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service.

You CAN have relief. Today foot suffering is wholly needless. Go to the shoe or department store in your town that is headquarters for Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service and ask to see the man in charge. Tell him of your foot trouble and let him examine your stockinged feet.

Begin now to know the joy of active, healthy, comfortable feet—have again the sturdy feet of your youth. Thousands upon thousands of persons everywhere are now enjoying the blessed relief this modern science offers you.

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New York Office: 62 W. 14th St., New York City

For Canada, address The Scholl Mfg. Co. Ltd., 112 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

Dr Scholl's Foot Comfort Service

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 19)

to the toughest cattle town in all the great Southwest, determined to make honest men and good women of its sinning derelicts. He wins the hearts of these rugged but misguided souls. Though at first they treat him rough, they learn to respect him, and they call him the fighting parson. Eventually he wins the hand in marriage of the youngest of the dance-hall denizens, a sweet young girl who despite her evil surroundings has remained as pure and good as she is beautiful.

Anyway, if he had those clothes for an hour or two while the artist made a few studies of him he would have something else to show directors in search of fresh talent.

After church he ate a lonely meal served by Metta Judson at the Gashwiler residence. The Gashwilers were on their accustomed Sabbath visit to the distant farm of Mrs. Gashwiler's father. But as he ate he became conscious that the Gashwiler influence was not wholly withdrawn. From above the mantel he was sternly regarded by a tinted enlargement of his employer's face entitled Photographic Study by Lowell Hardy. Lowell never took photographs merely. He made photographic studies, and the specimen at hand was one of his most daring efforts. Merton glared at it in free hostility—a clod, with ideals as false as the artist's pink on his leathery cheeks. He hurried his meal, glad to be relieved from the inimical scrutiny.

He was glad to be free from this and from the determined recital by Metta Judson of small-town happenings. What cared he that Gus Giddings had been fined ten dollars and costs by Squire Belcher for his low escapade, or that Gus' father had sworn to lick him within an inch of his life if he ever ketched him touching stimmilints again?

He went to the barn, climbed to the hayloft and undid the bundle containing his Buck Benson outfit. This was fresh from the mail-order house in Chicago. He took out almost reverently a pair of high-heeled boots with purple tops, a pair of spurs, a gay shirt, a gayer neckerchief, a broad-brimmed hat, a leather holster and—most impressive of all—a pair of goatskin chaps dyed a violent maroon. All these he excitedly donned, the spurs last. Then he clambered down the ladder from the loft, somewhat impeded by the spurs, and went into the kitchen. Metta Judson, washing dishes, gave a little cry of alarm. Nothing like this had ever invaded the Gashwiler home by front door or back.

"Why, Mert Gill, whatever you dressed up like that for? My stars, you look like a cowboy or something! Well, I must say!"

"Say, Metta, do me a favor. I want to see how these things look in a glass. It's a cowboy outfit for when I play regular Buck Benson parts, and everything's got to be just so or the audience writes to the magazines about it and makes fun of you."

"Go ahead," said Metta. "You can git a fine look at yourself in the tall glass in the old lady's bedroom."

Forthwith he went, profaning a sanctuary, to survey himself in a glass that had never reflected anything but the discreet arraying of his employer's lady. He looked long and earnestly. The effect was quite all he had hoped.

He lowered the front of the broad-brimmed hat the least bit, tightened his belt another notch and moved the holster to a better line. He looked again. From feet to head he was perfect.

Then, slightly crouching, he drew his revolver from the holster and held it forward from the hip, wrist and forearm rigidly straight.

"Throw up your hands!"

He uttered the grim words in a low tone, but one facing him would not have been deceived by low tones. Steely-eyed, grim of face, relentless in all his bearing, the most desperate adversary would have quailed. Probably even Gashwiler himself would have quailed. When Buck Benson looked and spoke thus he meant it.

He held it a long, breathless moment before relaxing. Then he tiptoed softly from the hallowed confines of a good woman's boudoir and clattered down the back stairs to the kitchen. He was thinking, "I certainly got to get me another gun if I'm ever going to do Two-Gun Benson parts, and I got to get the draw down better. I ain't quick enough yet.'

"Well, did you like your rig?" inquired Metta genially.

"Oh, it'll do for the stills we're shooting to-day," replied the actor. "Of course I ought to have a rattlesnake-skin band on my hat, and the things look too new yet. And say, Metta, where's the clothesline? I want to practice roping a little before my camera man gets here."

"My stars! You're certainly goin' to be a real one, ain't you?"

She brought him the clothesline, in use only on Mondays. He re-coiled it carefully and made a running noose in one end.

At two Lowell Hardy found his subject casting the rope at an inattentive Dexter. The old horse stood in the yard, head down, one foot crossed nonchalantly before the other. A slight tremor, a nervous flickering of his skin, was all that ensued when the rope grazed him. When it merely fell in his general neighborhood, as it oftener did, Dexter did not even glance up.

"Good stuff!" applauded the artist. "Now just stand that way, holding the noose out. I want to make a study of that."

He rapidly mounted his camera on a tripod and put in a plate. The study was made. Followed several studies of the fighting face of Two-Gun Benson, grim and rigid, about to shoot from the hip. But these were minor bits. More important would be Buck Benson and his old pal, Pinto.

From the barn Merton dragged the saddle, blanket and bridle he had borrowed from the Giddings House livery stable. He had never saddled a horse before, but he had not studied in vain. He seized Dexter by a wisp of his surviving mane and simultaneously planted a hearty kick in the beast's side, with a command, "Get around there, you old skate!" Dexter sighed miserably and got around as ordered. He was both pained and astonished. He knew that this was Sunday. Never had he been forced to work on this day. But he meekly suffered the protrusion of a bit between his yellow teeth, and shuddered but slightly when a blanket and then a heavy saddle were flung across his back. True, he looked up in some dismay when the girth was tightened. Not once in all his years had he been saddled. He was used to having things loose around his waist.

The girth went still tighter. Dexter glanced about with genuine concern. Someone was intending to harm him. He curved his swanlike neck and snapped savagely at the shoulder of his aggressor, who kicked him again in the side and yelled, "Whoa, there, dang you!"

Dexter subsided. He saw it was no use. Whatever queer thing they meant to do to him would be done despite all his resistance. Still his alarm had caused him to hold up his head. He was looking much more like a horse now.

"There!" said Merton Gill, and as a finishing touch he lashed the coiled clothesline to the front of the saddle.

"Now, here! Get me this way. This is one of the best things I do—that is, so far." Fondly he twined his arms about the long, thin neck of Dexter, who tossed his head and knocked off the cowboy hat. "Never mind that—it's out," said Merton. "Can't use it in this scene." He laid his cheek to the cheek of his pet. "Well, old pal, they're takin' yuh from me, but we got to keep a stiff upper lip. You an' me has been through some purty lively times together, but we got to face the music at last—there, Lowell, did you get that?"

The artist had made his study. He made three others of the same affecting scene at different angles. Dexter was overwhelmed with endearments. Doubtless he was puzzled—to be kicked in the ribs at one moment, the next to be fondled. But Lowell Hardy was enthusiastic. He said he would have some corking studies. He made another of Buck Benson preparing to mount good old Pinto; though, as a matter of fact, Buck, it appeared, was not even half prepared to mount.

"Go on, jump on him now," suggested the artist. "I'll get a few more that way."

"Well, I don't know." Merton hesitated. He was twenty-two years old, and he had never yet been aboard a horse. Perhaps he shouldn't try to go too far in one lesson. "You see, the old boy's pretty tired from his week's work. Maybe I

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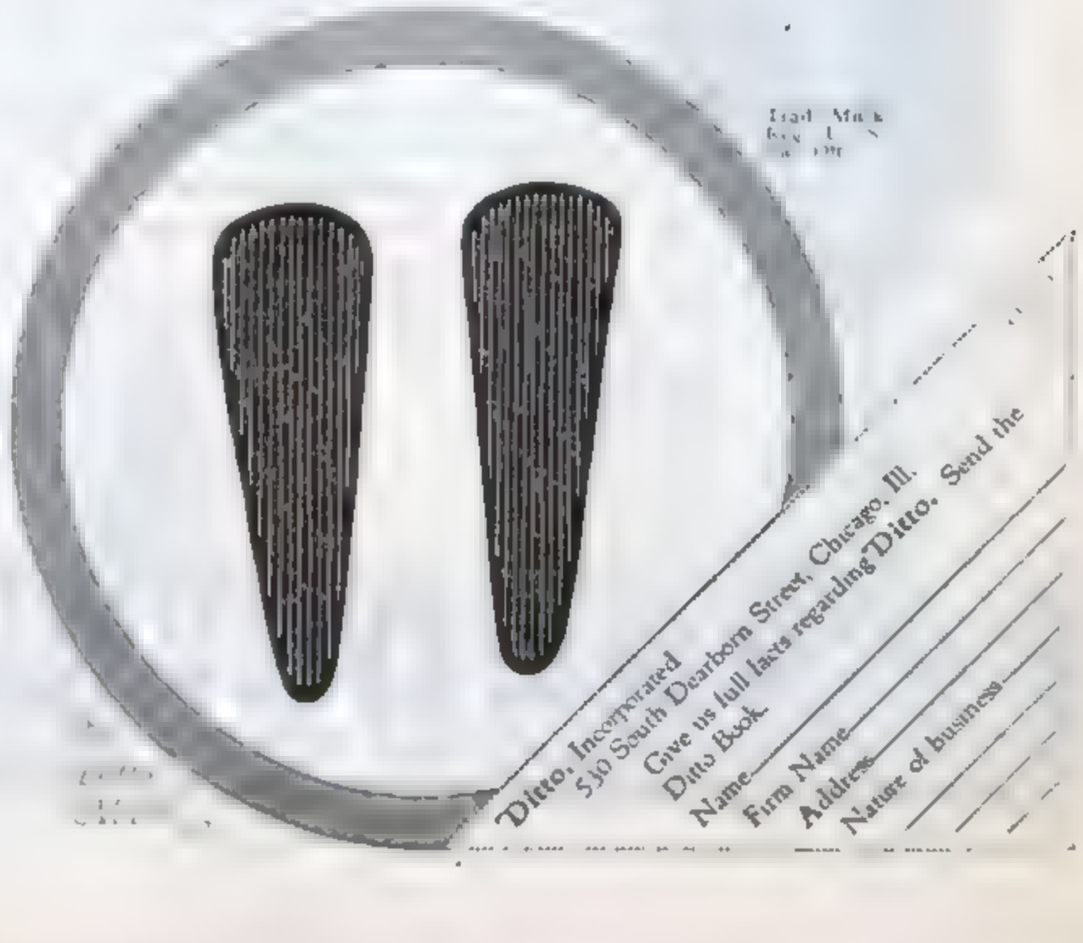

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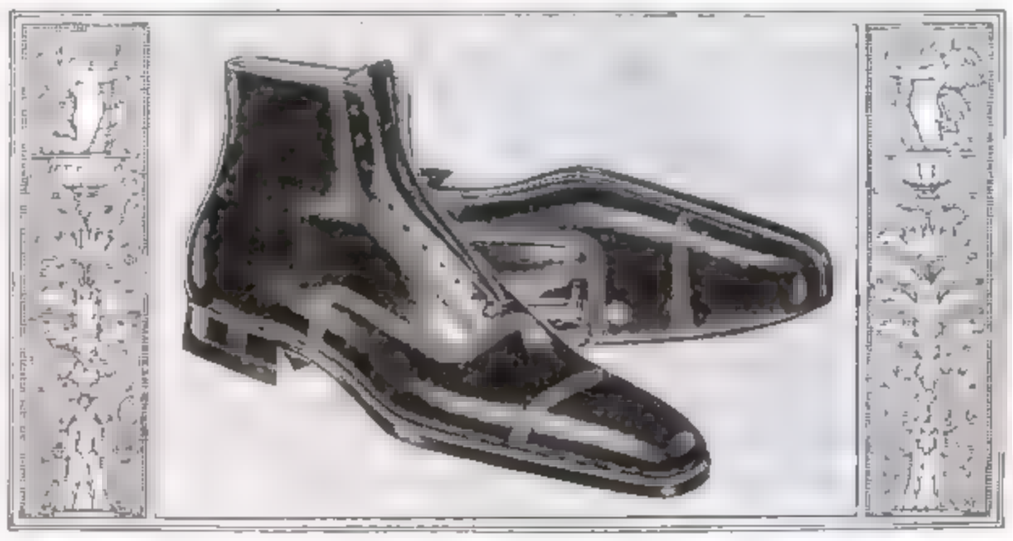

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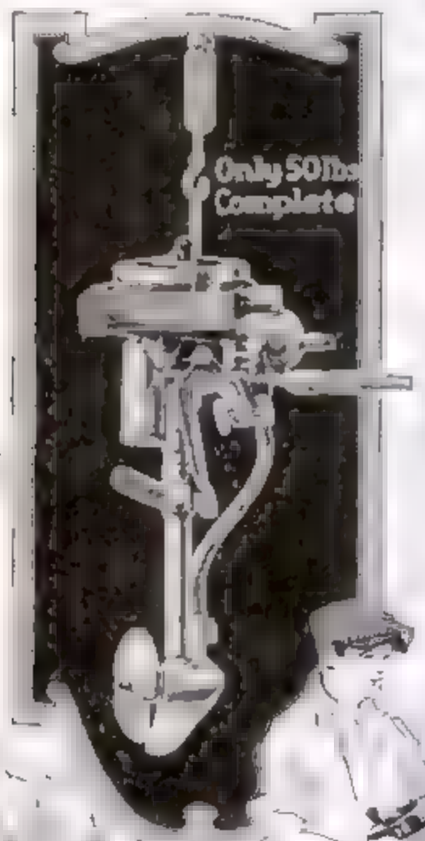

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better not mount him. Say, I'll tell you, take me rolling a cigarette, just standing by him. I darned near forgot the cigarettes."

From the barn he brought a sack of tobacco and some brown papers. He had no intention of smoking, but this kind of cigarette was too completely identified with Buck Benson to be left out. Lolling against the side of Dexter, he poured tobacco from the sack into one of the papers.

"Get me this way," he directed, "just pouring it out."

He had not yet learned to roll a cigarette, but Gus Giddings, the Simsbury outlaw, had promised to teach him. Anyway, it was enough now to be looking keenly out from under his hat while he poured tobacco into the creased paper against the background of good old Pinto. An art study of this pose was completed. But Lowell Hardy craved more action, more variety.

"Go on. Get up on him," he urged. "I want to make a study of that."

"Well"—again Merton paltered—"the old skate's tired out from a hard week, and I'm not feeling any too lively myself."

"Shucks! It won't kill him if you get on his back for a minute, will it? And you'll want one on him to show, won't you? Hurry up, while the light's right."

Yes, he would need a mounted study to show. Many times he had enacted a scene in which a director had looked over the art studies of Clifford Armytage and handed them back with the remark, "But you seem to play only society parts, Mr. Armytage. All very interesting, and I've no doubt we can place you very soon; but just at present we're needing a lead for a Western, a man who can look the part and ride."

Thereupon he handed these Buck Benson stills to the man, whose face would instantly relax into an expression of pleased surprise.

"The very thing," he would say. And among those stills, certainly, should be one of Clifford Armytage actually on the back of his horse. He'd chance it.

"All right; just a minute."

He clutched the bridle reins of Dexter under his drooping chin, and overcoming a feeble resistance dragged him alongside the watering trough. Dexter at first thought he was wished to drink, but a kick took that nonsense out of him. With extreme care Merton stood upon the edge of the trough and thrust a leg blindly over the saddle. With some determined clambering he was at last seated. His feet were in the stirrups. There was a strange light in his eyes. There was a strange light in Dexter's eyes. To each of them the experience was not only without precedent but rather unpleasant.

"Ride him out in the middle here, away from that well," directed the camera man.

"You—you better lead him out," suggested the rider. "I can feel him tremble already. He—he might break down under me."

Metta Judson, from the back porch, here came into the piece with lines that the author had assuredly not written for her.

"Giddap, there, you Dexter Gashwiler," called Metta loudly and with the best intentions.

"You keep still," commanded the rider severely, not turning his head. What a long way it seemed to the ground! He had never dreamed that horses were so lofty. "Better lead him," he repeated to his camera man.

Lowell Hardy grasped the bridle reins, and after many vain efforts persuaded Dexter to stumble away from the well. His rider grasped the horn of his saddle.

"Look out, don't let him buck," he called.

But Dexter had again become motionless, except for a recurrent trembling under this monstrous infliction.

"Now, there," began the artist. "Hold that. You're looking off over the Western hills. Atta boy! Wait till I get a side view."

"Move your camera," said the rider. "Seems to me he doesn't want to turn around."

But again the artist turned Dexter half around. That wasn't so bad. Merton began to feel the thrill of it. He even lounged in the saddle presently, one leg over the pommel, and seemed about to roll another cigarette while another art study was made. He continued to lounge there while the artist packed his camera. What had he been afraid of? He could sit a horse as well as the next man; probably a few little tricks about it he hadn't learned yet, but he'd get these too.

"I bet they'll come out fine," he called to the departing artist.

"Leave that to me. I dare say I'll be able to do something good with them. So long."

"So long," returned Merton, and was left alone on the back of a horse higher than people would think until they got on him. Indeed he was beginning to like it. If you just had a little nerve you needn't be afraid of anything. Very carefully he clambered from the saddle. His old pal shook himself with relief and stood once more with bowed head and crossed forelegs.

His late burden observed him approvingly. There was good old Pinto after a hard day's run over the mesa. He had borne his beloved owner far ahead of the sheriff's posse, and was now securing a moment's much needed rest. Merton undid the riata and for half an hour practiced casting it at his immobile pet. Once the noose settled unerringly over the head of Dexter, who still remained immobile.

Then there was the lightning draw to be practiced. Again and again the trusty weapon of Buck Benson flashed from its holster to the damage of a slower adversary. He was getting that draw down pretty good. From the hip with straight wrist and forearm Buck was ready to shoot in no time at all. Throughout that villain-infested terrain along the border he was known for his quick draw. The most desperate of them would never molest him except they could shoot him from behind. With his back to a wall, they slunk from the encounter.

Elated from this practice and from the memory of that one successful rope cast, Merton became daring in the extreme. He considered nothing less than remounting his old pal and riding, in the cool of early evening, up and down the alley upon which the barnyard gave. He coiled the rope and again lashed it to the left front of the saddle. Then he curved an affectionate arm over the arched neck of Dexter, who sighed deeply.

"Well, old pal, you and me has still got some mighty long miles to git over between now and sunup to-morrow. I reckon we got to put a right smart of distance between us and that pesky sheriff's posse, but I know yuh ain't lost heart, old pal."

Dexter here tossed his head, being cloyed with these embraces, and Two-Gun Benson caught a look in the desperate eyes of his pet which he did not wholly like. Perhaps it would be better not to ride him any more to-day. Perhaps it would be better not to ride him again until next Sunday. After all, wasn't Dexter practically a wild horse, caught up from the range and broken to saddle only that afternoon? No use overdoing it. At this moment the beast's back looked higher than ever.

It was the cutting remark of a thoughtless, empty-headed girl that confirmed Merton in his rash resolve. Metta Judson, again on the back steps, surveyed the scene with kindling eyes.

"I bet you daresn't get on him again," said Metta.

These were strong words; not words to be flung lightly at Two-Gun Benson.

"You know a lot about it, don't you?" parried Merton Gill.

"Afraid of that old skate!" murmured Metta, counterfeiting the inflections of pity.

Her target shot her a glance of equal pity for her lack of understanding and empty-headed banter. He stalked to the barnyard gate and opened it. The way to his haven over the border was no longer barred. He returned to Dexter, firmly grasped the bridle reins under his weak chin and cajoled him again to the watering trough. Metta Judson was about to be overwhelmed with confusion. From the edge of the trough he again clambered into the saddle, the new boots groping a way to the stirrups. The reins in his left hand, he swept off his ideal hat with a careless gesture—he wished he had had an art study made of this, but you can't think of everything at one time. He turned loftily to Metta as one who had not even heard her tasteless taunts.

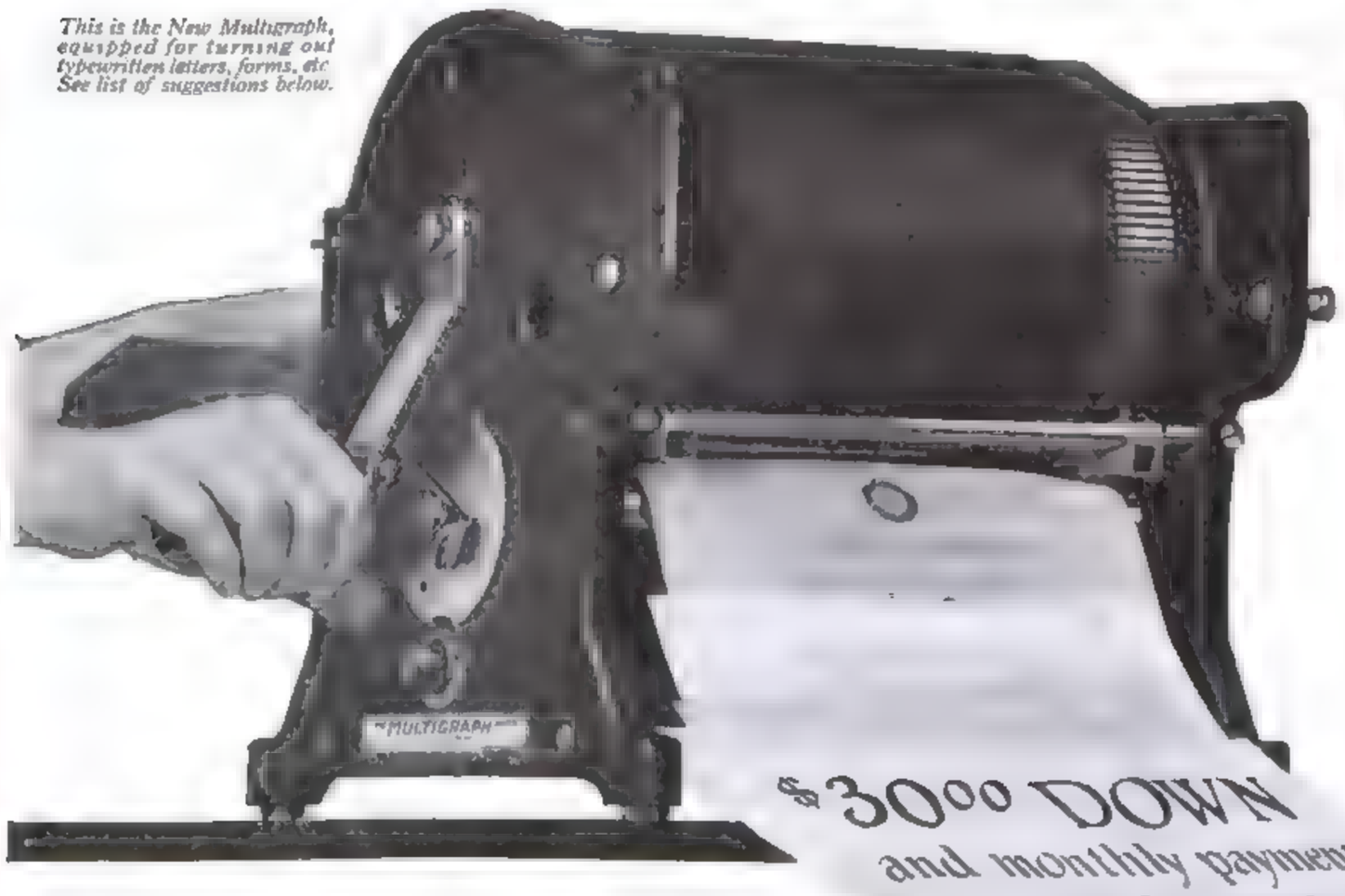
"Well, so long! I won't be out late."

Metta was now convinced that she had in her heart done this hero a wrong.

"You better be here before the folks get back!" she warned.

(Continued on Page 101)

A NEW MULTIGRAPH



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(Continued from Page 98)

Merton knew this as well as she did, but the folks wouldn't be back for a couple of hours yet, and all he meant to venture was a ride at sober pace the length of the alley.

"Oh, I'll take care of that!" he said. "A few miles' stiff gallop'll be all I want." He jerked Dexter's head up, snapped the reins on his neck and addressed him in genial, comradely but authoritative tones.

"Git up there, old hoss!"

Dexter lowered his head again and remained as if posing conscientiously for the statue of a tired horse.

"Giddap, there, you old skate!" again ordered the rider.

The comradely unction was gone from his voice and the bony neck received a smarter wallop with the reins. Dexter stood unmoved. He seemed to be fearing that the worst was now coming, and that he might as well face it on that spot as elsewhere. He remained deaf to threats and entreaties alike. No hoof moved from its resting place.

"Giddap, there, you old Dexter Gashwiler!" ordered Metta, and was not rebuked. But neither would Dexter yield to a woman's whim.

"I'll tell you!" said Merton, now contemptuous of his mount. "Get the buggy whip and tickle his ribs."

Metta sped on his errand, her eyes shining with the lust for torture. With the frayed end of the whip from the delivery wagon she lightly scored the exposed ribs of Dexter, tormenting him with devilish cunning. Dexter's hide shuttled back and forth. He whinnied protestingly, but did not stir even one hoof.

"That's the idea," said Merton, feeling scornfully secure on the back of this spiritless animal. "Keep it up! I can feel him coming to life."

Metta kept it up. Her woman's ingenuity contrived new little tricks with the instrument of torture. She would doubtless have had a responsible post with the Spanish Inquisition. Face set, absorbed in her evil work, she tickled the ribs crosswise and tickled between them, up and down, always with the artist's light touch.

Dexter's frame grew tense, his head came up. Once more he looked like a horse. He had been brave to face destruction, but he found himself unable to face being tickled to death. If only they had chosen some other method for his execution he would have perished gamely, but this was exquisitely poignant—beyond endurance. He tossed his head and stepped into a trot toward the open gate.

Metta yelled in triumph. The rider tossed his own head in rhythm to Dexter's trot. His whole body tossed in the saddle; it was a fearsome pace; the sensations were like nothing he had ever dreamed of. And he was so high above the good firm ground! Dexter continued his jolting progress to the applause of Metta. The rider tried to command Metta to keep still, and merely bit his tongue.

Stirred to life by the tickling, Dexter now became more acutely aware of that strange, restless burden on his back, and was inspired to free himself from it. He increased his pace as he came to the gate, and managed a backward kick with both heels. This lost the rider his stirrups and left him less securely seated than he wished to be. He dropped the reins and grasped the saddle's pommel with both hands.

He strangely seemed to consider the pommel the steering wheel of a motor car. He seemed to be twisting it with the notion of guiding Dexter. All might have been well, but on losing his stirrups the rider had firmly clasped his legs about the waist of the animal. Again and again he tightened them, and now Dexter not only looked every inch a horse but very painfully to his rider felt like one, for the spurs were goring him to a most seditious behavior. The mere pace was slackened only that he might alarmingly kick and shake himself in a manner as terrifying to the rider as it was unseemly in one of Dexter's years.

But the thing was inevitable, because once in his remote, hot youth Dexter, cavorting innocently in an orchard, had kicked over a hive of busy bees which had been attending strictly to their own affairs until that moment. After that they had attended to Dexter with a thoroughness that had seared itself to this day across his memory. He now sincerely believed that he had overturned another hive of bees, and that not but by the most strenuous exertion could he escape from their harrying. They were stinging him venomously along his sides, biting deeper with every jump. At last he would bear his rider safely over the border.

The rider clasped his mount ever more tightly. The deep dust of the alley road mounted high over the spirited scene, and through it came not only the hearty delight of Metta Judson in peals of womanly laughter, but the shrill cries of the three Ransom children whom Merton had not before noticed. These were Calvin Ransom, aged eight; Elsie Ransom, aged six; and little Woodrow Ransom, aged four. Their mother had lain down with a headache, having first ordered them to take their picture books and sit quietly in the parlor as good children should on a Sabbath afternoon. So they had noisily pretended to obtain the picture books and then quietly tiptoed out into the back yard, which was not so stuffy as the parlor.

Detecting the meritorious doings in the Gashwiler barnyard, they perched in a row on the alley fence and had been excited spectators from the moment that Merton had mounted his horse.

In shrill but friendly voices they had piped, "Oh, Merton Gill's a cowboy. Merton Gill's a cowboy! Oh, looka the cowboy on the big horse!"

For of course they were motion-picture experts and would know a cowboy when they saw one. Wide-eyed, they followed the perilous antics of Dexter as he issued from the alley gate, and they screamed with childish delight when the spurs had recalled to his memory that far-off dreadful day with the busy bees. They now balanced precariously on the alley fence, the better to trace Merton's flight through the dust cloud.

"Merton's in a runaway, Merton's in a runaway, Merton's in a runaway!" they shrieked, but with none of the sympathy that would have become them. They appeared to rejoice in Merton's plight. "Merton's in a runaway," they joyously chanted.

Suddenly they ceased, frozen with a new and splendid wonder, for their descriptive phrase was now inexact. Merton was no longer in a runaway. But only for a moment did they hesitate before taking up the new chant.

"Looky, looky. He's throwed Merton right off into the dirt. He's throwed Merton right off into the dirt. Oh, looky Merton Gill right down in the dirt!"

Again they had become exact. Merton was right down there in the dirt, and a frantic, flashing-heeled Dexter was vanishing up the alley at the head of a cloud of dust. The friendly Ransom tots leaped from the fence to the alley, forgetting on her bed of pain the mother who supposed them to be engrossed with picture books in the parlor. With one accord they ran toward the prostrate horseman, Calvin ahead and Elsie a close second, holding the hand of little Woodrow.

They were presently able to observe that the fleeing Dexter had narrowly escaped running down a motor car inopportunely turning at that moment into an alley. The gallant animal swerved in time, leaving the car's driver and his wife aghast at their slight margin of safety. Dexter vanished to the right up shaded Spruce Street on a Sabbath evening as the first call to evening worship pealed from a neighboring church tower.

His late rider had erected himself and was beating dust from the new chaps and the front of the new shirt. He picked up the ideal hat and dusted that. Underneath all the flurry of this adventure he was still the artist. He had been set afoot in the desert by a treacherous horse; he must find a water hole or perish with thirst. He replaced the hat, and it was then he observed the motor car bearing down the alley upon him.

"My good gosh!" he muttered.

The Gashwilers had returned a full two hours before their accustomed time. The car halted beside him and his employer leaned out a warmly hostile face.

"What's this mean?" he demanded.

The time was not one to tell Gashwiler what he thought of him. Not only was there a lady present, but he felt himself at a disadvantage. The lady saved him from an instant necessity for words.

"That was our new clothesline; I recognized it at once." The woman seemed to pride herself on this paltry feat.

"What's this mean?" again demanded Gashwiler. He was now a man of one idea.

Again was Merton Gill saved from the need of instant speech, though not in n

WHEN you press a switch button to turn on the light, you may not think of the men stoking the furnaces at the power plant, understand the wires and dynamos that form the background of electric lighting service, or appreciate the great investment needed to supply you with electric current.

So also, when you turn for counsel and help to the funeral director in your time of need, you may not stop to think of the scientific training, the technical skill, the modern equipment and the extensive facilities that form the background of his service.

Yet beyond your vision he serves you in scores of unobtrusive ways—many of which scarcely anyone but he could name—for no other one person ever has contact with all of them.

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Byzantine border with Poppy Seed. Message number six. Copyrighted by C. C. Co. Sept. 1921

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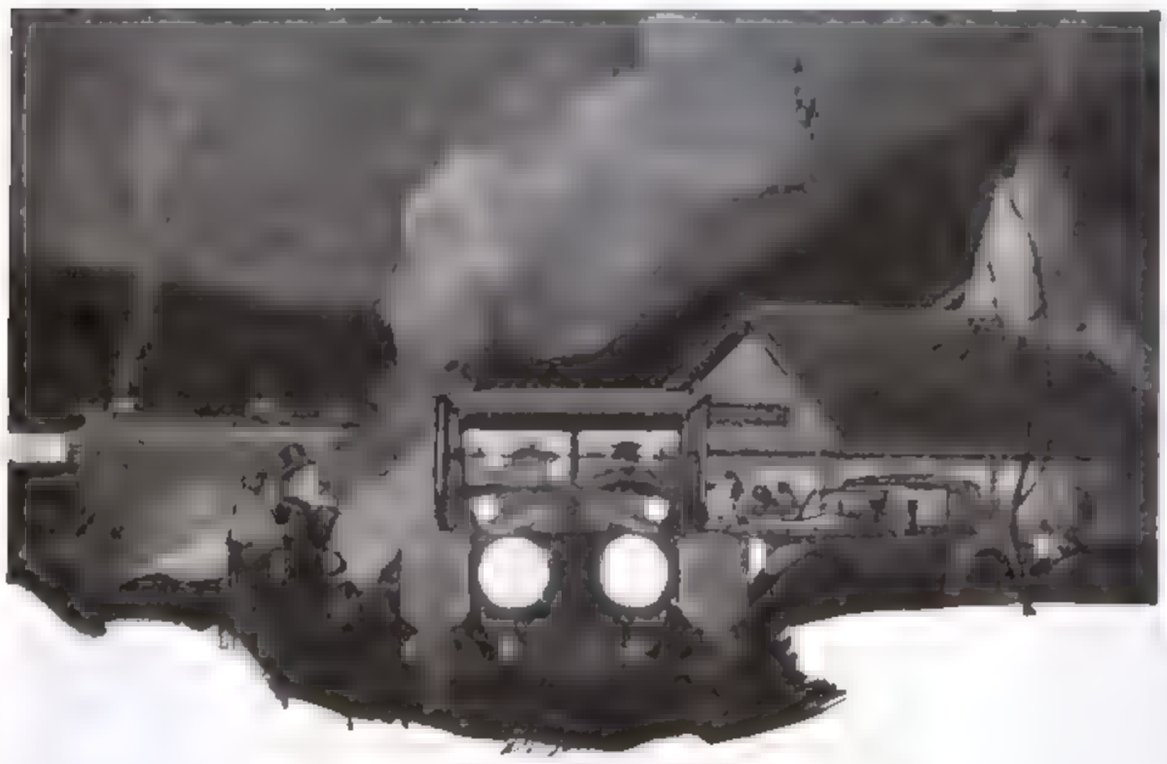

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way he would have chosen to be saved. The three Ransom children ran up, breathless, shouting:

"Oh, Merton, here's your pistol. I found it right in the road there. We found your pistol right in the dirt there. I saw it first. You did not; I saw it first. Merton, will you let me shoot it off, Merton? I found your pistol, didn't I, Merton? Didn't I find it right in the road there?" The friendly tots did little step dances while they were thus vocal.

"Be quiet, children," commanded Merton, finding a voice. But they were not to be quelled by mere tones.

"He throwed Merton right off into the dirt, didn't he, Merton? Merton, didn't he throw you right off into the dirt, Merton? Did he hurt you, Merton? Merton, will you lemme shoot it off just once—just once and I'll never ask again? He didn't either find it first, Merton. He throwed you off right into the dirt—didn't he throw you right off into the dirt, Merton?"

With a harsher show of authority, or perhaps merely because he was bearded so unreasoning are the inhibitions of the young—Gashwiler stilled the tumult. The dancing died.

"What's this mean?" he repeated.

"We nearly had an accident," said the lady.

"What's this mean?"

An answer of sorts could no longer be delayed.

"Well, I thought I'd give Dexter a little exercise, so I saddled him up and was going to ride him around the block, when—when these kids here yelled and scared him so he ran away."

"Oh, what a story!" shouted the tots in unison. "What a bad story! You'll go to the bad place," intoned little Elsie.

"I swear, I don't know what's gettin' into you," declared Gashwiler. "Don't that horse get exercise enough during the week? Don't he like his day of rest? How'd you like me to saddle you up and ride you round the block? I guess you'd like that pretty well, wouldn't you?" Gashwiler fancied himself in this bit of sarcasm, brutal though it was. He toyed with it. "Next Sunday I'll saddle you up and ride you round the block—see how you like that, young man."

"It was our clothesline," said the lady. "I could tell it right off."

With a womanish tenacity she had fastened to a minor inconsequence of the outrage. Gashwiler became practical.

"Well, I must say, it's a pretty how-do-do. That horse'll make straight back for the farm; we won't have any delivery horse to-morrow. Sue, you get out; I'll go down the road a piece and see if I can head him off."

"He turned the other way," said Merton.

"Well, he's bound to head around for the farm. I'll go up the road and you hurry out the way he went. Mebbe you can catch him before he gets out of town."

Mrs. Gashwiler descended from the car.

"You better have that clothesline back by seven o'clock to-morrow morning," she warned the offender.

"Yes, ma'am, I will."

This was not spoken in a Buck Benson manner.

"And say"—Gashwiler paused in turning the car—"what you doing in that outlandish rig, anyhow? Must think you're one o' them Wild West cowboys or something. Huh!" This last carried a sneer that stung.

"Well, I guess I can pick out my own clothes if I want to."

"Fine things to call clothes, I must say. Well, go see if you can pick out that horse if you're such a good picker-out."

Again Gashwiler was pleased with himself. He could play venomously with words.

"Yes, sir," said Merton, and plodded on up the alley, followed at a respectful distance by the Ransom kiddies, who at once resumed their vocal exercises.

"He throwed you off right into the dirt, didn't he, Merton? Mer-tun, didn't he throw you off right into the dirt?"

If it were inevitable he wished that they would come closer. He would even have taken little Woodrow by the hand. But they kept far enough back of him to require that their voices should be raised. Incessantly the pitiless rain fell upon him —— "Mer-tun, he throwed you off right into the dirt, didn't he, Merton?"

He turned out of the alley up Spruce Street. The Ransom children lawlessly followed, forgetting their good home, their poor, sick mother and the rules she had laid down for their Sabbath recreation. At every moment the shrill cry reached his burning ears, "Mer-tun, didn't he throw you off?" The kiddies appeared to believe that Merton had not heard them, but they were patient. Presently he would hear and reassure them that he had, indeed, been thrown off right into the dirt.

Now he began to meet or to pass early churchgoers who would gaze at him in wonder or in frank criticism. He left the sidewalk and sought the center of the road, pretending that out there he could better search for a valuable lost horse. The Ransom children were at first in two minds about following him, but they soon found it more interesting to stay on the sidewalk. They could pause to acquaint the churchgoers with a matter of common interest:

"He throwed Merton off right into the dirt."

If the people they addressed appeared to be doubting this, or to find it not specific enough, they would call ahead to Merton to confirm their simple tale. With rapt, shining faces, they spread the glad news, though hurrying always to keep pace with the figure in the road.

Spruce Street was vacant of Dexter, but up Elm Street, slowly cropping the wayside herbage as he went, was undoubtedly Merton's good old pal. He quickened his pace. Dexter seemed to divine his coming and broke into a kittenish gallop until he reached the Methodist Church. Here, appearing to believe that he had again eluded pursuit, he stopped to graze on a carefully tended square of grass before the sacred edifice. He was at once shooed by two scandalized old ladies, but paid them no attention. They might perhaps even have tickled him, for this was the best grass he had found since leaving home. Other churchgoers paused in consternation, looking expectantly at the approaching Merton Gill. The three happy children who came up with him left no one in doubt of the late happening.

Merton was still the artist. He saw himself approach Dexter, vault into the saddle, put spurs to the beast and swiftly disappear down the street. People would be saying that he should not be let to ride so fast through a city street. He was worse than Gus Giddings. But he saw this only with his artist's eye. In sordid fact he went up to Dexter, seized the trailing bridle reins and jerked savagely upon them. Back over the trail he led his good old pal. And for other later churchgoers there were the shrill voices of friendly children to tell what had happened—to appeal confidently to Merton, vaguely ahead in the twilight, to confirm their interesting story.

Dexter, the anarchist, was put to bed without his good-night kiss. Good old Pinto had done his pal dirt. Never again would he be given a part in Buck Benson's company. Across the alley came the voices of tired, happy children, in the appeal for an encore:

"Mer-tun, please let him do it to you again. Mer-tun, please let him do it to you again."

And to the back porch came Mrs. Gashwiler to say it was a good thing he'd got that clothesline back, and came her husband wishing to be told what outlandish notion Merton Gill would next get into the thing he called his head. It was the beginning of the end.

Followed a week of strained relations with the Gashwiler household, including Dexter, and another week of relations hardly more cordial. But thirty dollars was added to the hoard which was now counted almost nightly. And the cruder wits of the village had made rather a joke of Merton's adventure. Some were tasteless enough to rally him coarsely upon the crowded street or at the post office while he awaited his magazines.

And now there were two hundred and seventy-five dollars to put him forever beyond their jibes. He carefully rehearsed a scathing speech for Gashwiler. He would tell him what he thought of him. That merchant would learn from it some things that would do him good if he believed them, but probably he wouldn't believe them. He would also see that he had done his faithful employe grave injustices. And he would be left, in some humiliation, having found, as Merton Gill took himself forever out of retail trade, that two could play on words as well as one. It was a good warm speech, and its author knew every word of it from mumbled rehearsal during the two

(Continued on Page 105)

A Thick Strip-shingle

One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Ruberoid Strip-shingle is its unusual thickness. It looks better on the roof than the ordinary shingle. It gives an impression of stability, of massiveness. Its edges cast strong shadows which contrast pleasantly with the surface coating of red or green crushed slate.

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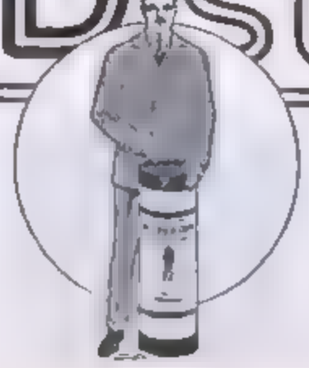

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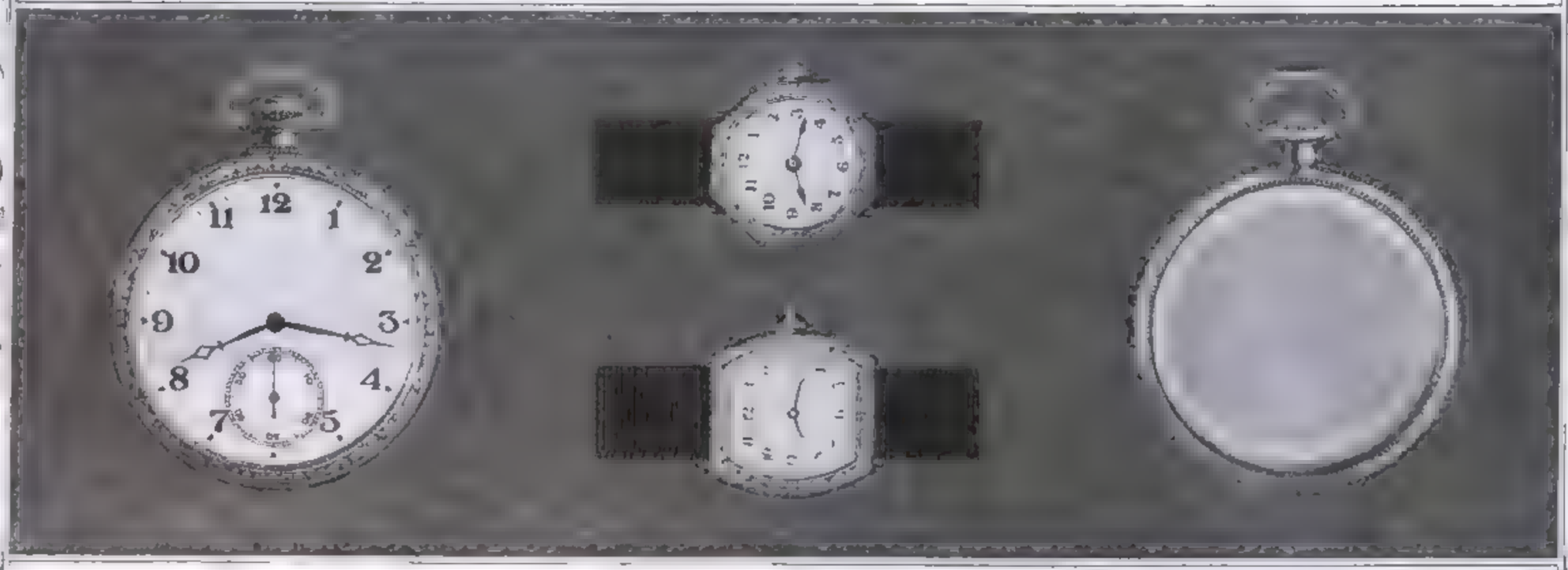

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THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO.
Dayton, Ky., suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

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(Continued from Page 102)

weeks, at times when Gashwiler merely thought he was being queer again.

At last came the day when he decided to recite it in full to the man for whom it had been composed. He confronted him, accordingly, at a dull moment on the third Monday morning, burning with his message.

He looked Gashwiler firmly in the eye and said in halting tones, "Mr. Gashwiler, now, I've been thinking I'd like to go West for a while—to California, if you could arrange to let me off, please."

And Mr. Gashwiler had replied, "Well, now, that is a surprise. When was you wishing to go, Merton?"

"Why, I would be much obliged if you'd let me get off to-night on No. 4, Mr. Gashwiler.

"I know you can get Spencer Grant to take my place, because I asked him about it yesterday."

"Very well, Merton. Send Spencer Grant in to see me, and you can get off to-night. I hope you'll have a good time."

"Of course, I don't know how long I'll be gone. I may locate out there. But then again ——"

"That's all right, Merton. Any time you come back you can have your same old job. You've been a good man, and they ain't so plenty these days."

"Thank you, Mr. Gashwiler."

No. 4 was made to stop at Simsbury for a young man who was presently commanding a meal in the palatial diner, and who had, before this meal was eaten, looked out with compassion upon two Simsburylike hamlets that the train rushed by, a blur of small-towners standing on their depot platforms to envy the inmates of that splendid structure.

At last it was Western stuff and no fooling.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BUSINESS REVIVAL AND FOREIGN TRADE

(Continued from Page 7)

reach some degree of stability, at almost any level, international trade will be infinitely less of a gamble and hazard than now.

The methods employed by German grain importers bring out clearly the difficulty of doing business with exchange confused and demoralized as it is beyond the Rhine. A German grain merchant buys wheat from this country when the mark is selling at, let us say, one cent. When he has arranged for his grain and has also closed a contract with a purchaser he immediately buys dollars at the bourse, and of course is obliged to borrow from his bank to pay for the dollars. He is now safe from a possible fall in the mark, but he has completely tied up his capital and credit and restricted himself to a small volume of business.

This is one course the conservative merchant follows, but large numbers are unwilling to tie themselves down so closely and as a result gamble in the most atrocious manner. I said a moment ago that the merchant who buys his dollars immediately is safe from the declining mark, but even he is in danger from another direction if his customer cancels the order. Suppose the merchant has bought $10,000 with 1,000,000 marks, and the mark goes up from one to two cents just as his customer sends in a cancellation. When the dealer reconverts dollars into marks he receives only half as many marks as he gave, and is bankrupt. This is just what did happen to a Hamburg firm which had been in business fifty years and was considered strong and conservative.

Only 500 tons of merchandise were canceled, but the bank began calling loans on the firm as soon as it learned of the cancellation; and as marks were rising at the time, the firm could not repay its loans with the smaller number of marks which it received for its dollars. All its other capital was tied up in loans. It tried to get out by using other dollars pledged as collateral for these loans, but these, too, had of course gone down, and a whole vicious circle of failure was started.

Unavoidable Risks

Now the mark for several years has been going down most of the time instead of going up, and so it has been very much more agreeable and frequent for most people to gamble in such a way as to benefit from its decline. Thus the dealings of merchants, of exporters and importers have taken on a new and disturbing risk. Sudden changes in exchange rates may wipe out carefully calculated and customary profits, or if exchange moves in the opposite direction there may be added an unearned and unheard-of profit. As Secretary Hoover has said, the merchant "has not only the hazard of the market which all merchandising involves, but he has the added hazard of fluctuating currency, and the risks become fivefold. It is certain that until we can secure some measure of stability in exchange there is little hope of our foreign trade, or that of any other country, recovering to normal."

But, it may be asked, why isn't something done to stabilize the exchanges? With the stronger countries of South America exchange will improve as their raw materials find a more profitable market. With a country like Germany, and even more with those in Eastern Europe, the prime condition is an improvement of their own internal financial conditions. It is true that if we should lend them large sums, either in the form of government loans or great banking credits, their exchanges would improve, temporarily at least. Their day of payment or reckoning would be postponed and trade could be carried on more normally. They would have alleviation, if not cure.

Scores of projects have been put forward for world banks, international gold reserves, international currency and other financial machinery of a sufficiently gigantic character to pump a large dose of normalcy into these countries. But certainly as far as the American banker and investor are concerned there is at present the greatest hesitation in plunging at all deeply into Central or Eastern Europe. Governor Harding of the Federal Reserve Board, in discussing the subject said to the writer:

"The question is often asked why American bankers don't form syndicates and make long-term loans to these countries. The most important reason is lack of confidence in the political stability of certain of them. Any question of economic or financial rehabilitation follows that. There must first be the assurance of world peace."

Getting Back to Normal

"We cannot think about foreign trade in any large way," said one of the closest students of international affairs in this country, "until the nations get away from destructive channels and can give their whole attention to internal development. Fundamentally the improvement of economic and financial conditions in Central and Eastern Europe depends upon the improvement of political conditions."

Mr. Hoover recently pointed out the improvement which has taken place in the last year or so in the field of international political relations.

"Aside from conflict in Turkey, war has ceased and treaties of peace are effected throughout the world," he said in a public statement. "Russia no longer threatens any serious military offensive. The warring states have settled for a time their major territorial issues, and while there are remote forces of instability such as Irredentism, yet the new boundary alignment is securing acceptance and the agencies for allaying international friction are proving themselves steadily more effective. There are bright prospects of limitation in naval armament. The number of men under arms has decreased by fully 1,000,000 in the past twelve months."

In conversation with the writer along the same lines Mr. Hoover called attention to the fact that at the time of the interview there was one war in progress as compared with twenty-two just after the armistice, and that the number of men under arms had fallen in two years from nearly 30,000,000 to 4,000,000. He insisted also that the combatant states, except Russia, were showing great progress in recovery of agriculture, industry and foreign trade.

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Though Mr. Hoover's statement is no doubt true, the fact remains that in nearly every European country there are an instability and unsettlement of tariff policies which make long-distance foreign trade extremely difficult. The tariff policies of the world have been thrown into the pot and no one knows just what will come out of it. In a general way nearly all countries are raising tariffs, or at least revising them, and until these measures of trade control on the part of governments—for that is what a tariff amounts to—have been stabilized on some level or other it is sure to be difficult for this country to get anything like as much foreign trade as it can handle.

Intensified national sentiment following the war and perhaps also the need of increased revenues have led many countries to raise their tariffs. Great sections of Europe are still suffering from the evil effects of new boundaries, from the creation of new and belligerent nationalities, of mandates, plebiscites and corridors. Both war and the peace settlement which followed it interfered with the old well-defined trade routes. Barriers to trade were set up which only years will modify, even if the peace treaty was not so artificial and mistaken in its settlements as many of its critics insist. It has been said—for the accuracy of which the writer cannot vouch—that currents of traffic which go back to the time of the children of Israel in Egypt, to the early days of Bagdad and Damascus, and to Marco Polo, have been disturbed by the Treaty of Versailles.

At any rate American trade cannot flow freely in the future unless everything possible is done to secure in foreign countries the principle of the open door, of equal opportunity and of as little in the way of foreign governmental restriction as possible. The American business man needs the strongest possible Department of Commerce to secure the most exact information as to the degree to which he is excluded from other markets. Fully as much and perhaps even more he needs the strongest possible State Department to negotiate with foreign governments and fight these measures of advantage against him.

Tariff Tangles

A number of countries are making piecemeal tariff revisions, which means that schedules go into effect one after the other, subject to future discussion and change and possible refunds in case of ultimate reductions. One European country abrogated, to use a polite word, all its commercial treaties, and in July last announced that interested parties would be given two months to present claims against the proposed increase in rates. Many traders in this as well as in several European countries were severely affected. Our Government protested against changes in forty classes of goods, and it is understood that a number of modifications were secured.

But this particular country has adopted no permanent tariff program even yet. Trade with it has been marking time. Other countries which formerly enjoyed favored-nation treaties do not know where they stand. The country in question says in effect: "Give us a chance to settle our own house first. Give us time. We can't talk to people outside yet. When we get through here at home there will probably be maximum and minimum provisions, and we will concede the minimum to countries which make concessions to us."

Countries seem to be in the position of the shopkeeper who has had a fire and says to his customers that he cannot do business with them until after the fire has been put out and the damage repaired. Meanwhile the doors and windows have to be barred. But unfortunately the very failure to fix upon a program unsettles them still more.

However, it is the opinion of one of the most competent students of international tariffs in this country that within another year most tariff policies will have been settled. It will then be possible for the countries to approach each other with reciprocal arrangements.

"The meat," says this authority, "cannot be put on the table until it is cooked and seasoned."

Certainly this obstacle in the way of tariffs and other forms of national trade restrictions is sure to be overcome gradually. These and similar problems are being narrowed down, isolated, and through their very definiteness better understood and more likely to be cleared up. In talking to the writer Mr. Hoover spoke of the world as having received a terrible wound, most of the cells of which were healing rapidly with the exception of what might be called the fiscal financial cell in certain portions of Europe, which he described as getting rapidly worse.

We get back then to this fact: The most demoralized exchanges in the world are those of countries where the currency has been dangerously inflated and the budgets do not come near to balance. As Mr. Hoover says, the effects of fiscal financial degeneration spread constantly outside the borders of the states most nearly concerned, and check not only their own recovery but that of other countries.

Certainly the most immediately acute and probably the most important financial sore spot is Germany. Because of her geographical position, tied as she is in so many ways to France, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, Russia, Austria and the newer nations which have resulted from the war, Germany must regain a measure of financial soundness. Even South America is affected, because Germany's ability to buy raw materials is reduced by its low exchange, and our prosperity in turn depends to some degree upon South America.

The world, as we all know, is frightened by German competition, the so-called unfair competition due to the low value of its mark. With their own gold changed into marks, Americans within a year have for three dollars purchased boots in Berlin which would sell at thirty or forty dollars in this country. I have seen two splendid pairs of field glasses, one in a government department and the other in the office of an export house, which were bought in Germany in one case for $6.50 and in the other for about twenty dollars, either of which would bring nearly $100 here.

The Inflated Mark

With the long slide downwards in the value of the mark, the gap between its internal and external value has been enormously exaggerated. Even before the war the scale of living in Germany, Austria and the industrial regions to the east was somewhat lower than in such competitive nations as England and the United States. People could live cheaper in Central Europe, and consequently labor worked for less. Germans still to some extent consider a mark a mark, and though wages, rents and taxes have to be adjusted constantly upwards to meet the mark's declining value, they have not yet risen anything like as fast as the fall of the mark in relation to American and British currency.

This situation gives the German manufacturer a tremendous advantage or differential, as it were, in reduced producing costs. He has flooded such countries as Sweden, Norway and Denmark with goods at prices far below those which home manufacturers can meet. He has actually bought cotton in America, spun it into yarn, shipped it back across the Atlantic Ocean via Panama and undersold American yarn in Chili.

Now of course a flood of exports will help Germany to come back. But to the extent that the German exporter's ability to undersell other nations is due to the low value of the mark, it probably means only another form of disaster for Germany in the end, if long continued. For the low value of the mark is itself caused chiefly by inflation, and that cannot go on without panic and depression, the sure results of artificial and hysterical activity. Note the statement recently made by Paul M. Warburg, a German by birth, a former member of the Federal Reserve Board in this country and a member of a leading banking house. Mr. Warburg had just returned from Europe:

"People who see evidence of strength in Germany's industrial activity and in the boom prevailing on her stock markets are like those who mistake the hectic flush on the cheeks of a consumptive for an indication of health and vigor. Unless one would consider it a sign of prosperity that in Russia a railroad ticket sells for 1,000,000 rubles, and in Austria a lady's dress for 100,000 crowns, one could only see the dread symptoms of a panic in the amazing rise of foreign exchange and shares in German markets."

It is clear that if the mark could be held at anything like a stable level the gap between its internal and external value would be reduced. Labor could not long be

(Continued on Page 108

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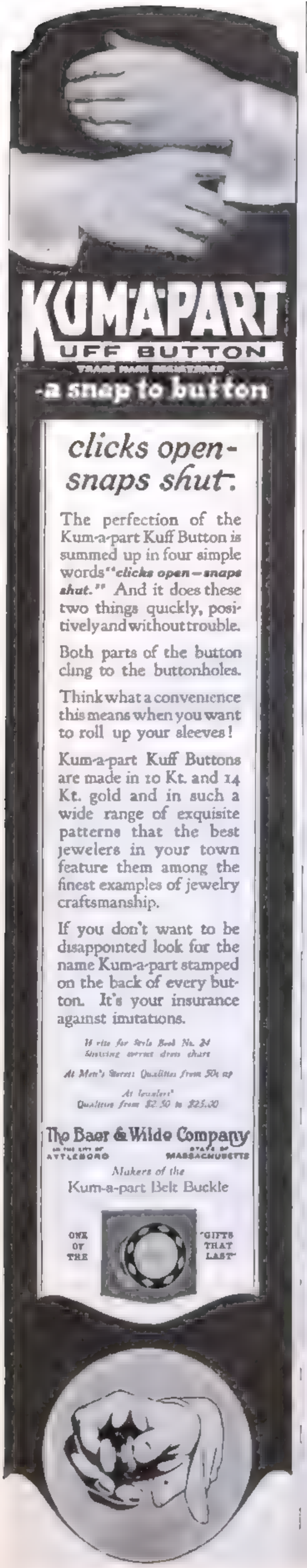
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ONE OF THE
"GIFTS THAT LAST"

(Continued from Page 106)

exploited, costs would rise and would be more nearly adjusted to those in other countries.

This article is not about Germany, nor is it a description of the feverish orgy of inflation and gambling which has seized that country. But every authority consulted on international trade and finance insists that to a large degree Germany's inflation and the worthlessness of her mark are due to the reparations payment. Germany has already had to buy so much foreign currency to meet even the small portions of the reparations already paid that her own currency has been shot to pieces. The details have been described already by Mr. Marcosson in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is enough to say here that she buys foreign money by a steady issue of billions of new paper marks, which only makes those already out of still smaller value.

I have not found anyone familiar with international trade and finance who believes that Germany can meet the reparations payments in full without a very fair chance of bringing ruin upon the rest of the world. The total amount, it will be recalled, is about $32,000,000,000 in gold. Mr. Hoover has said that we cannot look to the future of Europe with confidence until this major issue has been settled upon a sound basis.

Alan G. Goldsmith, chief of the Western European division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, stated to the writer that "Germany is working closer to the limit of her capacity than any other European country." Bearing this fact in mind, together with the unlikelihood that she will long continue to enjoy her present abnormal, artificial and demoralizing export advantages, it hardly seems probable that Germany will monopolize the trade of the world and shut out the American exporter to the extent which many people fear.

Of less immediate but perhaps equally important concern in this connection is the situation in Russia. It is obvious that if political stability could be had in Russia and relations once more established with the rest of the world, Germany would begin to regain her greatest natural and practically noncompetitive export market. That, too, would probably mean an increase in her imports from South America. I have no idea, of course, when Russia will be opened up again, but the normal development of trade in Europe must wait to no little extent upon that hoped-for day.

Imports Not Encouraged

Although France is not so great a factor in world trade as England, Germany and the United States, the recovery of her exchanges would be another forward step. France has been depending upon a German indemnity to balance her budget, and her failure to impose heavy taxation, together with her big army, keeps the franc from recovering. France cannot afford to import more than she absolutely needs, and large parts of the world are too poor to buy the luxuries which form so large a part of her exports. We no longer can take her wines, and Latin America will have to get along with a minimum of foreign luxuries until sugar, coffee, rubber and the like command better prices.

Much as the American farmer and manufacturer would like to see Europe and other more or less impoverished parts of the world come back strong as purchasers, they must remember that foreign countries cannot buy American goods unless they pay to a considerable extent at least in their own products. In the long run and in the aggregate, payments must balance either visibly or invisibly. We cannot exist exclusively as an exporting or as an importing nation. There must be an equalization. Surely this country wants no more gold from Europe. Already we have taken the scrapings of the world far more than is good for us, and if more is taken it can only mean ruin for other lands.

Is it not a curious fact that at the very time when the most or at least one of the most serious business problems in this country is to find a way by which the foreigner can pay for the goods which we are so anxious to export no special effort is being made to encourage imports? Indeed, it is difficult to see how anything but harm can be done in pushing export trade unless in some way, in some form, imports are also pushed. For to push exports to certain countries, at least without counter action, only means further demoralization of exchanges.

"We have given all our thoughts to exports, to selling our products to other countries," says George E. Roberts, vice president of the National City Bank of New York and a leading student of financial subjects, "without considering how the foreign customers we are seeking will be able to make payment."

At this point a man rises in the audience and says, "Do you want to kill American industries by cheap foreign competition?"

No, my dear sir, I have no such intention. Few sane persons would propose allowing a flood of cheap manufactured goods to come into this country from the depreciated-money countries of Central and Eastern Europe. But there are other forms of imports which do not compete with our manufacturers.

Of course the real question is not whether goods have been produced in this country or abroad, but whether the nature of their absorption into our business mechanism is desirable or not. There are more than a score of basic raw materials which are absolutely essential to our industry and which we do not produce enough of or at all, such as rubber, jute, platinum, tin, manganese and flax, not to mention foods and beverages like coffee and cocoa. Many materials are competitive with our own products only to the slightest degree; others, like rubber, are not competitive at all, because we produce none. When you speak of imports to the average man he thinks of French perfume competing with American productions, and not of the raw materials without which many of our industries, such as the automobile, tin plate, hardware and canning, could hardly exist at all, and to secure which we search the whole globe.

Stabilizing Elements

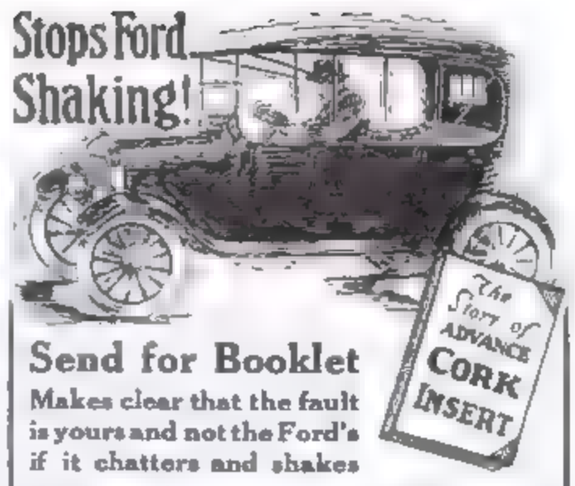
It is a question whether in the long run our Government would not be helping home industries if it sought out opportunities for importers as well as exporters. Consider cotton. The South has been unable to dispose of its cotton because countries in Europe suffering for this staple almost more than for food have been unable to buy it. Of course financial difficulties have been enormous, but I have been informed on reliable authority that in Poland, for example, when the need for cotton was most acute, a quantity of surplus products which we use here but do not produce to any extent was available, provided some form of barter for cotton had been devised; yet no special effort was made to acquaint the American business man of that fact.

Imports may also consist of services, such as shipping, insurance, cable lines and banking. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of American-owned merchant marine, insurance companies, cable lines and foreign banking companies. Frankly, however, if we propose to own everything in the world, and sell everything, we cannot expect the rest of the world to keep on buying from us unless we are ready to lend them on long term untold billions of dollars. They have got to have some balance on their side, something to create credits with, if they are to buy. For there are only three ways known to the world in which to pay for goods—by goods or services, by cash and by note or credit.

Of course anything which an American buys from anywhere outside the country will help to restore the distorted trade balances. Travel will do it. An importation of the sights of Paris and Rome in the form of an American tourist who spends good money over there will restore the franc and lira just as much dollar for dollar as if an American importer bought French dresses or Italian olive oil. The American who takes his money abroad to live on in Paris, London or Rome may not be popular with the rest of his own countrymen, but he helps to revive business in this country by correcting the exchanges.

Naturally the importation of art objects is still another corrective, much as the European may dislike to part with them. The more the American travels abroad and reads of foreign lands the more he is likely to want their peculiar and characteristic products. The more you and I know about India and Japan the more we are likely to want something from those countries.

But every variety of import combined, with the exception of raw materials and merchandise, totals up very small and will



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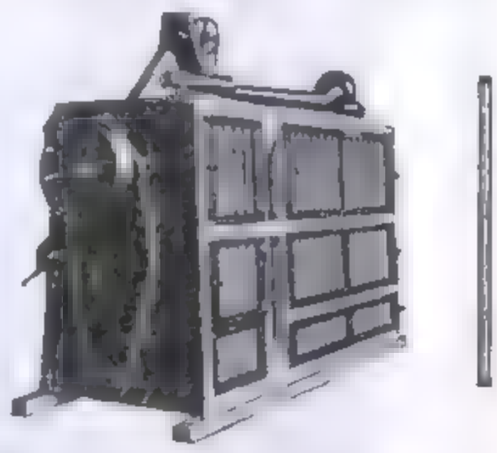

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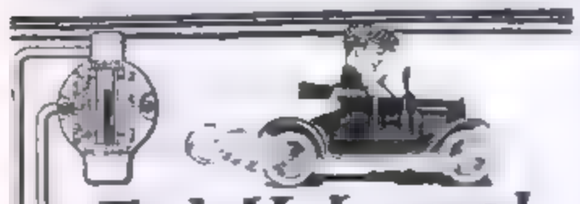

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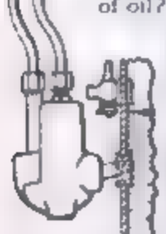

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long continue to be small beside the volume of our own products which it is necessary to sell abroad. There is a distinct limit to the quantity of raw material which we can use, because after all we produce most raw materials ourselves. There is even a more distinct limit to the volume of merchandise which can be safely imported, and of services the amount at best is relatively small. There is only one way we can import on a large enough scale and at the same time safely restore the balances. That is by the purchase of foreign securities by American investors.

Buying foreign securities does not actually meet the payments which the world must make to us, but it postpones those payments long enough and safely enough to give the world a chance to recover. It is not an artificial stabilization of exchange or a mere opiate of commerce. Sixty years ago England had to face the same problem. She could no longer take full value in commodities for those which she exported, and only by investing abroad was Great Britain able to expand.

To quote Paul M. Warburg again: "If I were to translate America's position with regard to the economic problems of Europe into plain business language, I should say we are substantial creditors of the Old World corporation, which is our best customer and which is facing great financial difficulties. Is it to our interest to let this corporation go into insolvency and disintegration, or shall we encourage and further a reorganization? The answer is plain."

It has been said often enough that this country has become a creditor instead of a debtor nation, but very few people realize what a startling difference in our position that makes. Most people still placidly think of this country as being in about the same economic and industrial position as after the Civil War, except that we have more comforts and luxuries than then. Our old belief in the desirability of a favorable balance of trade—that is, of exports—was based on the fact that this was a debtor nation.

But the positions are now reversed, and the countries in debt to us need a favorable trade balance for precisely the same reason that we formerly did. It is to the interest of both sides that the debtor country has a favorable balance, because that is the only way it can pay its obligations.

Investment Abroad

It is said that the American investor will not buy foreign securities. Well, he has got to in one form or another unless he wants corn to rot in the fields and factories to remain closed. It comes down to this in the last analysis: Either we have got to import manufactured goods in unprecedented quantities or export credit and loans to the same extent.

Naturally it cannot be done all at once. It takes education. In the past we did not feel the necessity of establishing points of support outside the country. Besides, we did not then have the money to invest. The new conditions, the new situation must have time to sink in. Besides, other countries must do their part in establishing stable governments in certain cases and in striving for sounder financial conditions in others.

Naturally at first the tendency is to take only the best-known or safest of foreign securities, especially government loans. It is only the taking of these loans by bankers and investors that has tided us over at all, kept any sort of exchange relationship and prevented a fairly complete breakdown. Later on as the local investment markets become more acquainted with foreign securities there should be a gradual absorption of bonds and stocks of railways, utilities and industrials, especially those of South America.

High interest rates here, excessive supertaxes, which make an American tax-exempt municipal bond more attractive than even the most profitable of foreign securities, and the time which is required to create machinery for dealing in foreign securities—all these are obstacles that ought gradually to be overcome. As yet very few foreign securities except those of governments are listed on our stock exchanges, and American banks do not yet lend freely or at all on the internal loans of other countries. On the other hand the very fact that exchanges are all running in America's favor makes the purchase of foreign securities especially profitable, provided these exchanges ever come back.

Of course there will be risk and loss in the purchase on a large scale of industrial stocks in other countries. Especially in countries where trained men were lost during the war and the quality of workmanship has changed, it is not likely that America will have all good luck in these new ventures. But in the main England has fared pretty well in her foreign investments, and why should we not do the same, given a reasonable period of time?

A careful study of imports into Argentine in recent years would seem to show that Great Britain's heavy investments there have proved a sort of backlog in the matter of trade, which is difficult for mere salesmanship or commercial tactics, no matter how clever and well directed, to dislodge. The curve shows a more violent fluctuation of exports from this country to Argentine than from England, our trade increasing more when conditions are favorable but declining further when conditions are adverse.

The Case Not Hopeless

Both this country and Germany before the war exported more to Argentine than France, although France had heavier investments there. But France is not a great industrial exporter, like Germany, England and the United States. No one argues that foreign investments form the only guaranty of foreign trade or that the American exporter should wait supinely until we have them; but everyone admits that trade follows investment to no little extent. It is said that before the war the entire American investment in South America hardly exceeded the annual interest on Europe's holdings.

American manufacturers have owing to them large sums in South America and other countries. It is difficult even to estimate the proportions reached by such extensions of credit. Now of course the American exporter would rather have these credits liquidated, paid off in good American money and invested near at home than placed in foreign properties which he knows little about. But how he is going to get clear and resume shipments on a large scale unless he or his fellow citizens take something besides spot cash is more than anyone can figure out.

I have tried to analyze the major obstacles to a revival of business in this country so far as that revival depends upon foreign trade. It is not a case either for extreme optimism or reckless pessimism. It will take time, courage and not a few drastic remedies.

It may be that the business man or farmer who reads this article, especially if he be not among the richest and most powerful, will question his own ability and power to bring about the removal of the great fundamental obstacles which lie in the road of foreign trade and domestic business revival. I maintain, however, that only as such men face these facts and fall into a frame of mind in which they insist upon the solution of such problems will the problems be solved. Action will be taken only as public opinion becomes strong enough in its demands.

To quote Mr. Hoover once more, "Unless our commercial community is willing in some way to interest itself . . . we must expect to pay many thousandfold in the loss of export markets and in the unemployment of our people."

But even if the fundamental economic obstacles are gradually moved out of the road and leveled off, as it were, is the American manufacturer and business man generally fitted to win in other markets? Provided the handicaps of demoralized exchange and distorted trade balances are gradually overcome, what then is he capable of doing? That question will be considered in a succeeding article.

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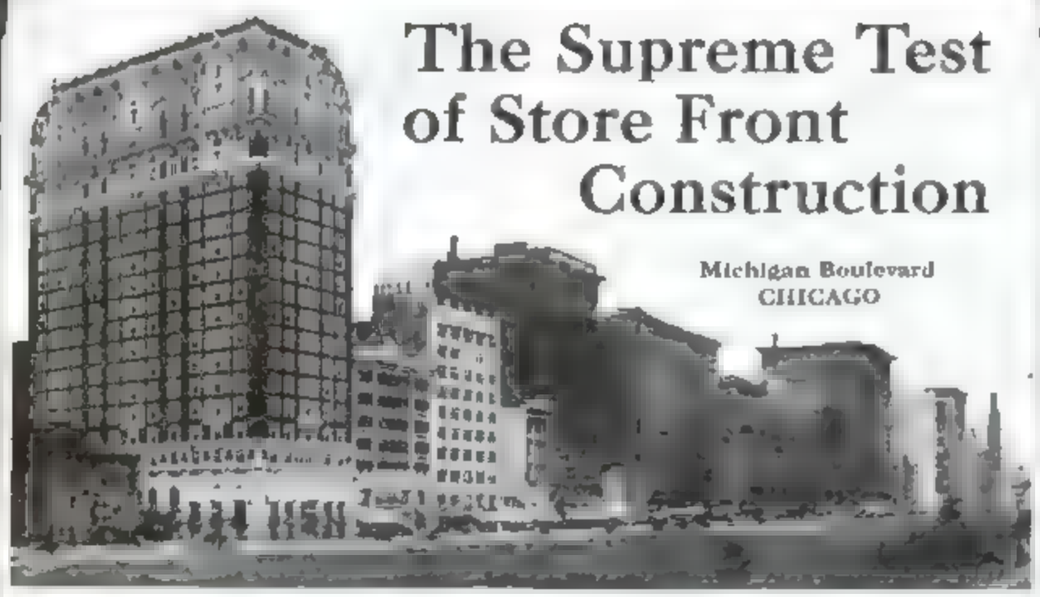

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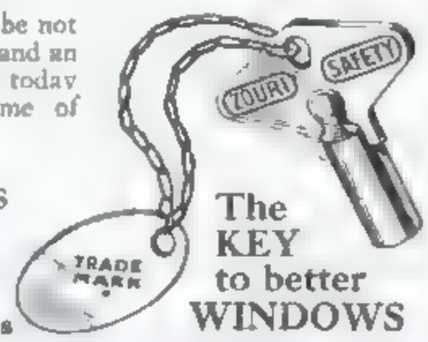

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BALKAN JOTTINGS

Continued from Page 17)

that or some ancient historian carelessly added three or four zeros to the numerical strength of the Turkish troops. But even to suggest such a thing to a Montenegrin is to run a grave risk of precipitating a riot and gun play.

Montenegrin Customs

THE Montenegrins have interesting customs. They build stone houses without chimneys, and then build large fires inside the houses and cook their food over them. The smoke gets out of the houses through the cracks in the doors and windows, if at all. Consequently, when one enters a Montenegrin home at dinnertime he finds the entire family weeping fluently from the smoke.

In order to keep their babies quiet they tie them to boards. As a result, the average Montenegrin could, if he wished, use the back of his head as a rolling pin or a bung starter.

There are great quantities of blackberries in some parts of Montenegro; but the Montenegrins believe that one catches malaria from eating blackberries and consequently won't eat them.

Balkan Pastimes

AT THE frontier between Montenegro and Herzegovina there is nothing to see except the barren, rolling, ash-gray mountains on every side. Every mountain top and hilltop still wears a tiny pill-box crown—the forts of the old prewar days, when peace in the Balkans was in as precarious a position as a lamb chop in a lion cage.

Before the war the Austrians kept a heavy guard at the frontier, and there were constant skirmishes between the Austrians and the Montenegrins. Now all the country is Jugo-Slavia, and peace reigns. That is to say, peace reigns theoretically.

There are old Austrian barracks at the border town of Vileca—a lost huddle of houses, dwarfed by the gray rock mountains around them—and they are occupied now by Serbian soldiers. Shortly before I passed through Vileca a band of Montenegrin Comitadji—which is the generic name for bandits, insurrectionists, revolutionists and other armed trouble makers in the Balkans—swooped down on the town, captured the Serbian colonel in command, stripped him, relieved him of his decorations and turned him loose to get home as best he could. These Comitadji were comitadjing because they were monarchists, and this was their sportive way of announcing that they wanted to be free of Serb rule and have a king and a country of their own. The Serb colonel was promptly reduced to the rank of captain for allowing himself to be caught.

Scarcely a soul is met on the beautiful military roads in this part of the Balkans, for the Comitadji make things very unpleasant for travelers. Americans, however, are always safe, especially when traveling in army or Red Cross cars. The Comitadji manage to keep busy most of the time.

We overtook a detachment of Serbian soldiers plodding along with forty-seven Comitadji whom they had just captured in a young battle. The Balkans are as quiet and peaceful and unwarlike to-day as they were back in 1910, when they were known as the powder magazine of Europe.

Natty Dressers In Dalmatia

THE towns behind the Dalmatian coast range should make a fertile field for dress designers, now that the designers are drawing on the styles of other countries and bygone years for their inspiration. We rolled through the beautiful town of Trebinje around noontime on a Sunday morning in spring, and the streets were dotted with Dalmatian women in their national costumes. They wore beautifully colored cloaks and coats whose shapes were vaguely reminiscent of the articles of female dress which were pictured in Godey's Lady's Book for 1857 under the names of Dalmatians and dolmans. Their headdresses were brilliant and attractive, and their skirts and waists were incrusted with rainbow-hued embroidery that would make a costumer burst into piercing wails of envy and longing.

A Sight for Sore Eyes

AFTER a long and dusty trip across Montenegro and the Herzegovina, our machine roared up a long mountain slope, whirled around an elbow of rock at the top, and we found ourselves half a mile above the Adriatic and the ancient walled town of Ragusa. There may be lovelier places in the world than Ragusa, but I have never run across them. Her venerable walls and towers rise sheer from the glassy waters of the Adriatic; the steep mountain slope behind her is covered with a fragrant growth of cypresses, myrtles, oleanders and aloes; in front of her lies the green bulk of the island of Lacroma, where Richard Cœur de Lion was shipwrecked; and out beyond Lacroma the sea and the sky merge in the silvery, milky haze peculiar to the Adriatic.

Lovers wander around the top of the old sea walls; boatloads of singing men drift lazily across the harbor under the battlements; under the palms and the orange trees of the old town the townsfolk dreamily sip their coffee and sirups and maraschino. The pillared palaces, medieval porticoes and ancient monuments of the town are eloquent of the days when the republic of Ragusa and the republic of Venice went hand in hand, and when Ragusa's merchant fleets attained such fame that the word "argosy," or ship of Ragusa, became the accepted name for every rich merchant ship. To-day Ragusa sleeps; there are derby hats on the Stradone, which is Ragusan for Main Street; her young men have gone to America; her new rulers have changed her name to Dubrovnik. But it takes more than derby hats and a changed name to destroy the sleeping beauty and the ancient glories of Ragusa.

Dalmatian Beauty Spots

A TRIP up the Dalmatian coast in one of the Italian steamers that ply regularly is an expensive luxury, but worth the price of admission. It is expensive because one pays his fare in gold. Usually the sea is glassy, and the steamer runs so close to the mountainous coast that one can almost toss his beer bottles ashore. The boats are clean and well stocked with a particularly creamy and delicious brand of dark beer—Spatenbrau, which comes in quart bottles and costs about eighteen cents a bottle.

The monotony of the coast mountains is broken by the ports, which are only a few hours apart. Three hours after leaving Ragusa one puts in at Curzola, a crumbling old town on a little island that is covered with oleanders and cypresses. Its medieval walls and towers, like those of Ragusa, rise straight out of the water. It was here that the explorer and navigator Marco Polo and the Venetian Admiral Dandolo were captured by the Genoese in 1298.

Another three hours, and the boat touches at Spalato and lies in the shadow of the mighty palace which the Emperor Diocletian built in the year 305. The palace walls are still between sixty and eighty feet in height. There were American destroyers in Spalato when we touched there, and I went over to speak to the officer in command, noting on the way that a couple of gobs in baseball uniforms were bouncing baseballs against the masonry that Diocletian's workmen set in place over sixteen hundred years ago. In reply to my query as to what was doing in Spalato, the officer in command replied sourly:

"Nothing. Once in a while an Italian gives a Serb a swift kick in the trousers, and the Serb comes running to us with his tale of woe. The next day a Serb soaks an Italian in the eye, and the Italian comes rushing in for sympathy and advice. We're the Little Grandmothers of the Balkans, as you might say."

Three hours beyond Spalato is Sebenico. The steamer heads straight for an apparently unbroken shore, pops into a cleft barely wide enough to admit her hull, travels for a mile and more along a narrow channel and suddenly emerges into a harbor big enough to hold an entire navy. Men and women and boys in gorgeous Dalmatian costumes troop down to the dock to see the ship come in—the men in red and orange pill-box caps stuck on the sides of their heads, silver-embroidered jackets,

Continued on Page 112)

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(Continued from Page 110)

red sashes, leather girdles crammed with knives, pipes, tobacco pouches and miscellaneous junk, baggy red or blue or orange trousers, and gaiters with more hooks and eyes than a princess gown.

Still another three hours' steaming brings one to Zara, where the true maraschino cordial is distilled from cherries, and where the Italians and the Serbs are given to fighting passionately among themselves. A little farther on is Lussin-Piccolo, inhabited mostly by ship captains, both active and retired, and beyond that is Pola, at the end of a long and tortuous channel out of which still stick the remains of the Austrian warships that the Italians sank in their motorboat raid—one of the most daring and gallant exploits of the war. A few yards from the dock where the steamer ties up is a magnificent Roman amphitheater, smaller than the Roman Colosseum, but far better preserved.

The floating mines have gone from the Adriatic. While they were still floating one of the largest of the Adriatic steamers, with four hundred people aboard, struck one of them and sank with all hands.

In good weather the Adriatic is like a mill pond, but when the dread bora blows out of the north the whole sea stands up on edge and shakes violently. The Dalmatians say that when rain starts to fall at the head of the Adriatic during a bora, it is blown along parallel to the sea and doesn't come down until it reaches the Mediterranean.

Politics in Jugo-Slavia

WHEREVER one travels in Jugo-Slavia one is regaled by the natives with long and harrowing tales of their political woes. The three chief peoples in Jugo-Slavia are the Serbs, the Croats and the Slovenes. The Croats and the Slovenes, having been educated in politics, business, living standards and general deportment by the Austrians, are far more highly developed than the Serbs. The Serbs, however, have unbounded confidence in themselves, are extremely aggressive and militaristic, and are determined to impose their ideas and forms of government on the Croats and Slovenes and make the whole country a greater Serbia. The Croats and Slovenes protest bitterly, and with reason, for the Serbs are in much the same position that the owner of a fruit stand would find himself if he were suddenly tumbled into the presidency of a fifty-million-dollar corporation.

From the standpoint of abstract justice, self-determination in the Balkans is a fine thing. From the standpoint of civilization and progress, self-determination has set back the material development of its beneficiaries many decades.

The Height of Hardship

FOR some people travel is very difficult indeed. The Orient-Simplon express was standing in the Belgrade station waiting to pull out on its long trip to Paris when a red-faced, hard-boiled English traveling salesman tore out onto the platform with a valise in each hand. Dropping his valises, he sprang at the nearest train official and in a strong cockney accent demanded a berth on the train. The train official listened politely, but had to shake his head to show that he didn't understand. The Englishman accosted another official frantically, his face growing redder and redder with each passing moment. The second official heard him out and then spouted a stream of Serbian at him.

At this the Englishman flung out his hands despairingly and strode wildly up and down the platform, shouting, "It's terrible! I cawn't understand anybody. It's terrible! I cawn't understand anybody."

Another Labor for Hercules

A YOUNG and somewhat callow-looking representative of an American relief organization got aboard the Balkan Express at Bosna Brod in Serbia and sat for a time with an embassy courier and myself. We asked him where he was bound and he named a little town a few hours ahead. The courier, who knew the place for a dejected-looking collection of mud huts, asked in wonderment what he was going to do in a dump like that.

"Improve the standards of living of the Serbians," replied the callow young man confidently.

The courier whistled plaintively and ejaculated "Some job!" Then he lapsed into a mournful silence.

When the callow young man left the train the courier opined sadly that it was just as easy to raise the standard of living of the Serbians as it would be to swim up Niagara Falls in a pair of rubber boots.

Doing Business With the Jugo-Slavs

OUTSIDERS find it almost as difficult to deal with the Jugo-Slavs as to pass through the eye of an embroidery needle. A Croat government official refused to cooperate with an American relief commission in the foundation of a girls' school because the commission was officially designated as a commission to Serbia. If it had been a commission to Jugo-Slavia he'd have helped; but he didn't like the Serbs, so he took it out on the girls. A Serb government official refused to allow food supplies to be distributed to hungry children unless he was allowed a certain amount of graft. The children could starve for all he cared if he didn't get his graft.

The Austrian Government contracted with Jugo-Slavia for five hundred carloads of flour, and deposited the purchase price—twenty million five hundred thousand kronen—in a Belgrade bank. First, the bank refused to release the money; then the millers wouldn't produce the flour until the Austrians agreed to pay more for it; then the government closed the frontiers to freight traffic and wouldn't let the flour through; then the railroads refused to provide rolling stock to move the flour; then the millers offered to provide the rolling stock if the Austrians would agree to take cornmeal instead of flour at the stipulated flour price. Meanwhile the Austrians got some maize and thought they would relieve the situation by getting it up to Vienna by canal and river. The Jugo-Slavs wouldn't provide the boats. The maize began to rot, so they got it over to the main railway line to wait for cars. Then the Jugo-Slav Government ordered that all Austrian purchases must be paid for in Italian lire, Swiss francs or French francs instead of in Austrian money. These are a few of the things that cause the Austrians to weep with rage when they discuss the Jugo-Slavs.

Banks in the Balkans

SAID an American business man in Belgrade:

"There ought to be American banks wherever Americans do business. Our banks are for the extension of credits; but these foreign banks are nothing but money-changing shops. The French do business with French banks; the English do business with English banks; and the American goes around and pays tribute to them all. He does pay tribute too. These banks don't know what it is to establish a uniform exchange rate. I can go out shopping with my dollars and get one dinar more for each dollar than Colonel Atwood can get. If you know the ropes and assert yourself you can get better rates than the next man. That isn't banking. Just to show what foreign banks will do: When the battleship Arizona was in Smyrna some time ago the paymaster wanted to buy seven thousand gold Turkish pounds to pay off the crew. The banks charged him $5.65 for each gold pound, when the proper rate was $5.35. It is impossible for an American to go into a foreign bank and get a square deal. That's why there should be American banks wherever Americans do business."

The Advantages of Belgrade

BELGRADE is the capital of Serbia, and is sometimes referred to by overenthusiastic and injudicious natives as the Little Paris of the Balkans. A better name for it would be the Hicksville of the Near East. Green Bay, Wisconsin, by comparison with Belgrade, is a veritable heaven of cosmopolitan gayety, hectic night life and glamorous glamour. Belgrade pulls down its tin shutters and snaps off its lights at nine o'clock, and anybody walking along the sidewalk after that hour is apt to fall over a pig and get himself mired in the gutter. There is one pretty fair new hotel in the place, but one seldom hears about it until he has been in town a couple of days. In the other hotels one has to threaten seven employes with personal violence in order to get bed linen that hasn't been used by several former guests. If one wishes a bath

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in any of the hotels he must make written application for it, and the application apparently must be passed on by the judge of probate, the second assistant chief of police and the bureau of passport control. The new hotel opened early in April. By the middle of May all its spoons—according to its American patrons—had been stolen.

Fretful Serb Doughboys

IN BELGRADE were large numbers of Croats and Slovenes who had gone to America many years ago and then returned at the behest of the Serbs to fight in the Serbian army. They had been struggling for months—some of them for years—to get back to America. They were getting little or no help from the Jugo-Slav Government, and their expressed opinion of that government was enough to shock the most hardened censors. Said one:

"The government promised each one of us eight thousand dinars, eight acres of land and a house. That's how they fooled us, for they haven't given one of us a nickel."

Said another: "When I told them that I wanted to go back to America, and asked them to send me, they put me in jail. Why? Because they're uncivilized; they're crazy!"

Said Daniel Cankar: "I was a first-class gunner in the United States from 1911 to 1913, and I got an honorable discharge. I told the Serbs, and asked them to put me in the artillery, and they put me in the infantry and kept me there until the war was over."

What the others said isn't fit to print. If America wants a really good Americanization scheme she will oblige all aliens to return to their native country for a six months' visit at the end of five years in America. Those who come back to America will break their necks to become citizens.

The British Get Excited

THE French and the British in Serbia were greatly exercised over the Hoover scheme for getting food to Europe by means of the American relief warehouses. An Englishman revealed his fears to me after four swift jolts of the Serbian fire water known as uzu.

"It's a little bit of all right, old chap, that warehouse scheme," said he. "What I mean, it's a jolly easy way to peddle flour and bacon and sugar to these beggars over here, by Jove.

"But what bothers us, old chap, I mean to say, is that you Yankee fellers could just as easily start to peddle cloth and farming implements and automobiles and what not—what? Then where would we be, eh? What I mean, it could easily be the greatest business in the world, and all established under the guise of charity and all that sort of rot, by Jove!"

Ninety-five per cent of the business men in Europe are convinced that there is some sort of joker in American relief work and that it is to be paid for by some sort of concessions.

Then there are a great many of them who can explain exactly why it is that America should feed Europe and clothe Europe and cancel Europe's debts. The same Englishman who was apprehensive of the American relief warehouses cleared up this point nicely.

"You know, old chap," said he, "that America owes a fearful amount to Europe because of the harm that she did by forcing the doctrine of self-determination of small peoples on the peace conference. On my word, you know, that beastly doctrine has worked untold damage on Europe, and it isn't through working yet. What I mean, it's your fault, you know, so it's only right that you should pay for it, eh what?"

This last point would provide two controversial Scotchmen with enough food for argument to last until Scotch whisky is unobtainable in Scotland.

Insulting a Rumanian

THE small nations of Europe suffer keenly at times from delusions of grandeur. These delusions are particularly strong after a few military successes. Individual representatives of small nations are also given to feeling tremendously important—usually just after they have seen as many as five thousand of their countrymen under arms all at one time. At such moments they are very proud and haughty and touchy, and frequently offer to fight any individual or any group of individuals or any nation on earth.

An American government official, on his way home from the Near East last summer, climbed aboard a train in Rumania and found himself in a very stuffy compartment with two Englishmen. He at once removed his coat and made himself as comfortable as possible. Soon there entered a Rumanian colonel with highly polished boots, yards of colored ribbon on his tunic and jangling accouterments. He seated himself proudly, gazed around sternly, and suddenly leaped to his feet and stamped out into the corridor of the car with many a loud Rumanian oath.

The American and the two Englishmen speculated idly as to what was biting him, and then forgot him. Soon, however, an interpreter appeared at the door of the compartment, with the colonel glowering over his shoulder, and addressed the American in German. The American didn't understand. Then the interpreter addressed him in French, which he was able to get.

M'sieu the colonel, explained the interpreter, had been grievously and grossly insulted. The American said that it was too bad, and asked who had insulted him.

"But, m'sieu," expostulated the interpreter, "it is you that have done this thing. M'sieu the colonel is outraged and demands that m'sieu fight a duel with him."

The American, greatly mystified, asked how he had insulted the colonel.

"Because," explained the interpreter patiently, "m'sieu has sat in the presence of m'sieu the colonel without a coat. That is an insult, and m'sieu the colonel demands satisfaction."

The colonel twirled his mustaches proudly and glared at the American so fiercely that the Englishmen came out of the coma into which all traveling Englishmen seem to sink, and asked what the beastly row was. The American explained the situation to them. Whereupon they rose to their feet with some deliberation and removed their coats also. The American then told the interpreter that he didn't believe in dueling, and that he refused to fight one, and that if m'sieu the colonel made any more noise he and his two English friends would eject him from the compartment. So the Rumanian colonel came in and sat down gloomily, and all was quiet along the Danube.

Balkan Train Service

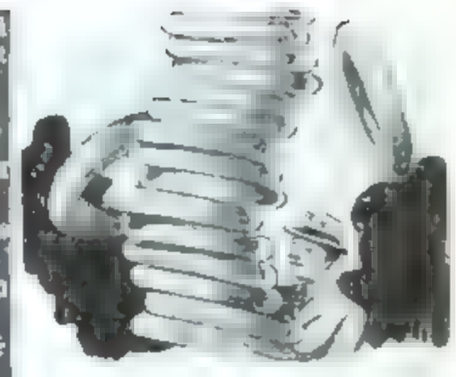
THE train service in the Balkans is getting better and better with each passing month. In 1920 the Balkan express was said to be on time if it arrived in Nish not more than twelve hours late. In 1921 it was regarded as on time if it arrived in Nish not more than five hours late.

Bulgarian Prices

EGGS in Bulgaria cost one lev apiece. One gets eighty leva for a dollar, so Bulgarian eggs figure out to about fifteen cents a dozen. The best Bulgarian cigarettes cost ten cents a hundred and taste a little as though a dash of asafetida had been dropped in each one.

Roach Races

THE Russian refugees in Constantinople turn their hands to all sorts of money-making devices. The latest and most successful are cockroach races. These are held in rooms which the Russians hire along the Grand Rue de Pera. In the center of each room is a large table with a miniature race track built on it. The owner places a box at one end of the track and waits until his patrons have made their bets on five contestants. Then he opens the box and discloses five enormous cockroaches attached to diminutive sulkies. They are the swaggering, glossy breed of cockroaches, whose appetite is so voracious that one of them can eat the enameling from a pair of patent-leather shoes in two hours. As the box is



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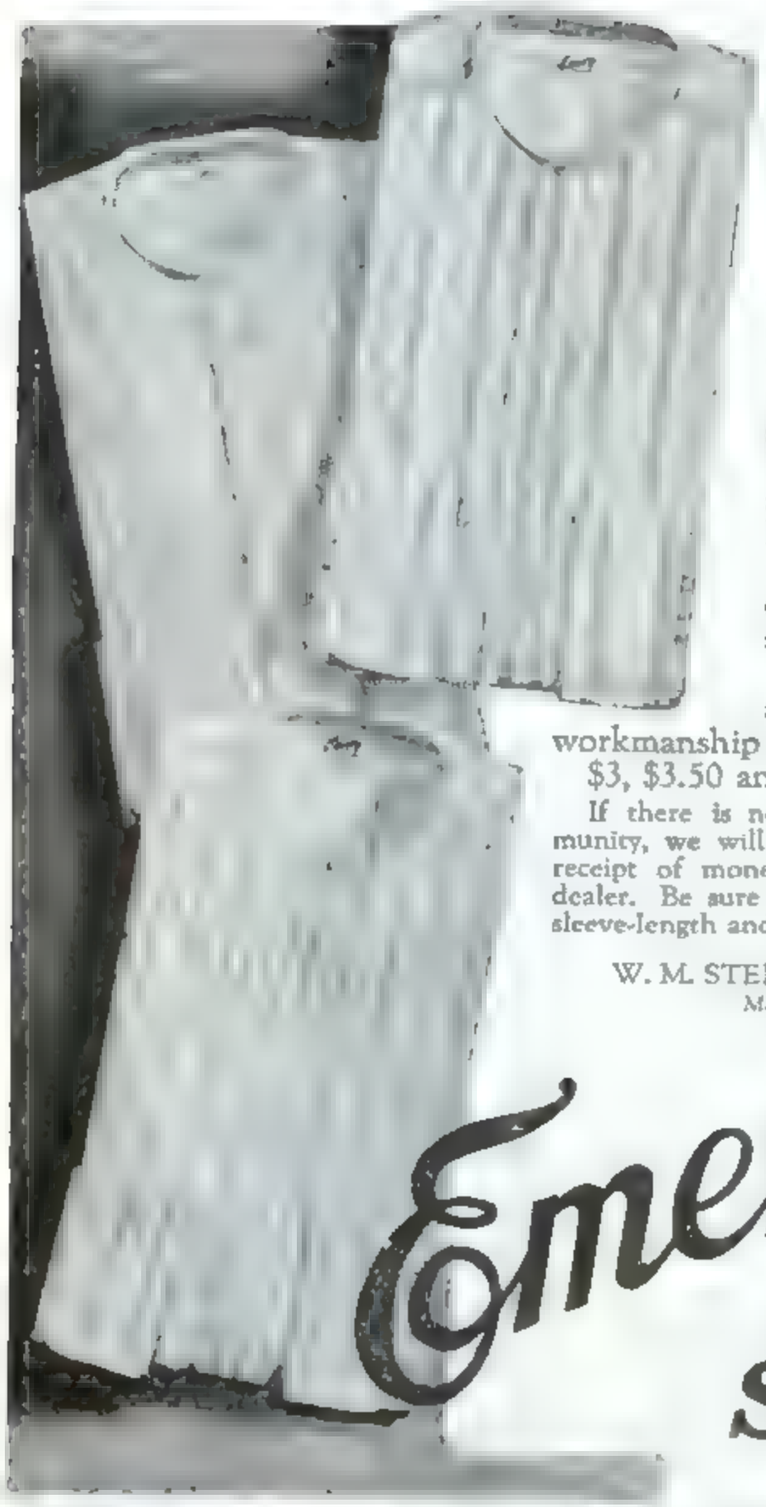

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Farmers' Bloc in Bulgaria

VARIOUS attempts have been made to persuade the Bulgarian farmers to buy modern farming machinery, but every attempt leaves them cold. They are infatuated with the farming implements used by their fathers, their grandfathers and even more distant relatives. A span of buffalo and a wooden plow constitute the Bulgarian idea of the *ne plus ultra* of farming equipment. This outfit makes polite scratches on the earth's surface. It costs thirty-five thousand leva, or about four hundred and fifty dollars. The Bulgarian farmer is about five hundred years behind modern farming methods. The year 2022 will probably find him staggering along about 498 years behind the procession.

A Sportsman's Paradise

JUST after the Balkan Express pulls out of Adrianople on the last lap of its run to Constantinople it crosses a long stretch of barren, marshy plains. These plains appeared to be a sportsman's paradise. The fields were dotted with big flocks of curlew, jacksnipe and several varieties of plover—golden, beetlehead and upland, so far as I could judge. All sorts of ducks were getting in and out of the pools along the track, and in every direction one could see great wedges of geese and swans coasting down into ponds or setting out for other feeding grounds. They appeared to be the tamest wild fowl I had ever seen. The time of year was mid-March.

opened four of the contestants may start briskly around the track, while the fifth may turn abruptly and canter in the wrong direction amid heartbreaking groans from those who are backing his colors. Then the leader of the four racers who are headed in the right direction may stop short and twiddle his feelers pensively, and the other three may also stop and cluster around him to investigate the cause of the delay. While the conference is in progress the cockroach that started the wrong way may change his mind, turn and come dashing past the four idlers with his eyes flashing and his tail up. Then the four idlers may recover from their momentary ennui, start briskly up the track again and pass the fifth contestant, who has probably fallen into a brown study and leaned up against the race-track wall with crossed legs and weakly waving feelers. And so it goes, with the spectators now plunged in the depths of despair and now howling hoarsely with excited anticipation, until one of the cockroaches finally pulls himself together and scuttles across the finish line.

The Sultan Goes to Church

IT STILL takes an entire army to help the Sultan go to church. Every Friday a large crowd of infidel dogs get tickets which admit them to the building which appears to have been specially constructed near Yildiz Kiosque for the people who are able to get a thrill out of seeing the Sultan make a dash for his pet mosque. It is one of the most popular outdoor sports among distinguished visitors to Constantinople. The Turkish Government provides cigarettes monogrammed with the Sultan's signature, and all the distinguished visitors tuck away a few extra ones to send to Edith and Herbert, who never get away from home, poor things. Hamidieh Mosque is the place where the Sultan does his praying, and it looks rather Luna Parkish and gimcracky. Along about noontime the army begins to assemble in the short strip of roadway between the entrance to the palace and the mosque, while the excited onlookers smoke the government cigarettes more and more rapidly. First the fire department lines up on one side of the road. Then an infantry detachment lines up on the other side. Then a squadron of cavalry takes a prominent place on the road, and the horses are kept busy stepping on the infantrymen's feet. The chinks in the alignment are filled up with policemen, sailors, street sweepers and any other uniformed persons available. Eventually, when everyone has smoked his tongue into a flannelly state, the Sultan emerges from the palace gate in a shiny carriage. Close around the carriage walk his friends, advisers, cabinet ministers and favorite wife's relatives, all looking a little foolish. The Sultan looks a good deal like a successful New York, Boston or Philadelphia rug merchant.

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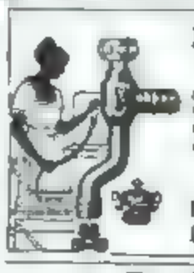

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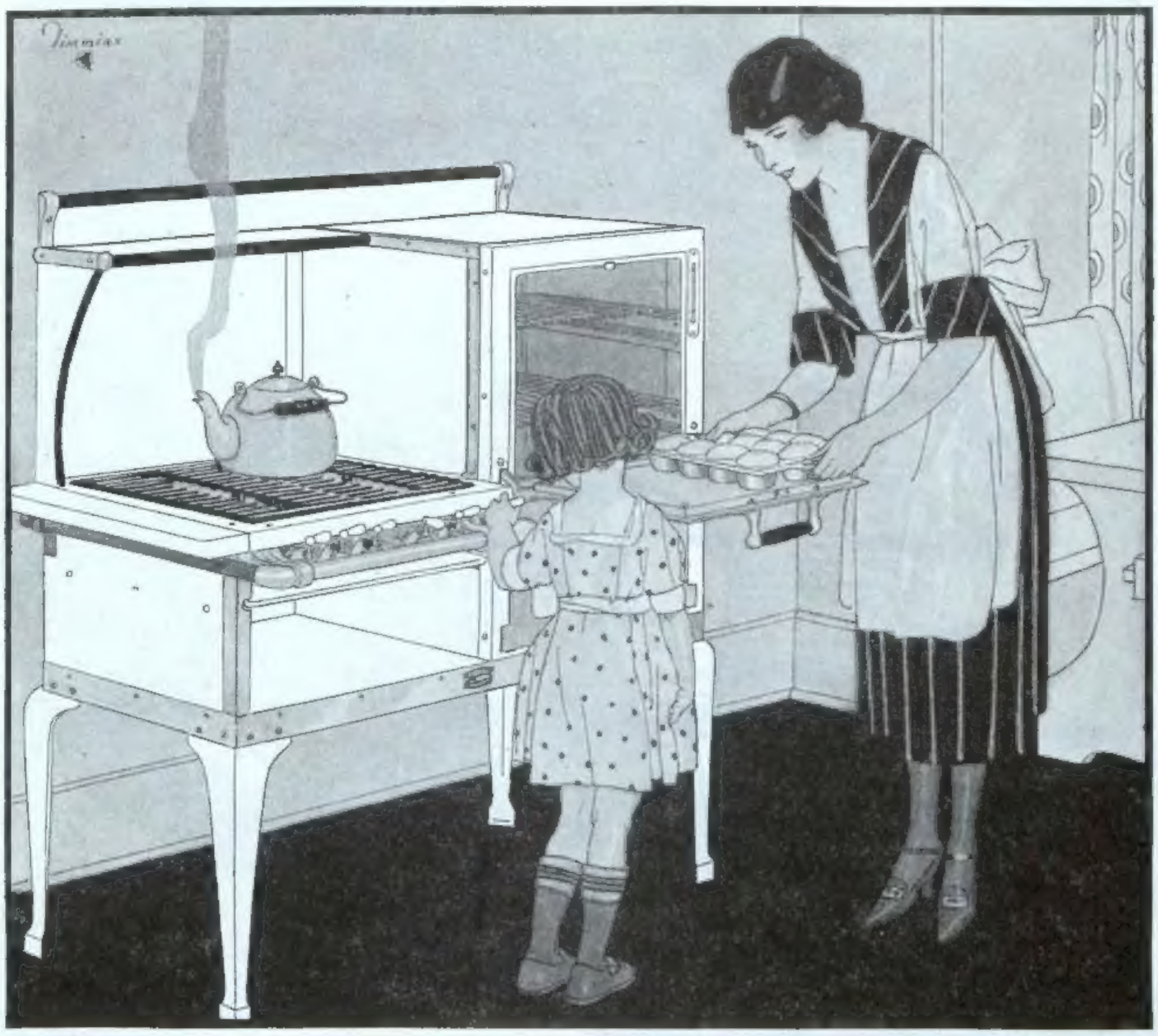
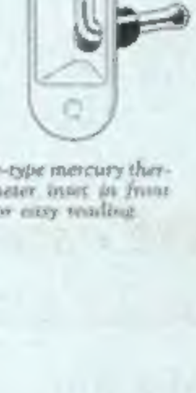


You can bake better biscuits and bake them quicker with this new gas range.



New-type mercury thermometer inset in front for easy reading

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WHAT WOMEN ARE SAYING ABOUT IT

WOMEN everywhere are talking about a beautiful new gas range. "Imagine getting baking heat in only five minutes," says one. "Think of baking or roasting and saving as high as 20% of cooking gas," says another. "And all because of perfect control of oven heat," says a third.

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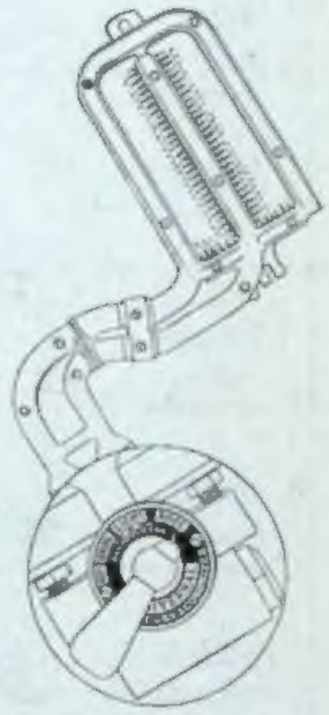
To also give *visible* control of oven heat, the new-type Universal Mercury Thermometer has been perfected. No need to worry about burning or under-cooking. No chance of error in following recipes. Heat is at last registered to the fraction of a degree. Thermometer has been inset in front to permit easy reading.

Go to the nearest Universal dealer and see this new gas range. Note its extreme beauty. See how it is made with flush doors, square corners and without unsightly bolts or projections. You will then understand why women everywhere admire and want it. If you do not know a nearby Universal dealer, mail the coupon. We will send dealer's name—also interesting free literature. [111]



The Universal Safety Gas Economizer gives seven lines of flame for quickly heating oven and for toasting and broiling—gives three lines of flame for baking and roasting with minimum gas consumption. Gives countless oven heat adjustments.

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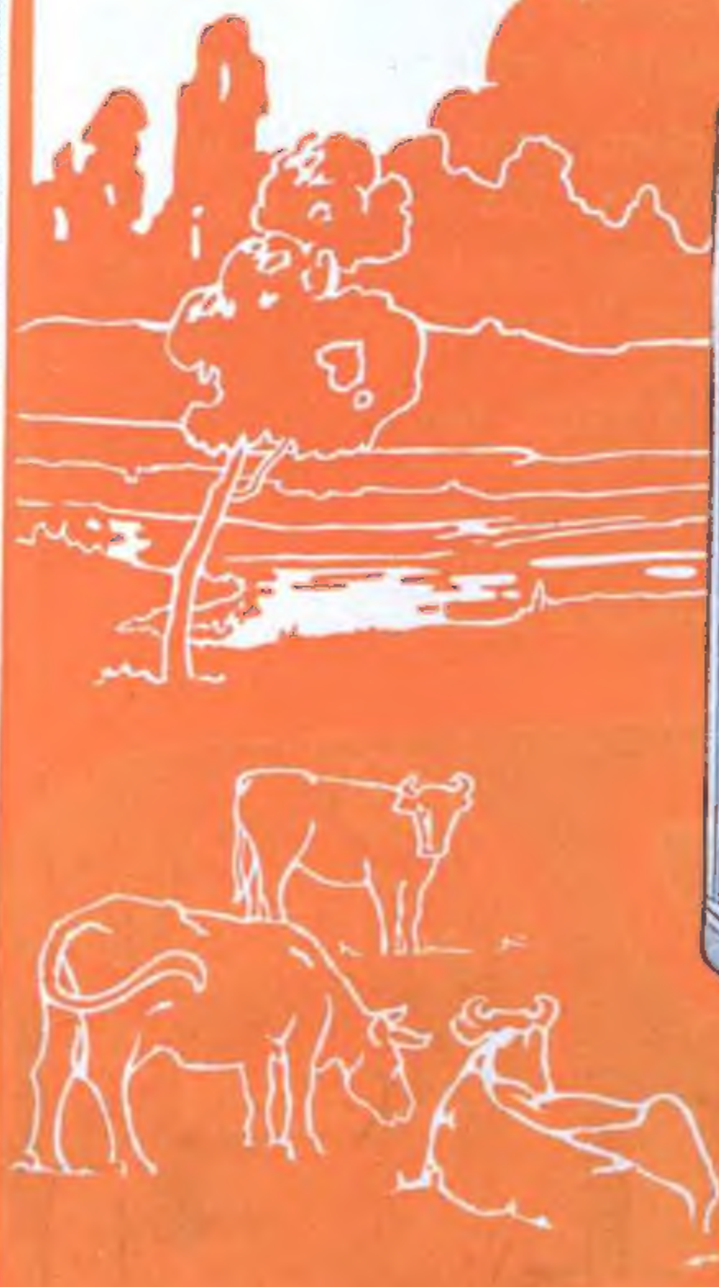

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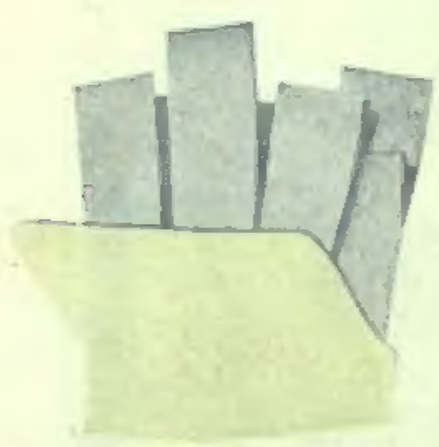

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